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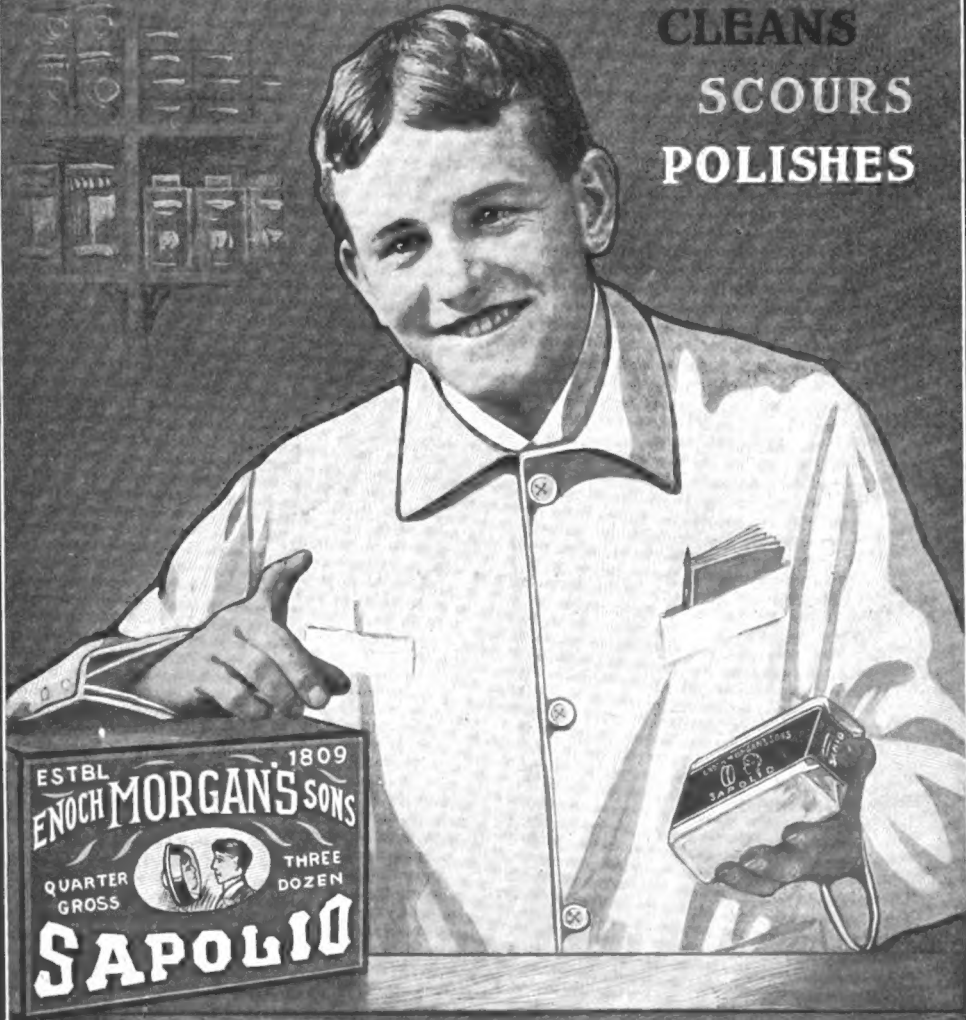
Everybody's Magazine

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THE MIDWAY COMPANY PUBLISHERS

**CLEANS
SCOURS
POLISHES**



**"Sell SAPOLIO ?
Don't have to ~ sells itself.
Best seller in the store .
We'd as soon think of not
keeping flour."**



NOW, CHILDREN!

CAN you guess where the designs on this month's cover came from? Probably the bright boy and girl of the class will know right away that they came from Nature's laboratory, and as soon as the B. B.'s and the B. G.'s upraised hands are noticed by the teacher, they will recite in concert—"Snowflakes." That's quite correct, but we confess that we, ourselves, should not have known the answer if it hadn't been all carefully diagramed and explained to us in advance. These are not selected snowflakes. They are just the common run—such as powder your hat and coat, and slide down inside your collar, any snowy day. Mr. W. A. BENTLEY, microscopist and photographer, of Jericho, Vermont, has made a lifetime study of them, and it is from his large collection of photographs that those on our cover are chosen. There are seventy-five of them in all, and, although each design is hexagonal, there are no two alike; the variety is amazing. Here, one would say, are designs enough for all the lace-makers and jewelers in creation. Isn't it wonderful how the Heavenly Artist lavishes beauty on his world? The next time you are out in the snow, just let that thought sink into you—the myriads of flakes that are softly sifting down are all wonderful; all beautiful; and all different.





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THE AMERICAN BOY.

NO. 1.—THE NEW BABY SISTER. "HUH! I'D RATHER IT'D BEEN A BOY."

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

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1909



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WHY?

By ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "A Dark Lantern," "The Magnetic North," "The Convert," Etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—On the night of June 29th in London, thousands of English women gathered round the House of Parliament to support a deputation headed by Mrs. Pankhurst in an attempt to present to the Prime Minister a petition praying for Woman's Suffrage. A great concourse of police were assembled to preserve order. An Inspector of Police who stopped Mrs. Pankhurst had his face slapped. Stones were thrown through the windows of Whitehall, and one hundred and twenty women were arrested. The editor of "Everybody's" saw this extraordinary demonstration, and asked Mrs. Elizabeth Robins, the distinguished English novelist whose connection with the cause of Suffrage is well known, to explain why English gentlewomen had so far departed from the traditions of their sex as to resort to violence to gain a privilege a Liberal Government had seen fit to deny them. In the full exposition that follows, Mrs. Robins states the grave causes justifying the suffrage agitation in England, and our readers can decide

whether her logic and argument in support of the contention that women's votes will cure certain communal wrongs, have equal bearing on conditions in America.

1. Why are women of all classes in England banding themselves together to work for political enfranchisement?

2. Why are women subscribing through a single society alone, the Women's Social and Political Union, £50,000—nearly \$250,000—a year to the cause?

3. Why will nurses, artists, librarians, teachers—professional women of all sorts—give up congenial work to labor twice as hard on half pay or none for the Suffrage?

4. Why will well-bred girls and older women sell Suffrage papers in the street, exposing themselves to the scant civility of the police and the horseplay of rowdies?

5. Why are they ready to accept the alienation of many of their friends and most of their menfolk?

6. Why, instead of petitioning for justice, are the women now demanding it?

7. Why, instead of helping to elect another Member to support the Suffrage cause in Parliament, are women going themselves in deputation to the House of Commons?

8. Why, rather than abandon a dangerous

and often health-destroying agitation, have hundreds of women gone to prison?

9. Why, if these are good tactics, were they not employed before?

10. And why, after all, do women want the vote?

These are among the questions people in America and Great Britain are asking. Yet, though I speak under correction, these are questions that I am convinced many persons, in England at least, do not wish to have answered.

Not only the idle and brainless, but many able and busy men ask only: How shall we silence these women? When nurses, Poor Law guardians, teachers, district visitors, University Settlement folk, women factory inspectors, medical women—when such experts come forward with their evidence, what happens? They are told in more or less direct terms that the authorities do not want their evidence.

I do not pretend to know how much longer the practice will be pursued of refusing a hearing to reputable, public-spirited experts,



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MRS. DRUMMOND, MRS. PANKHURST, AND MISS CHRISTABEL PANKHURST SURRENDERING THEMSELVES TO THE POLICE.

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when these experts* are guilty of being women. But I know that only one of the two main results of that refusal is clear to the man in the street. The result that is clear is: the stone through the window of the Government office.

The other result is of the same nature as that mischance which, it is whispered at London dinner tables, recently befell the King. Among the relays of relations visiting His Majesty, it is said there was recently a small princess whose beauty and liveliness brought upon her the special notice of her august host. At some purely domestic luncheon she was given the seat of honor. Far from feeling any proper embarrassment at her elevation, she made bold to converse at her ease, and in the middle of an observation on the part of His Majesty, the small princess interrupted.

"When I am speaking," said the King, "you must be still." The child sat obediently silent, eating her meal. At last His Majesty, thinking he had been perhaps over-severe with his little kinswoman, patted her kindly on the shoulder: "Now we can listen to you, my dear."

"Oh, it is too late now," said the little princess. "I was only going to tell you there was a caterpillar in your salad. But you've eaten it."

A similar experience awaits those who refuse the testimony of the eager eyes and clear, practical brains of "the women who know." But the result is at times even more serious. For the caterpillar is eaten not only by those

*Among others coming under this head, the Prime Minister has refused to receive the deputation of Women Doctors and another of Head-Schoolmistresses.



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MRS. PETHWICK LAWRENCE ACKNOWLEDGING THE
GREETINGS OF HER FOLLOWERS OUTSIDE
HOLLOWAY GAOL UPON HER RE-
LEASE, APRIL 17, 1909.

in authority who decline to be warned. It is eaten by the innocent multitude who have had no chance of being warned. It is for them that we are mainly concerned, rather than for the comfortable minority so ready to be soothed by the Anti-Suffragist assurance that nought is amiss except with Suffragettes, and that behind the stone-throwing, behind the thousands of orderly meetings, behind the \$250,000, is mere hysteria or hooliganism. The women who say that are not all so ignorant as they pretend. Many of them, rather than

break through some small social convention, will sit as still as the little princess and see the caterpillar go down with the salad. These are the "safe" tactics—warranted to ensure general approval.

Yet, in obedience to my editor, I will assume that there are, as he thinks, certain persons waiting to have a few of the unpalatable facts pointed out. I will answer seriatim the questions propounded at the beginning of this paper, devoting the greater portion of my space to consideration of the first, which comprehends the last—*Why, after all, do women want the vote?* The first question on the list is: *Why are women of all classes in England banding themselves together to work for political enfranchisement?* There seem to be three reasons.

1st. Because women have discovered what men said they never would perceive, namely, that the higher interests of all classes are the same; and though the workingwoman has the more obvious and pressing need of this reform, the woman of the upper and middle class has, in her fashion, equal need of it.

The very foundation of women's activity to secure the vote is a keen sense of wrongs and a conviction that through Suffrage they might be righted.

2nd. Thinking women have found that to work for the public good without working through the laws is to salve one's soul with mere charity-mongering. It is to scratch at the surface instead of striking at the root of evil.

3rd. All sorts and conditions of women have come to realize that each class has urgent need of the support of the other in hastening this reform.

Now the reason the reform is urged with less unanimity and vigor in certain other countries is that the need for it is less fully understood by the women of those countries. Why is the need more widely known to English women?

(1) Because for two hundred years the "political woman" has been a factor in English social life.

(2) Because, earlier still, English women of the upper class inherited and carried on traditions of the responsibility of the fortunate toward the less fortunate. The natural attitude of the great lady, and of the vicar's wife and daughters, has been imitated by those who wish to establish their credit in the community. This survival of a feudal usage has its drawbacks in a tendency among the poor toward servility, and a tendency among the rich toward condescension. But in that it has brought some actual knowledge between class and class, and a

human relationship, it will probably save England from the more violent encounters between rich and poor that the future may bring in other countries.

As a result of these two forces, while the Woman's Suffrage movement owes its commanding proportions to the working class, the needs and views of these women have been given their publicity, and their collective weight, through the organizing power of educated women. For forty years or more, women of some leisure and enlightenment have been serving on school boards, as Poor Law guardians, on hospital and organized charity boards, on vestries. And the Suffrage agitation will prove itself invincible in England because in front of the inarticulate army of the workingwomen there are these leaders who have learned leadership quietly, slowly, through the years that lie behind.



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SUFFRAGETTES PARADE AS SANDWICH-
WOMEN.

I have given as part of the answer to the first question on our list, women's discovery of the futility of hoping to effect social amelioration without getting at the roots of evil. The roots of civic good or evil are the laws



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RELEASED PRISONERS IN THE SUFFRAGISTS' PROCESSION IN LONDON. ON EXTREME RIGHT IS LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON.

that govern the community. Women in England have no share in framing or administering the laws under which they live; and, as is inevitably the case with any factor of a community not recognized in its formal organization, English women suffer injustice under English laws. Yet I have heard excellent meaning men say the law showed women favoritism. They believed it—so blunted had become their sense of justice. Under examination, this "favoritism" turns out to be the mere rags of survival of the old chattel-view of women, laws like that of coverture—not framed for the good of the wife, but for the convenience or greater safety of the husband—laws which a saner view of the sexes will do away with.

On looking closely into this "favoritism" shown women by the English law, we find facts such as these:

A man can not only will his property away from his wife and leave her penniless—he can even will his property away from his children and leave them penniless, charges upon a penniless widow.

In the absence of a will or settlement, a woman, married or single, can inherit land only if she has neither father nor brother living.

In the case of the death of a son or a daughter the mother inherits nothing from either. The whole of their property, even if it has come from the mother's family, goes to the father, or to the father's next of kin.

In that home in which woman is told she is to "rule as queen," she has not only no control over any portion of the means of livelihood (unless she owns or earns it herself), or even the material contents of her house—she has no legal right in or control over her own children, unless (significant exception) they are born out of wedlock. She cannot, even if she is a widow, appoint a guardian to act for them after her death, if her husband has already appointed one.

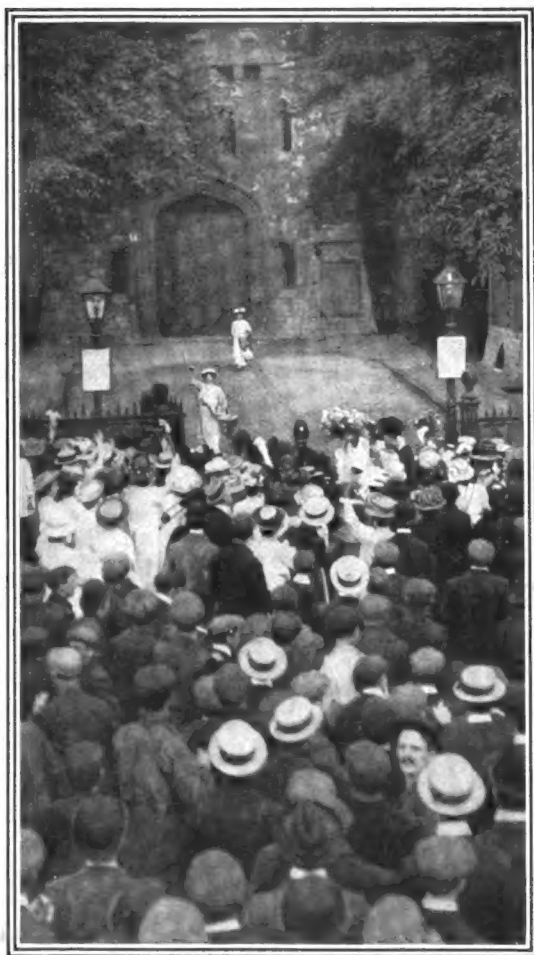
The mother may by deed or will provisionally appoint a guardian to act jointly *with the father* after her death. If the court is satisfied that the father is not fitted to act as sole guardian, it may confirm the appointment. This last wears an air of quasi-justice, but, like all other laws, it must be interpreted and applied by one sex only, by the sex to whom the father's interests inevitably make the surest appeal.

But if the laws bear hardly on women of education and means, do they deal more

mercifully with those obviously more in need of championship—with the ignorant and the poor? Certainly many of the reasons, legal and other, that actuate women of property to demand a voice in equalizing the laws, are different from the reasons that actuate the hard-driven workingwoman; but the two classes find a meeting point in the conviction that representation in the government is necessary to the righting of their respective injustices.

Let us examine some of the facts (I take them almost at random) which have brought the workingwoman to the point of revolt.

Broadly speaking, the fundamental difficulty is that the law has not kept pace with the economic changes which have thrust women into industry. For women have been *thrust* into industry—by the increasing complexity of modern life, by the tremendous and inevitable forces of combination. The very nature of the home has changed. Women's home work of other ages—spinning, weaving, baking, brewing, soap and candle making—has been taken from the home to the factory—and women perforce have followed. Two members of the family—perhaps more—now work outside the home instead of one. And—mark this—in just so far as the family less an economic unit, less capable of representation by one person. Women, working in the same general economic conditions with men, should have the same legal recourses.



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SUFFRAGETTES WELCOME MRS. LEIGH AND MISS
NEW ON THEIR RELEASE FROM
HOLLOWAY GAOL.

These they have not; and it is significant that the modern representatives of the women whose distinctive work was first removed from home to factory form the largest and most powerful group of organized women to-day demanding the vote. These are the textile workers, who, as a result of organization, have higher wages, better environment in labor, a higher standard of home comfort, and more generous provision for their children and their own old age, than any other group of workingwomen. Yet what of their security, their hope for the future?

Thousands of women outside the textile trades are working, without let or hindrance, for a starvation wage; sweated labor is not only

permitted but is even encouraged by the Government; and thousands of women workers are forced into the ranks of the unemployed. Yet, with all the difficulty women encounter in getting decently paid work, when they *have* got it, the Government, in the person of its President of the Local Government Board, Mr. John Burns, now advocates taking this well-paid textile work away from them and giving it to men. It is proposed that married women (a great proportion are married) be compelled to stay at home. No question of asking the women what they think about this proposal. But what they think about it may be inferred from the fact that the threat of interference with the right to work has given

us 96,000 Suffragists. The manifesto of the Lancashire Textile Workers says:

"The position of the unenfranchised working-women, who are by their voteless condition shut out from all political influence, is daily becoming more precarious. They cannot hope to hold their own in industrial matters where their interests may clash with those of their enfranchised fellow-workers or employers. The one all-absorbing and vital political question for laboring women is to force an entrance into the ranks of responsible citizens, in whose hands lies the solution of the problems which are at present convulsing the industrial world."

A friend of mine fell into talk with a tidy, contented-looking mill-woman of thirty odd

in a tram car the other day. The woman spoke of her home with pride.

"It doesn't suffer, then, by your being so much away?"

"Oh, no. I have a housekeeper." At my friend's evident surprise she explained: "A nice oldish body who isn't up to mill work, but keeps the house and children as neat as a pin."

"Children? You think it's good for them to have their mother so much away?"

"They're away themselves a good bit. They go to school. But it is good for them that my thirty shillings a week makes us able



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SUFFRAGETTES RAID MR. ASQUITH'S HOUSE



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MISS SPOONER, A SUFFRAGETTE, CHALKING ON THE PAVEMENT DURING
THE WORCESTER ELECTION.

to feed and clothe them decent. And it's good for the housekeeper-body who hasn't a house of her own, to have mine to work in and earn her bread honest." It would have done some of the legislators good to hear that woman's views on the proposed restriction of women's work.

"What will you do," asked my friend, "if Mr. John Burns carries out his scheme?"

"Eh?" said the woman. "If he does that, I suppose we'll have to clem (starve)."

Those who would like to believe that the law, or at all events its administrators, can be trusted to show special "favoritism" to women, should take counsel also with Mrs. A—of Chelsea. She is the wife of a mechanic, who ill-treats her so that she goes in fear of her life. She took her little boys the other day to the police court and applied for a separation order. The magistrate told her to "go home and do the best she could." The children, who had seen the indignities and the physical danger to which their mother was subjected by their father, received in the police court a further lesson in the duties of man toward woman. They heard this symbol of justice and of ultimate power—the awe-inspiring magistrate—tell their mother that

she had not yet suffered sufficient injury at the hands of her husband to have earned the right to live away from him. The learned opinion was that "a man was entitled to knock his wife about a bit." Whether the magistrate was shameless enough to use those very words—as reported by the woman—or whether he merely showed her that was his view of the husbandly prerogative, the effect upon his audience was the same. The law allowed men this privilege. Indeed, that the law should do so excited little surprise in the minds of persons familiar with the petty fines imposed upon notorious wife-beaters, and the frequently proved fact that it is legally a more reprehensible act to steal a loaf to feed your starving family, than to give the mother of that family a pair of black eyes.

But to be beaten without redress, without even hope of future legal protection—that is not the worst that may come of this "go home and do your best," which is all the law has to offer. Of the women who have sorry cause to know that, is the wife of a day laborer living not two miles from Westminster. Mrs. B— was another applicant for a separation order (since divorce is too dear a luxury for any of this class).



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SUFFRAGETTE PROCESSION LEAVING HYDE PARK AFTER THE RELEASE
OF MRS. PETHWICK LAWRENCE.

The ground of Mrs. B——'s plea is the infidelity of her husband. "You can't get a separation order for that."

"Well, but he brings the woman home—he keeps her in the house."

"That is no ground."

Then the magistrate is given the heart of the grievance. The husband insists on having the interloper in his wife's bedroom. No redress. Because the husband has not turned the wife out, because he professes himself willing to support her, the supplanted wife is refused a separation order. She is coerced into accepting the degrading conditions laid down by the man inside her home because all the men outside (represented by the magistrate) say these degrading conditions are just and legal. Those legislators who propose to make it illegal for married women to work outside their homes do not even begin by doing away with the age-old legal abuses which any day may make a woman's home the worst place for her on the surface of the earth.

If a woman of the kind whose story I have just told is still young enough and strong enough, just one way of escape is opened to her this side of death. For that woman (and many another) there is no salvation from

moral degradation except the chance to earn her own living. If this woman has a daughter or the ear of any young woman, is it to be supposed she will not urge the girl to get some means of livelihood other than, or in addition to, the profession of wife? It is a proof of the mortal need women feel of economic independence that, against natural inclination and iron-bound tradition, more and more women leave their homes in search of work, in spite of the stumbling blocks placed in their way, and in spite of the unfair discrimination made against women's work, merely because it is done by practically a slave-class.

In no department of human action have we found more plainly manifest the law that the evil growing out of injustice ultimately rebounds upon the doer, than in this of discrimination against women's work because it is not done by men. To-day, though men still insist on the maintenance of the principle that women should be paid less for precisely the same service, they are beginning to realize that it does not always operate in favor of men, and they are crying out, not against its injustice, but against its more palpable ill-effects upon themselves.

It was during a recent by-election in the north of England that I first came face to face with the bitter feeling on the part of the workingman against his underpaid rival, the workingwoman. A strike of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers had been in progress for many weeks. As is well known, these north country engineers are among the most intelligent and highly paid workmen in the kingdom. To get them to vote in the way best calculated to serve the women's cause was an end worth striving for. The Government might ignore voteless women—they

could not afford to ignore this body of highly organized workingmen armed with electoral power. It was natural, therefore, that the President of the Women's Social and Political Union should accept gladly the first invitation ever given a woman to come and address a branch of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers.

The meeting, held in a large room over a bar, was packed with workingmen, but it became plain, as we made our way through the crowd, that this opportunity to present the women's point of view was in the nature of a fluke. The resolution had presumably been passed when only a few of the men were present. The majority would never have agreed to it; and the majority were present now to register their disapproval.

I have never been at an indoor gathering where I felt the atmosphere more distinctly hostile. The chairman made a speech that was half apology, and begged for fair play.



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MISS "MAY DREW" INTERCEPTS THE RIGHT HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE, ON HIS WAY FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

immediate problem; talking as a fellow-citizen and one who had studied politics and worked with men for thirty years for public ends. Although non-partisan, and refusing to "take sides," it was plain she knew more about the grounds of the great strike than many of the professed politicians who came from Westminster to instruct these men. She had their attention, held in that vice that never lets go till the last word falls.

Even the big man with the hunched shoulders, who had sat with averted eyes, was slowly turning his grizzled head. I was glad of that till I saw the look in his face. The speaker had summed up the situation. "And so after all these weeks you are still idle."

"We are idle," said the grizzled engineer, "but our machines aren't." There was a second's hush. "There are women behind them," he said. Like low thunder the muttering of the displaced men went through the room.

Mrs. Pankhurst rose to talk to men whose anxious thoughts had been concentrated for weeks upon their own bitter struggle, men who knew nothing of the woman's movement. I noticed how many of the workmen never so much as looked toward the woman standing there in the cloud of tobacco smoke and talking so quietly. I saw how, little by little, whispering, grumbling groups dissolved, unwilling eyes were turned upon the speaker, and the pipes were put out. These men were at least listening. For she was talking to them not about votes for women, but about the men's

The speaker's face grew bright. It was precisely the opening she wanted: "And if women *are* sitting at your machines, whose fault is it? You are quick to blame the women. Which of you blames the men with full stomachs who employ those hungry women as strike-breakers? Which of you blames the people most to blame of all?—the husbands, fathers, brothers of those women, who have kept them ignorant and unorganized? I think myself women can do more suitable work than the making of screws and the polishing of brass fittings. But I am *glad* those women are doing your work on half pay!"

There was some disturbance upon that, but her practised voice rose over it: "It is the only thing, perhaps, that women can do that will bring their difficulties home to men. Of course, the state of things is evil. But you have the remedy and you won't apply it. Men shut women out of their unions and yet expect women to starve for the sake of those unions. You and your fathers have made it a tradition that women of your own class shall be overworked and underpaid—and then you dare complain that women accept overwork and underpay. Whose fault is it that women don't play the game? Yours, who refuse to allow them to learn it."

She hammered it into them red hot. But what frightened them, I think, was her showing how, for all that men could do, the woman worker was forcing her way into one industry after another. And, in truth, consideration of the statistics of displacement of men by women is a sobering exercise. Yet, as the speaker pointed out, men, who have all fields open to them, have not scrupled to take away women's work. Not only do men bake and brew, they

even knit and spin,* they sell lace and ribbons, they dress women's hair. What work have they left exclusively to women? The unpaid drudgery of the house; the work in sweat shops that men despise. But women are growing tired of this division of labor. "Not only amongst you here—everywhere!"

She showed how by ignoring the working-woman the workingman was cutting his own throat. "Many of those women at your machines would rather work at home. They can't afford to. Some of those women would rather set type or bind books. But these are skilled trades and highly paid. Your unions won't let women learn them. The technical training in this country is nearly all for boys. Women have to creep in wherever your misfortunes make an opening." "That's it!" somebody said at the back. "Your woman's a born blackleg!"

"She's born no different from you, my friend, in that respect. But she will sooner sacrifice herself to feed the children. She stands where your fathers stood before they learned coöperation. You men have got every good thing you possess by standing together. Now I've come to tell you—we women want to stand together. And we want you to help us. If you won't do it for the sake of justice, do it for the sake of your own bread and butter. If any man in this room ought to be in favor of Women's Suffrage, it should be my friend, there, who is so angry at the thought of a woman working his machine for half pay." It was the



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THE SUFFRAGETTES ARRESTED.

* "I saw a man working a special knitting machine, earning three pounds (about \$14.58) a week. He was waited on by a woman who earned ten shillings (\$2.40) a week. I asked the manager if the woman could not do the work at the knitting machine as well as the man. He said, 'Every bit as well; but the Trade Union rules will not allow it.'" (Lady McLaren in "The Woman's Charter.")

first time the Suffrage had been mentioned.

She showed them what cause even the few organized workingwomen had to know that political freedom must precede fair industrial conditions, and how hard the textile workers found it to prevent unrepresented labor from being cheapened. This was not a problem arising here and there out of a strike—but the constant, unending struggle. "Your only safety lies where our only safety lies: In equal pay for equal work."

It was a doctrine that pleased the engineers well. If they had to be paid the same, what employer in the Iron Trade wouldn't prefer an Amalgamated Engineer to a woman! Readily enough, now, they listened to what half an hour before would have fallen on deaf ears. They even applauded the sentiment: "You will never be safe, you will never yourselves be free till women are free. It is only the enemies of your freedom who are served by your refusal to stand by us in this struggle." She told them of the pains and penalties inflicted upon Suffragists. She spoke of her own prison experience. The men near the grizzled engineer seemed to be consulting with him. At the close of the meeting the big man stood up and said gruffly

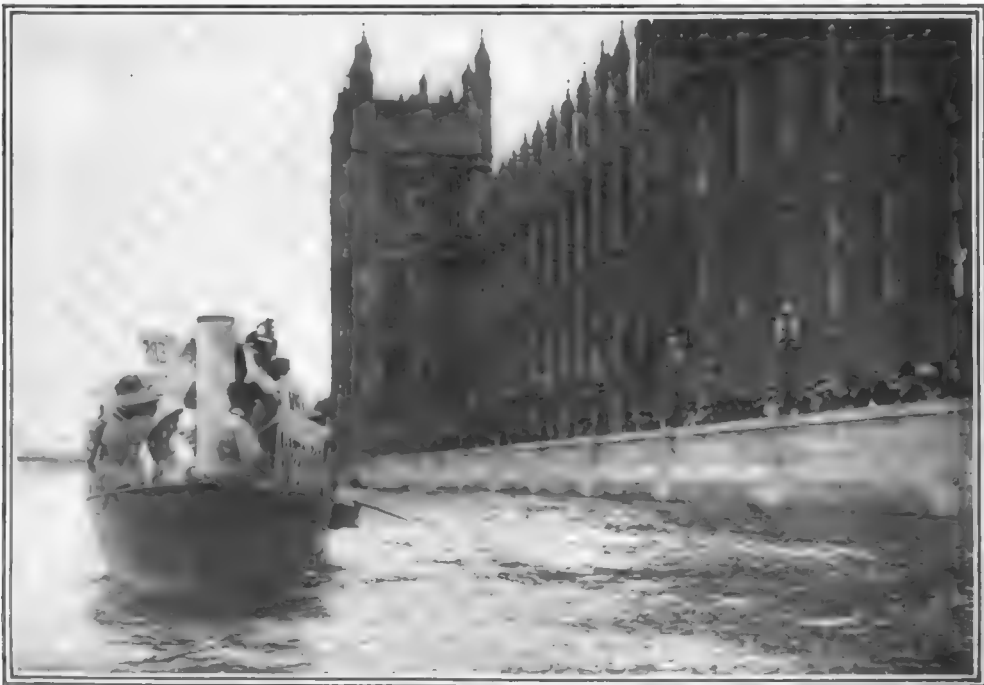
that if the lady wanted stewards at her Town Hall meeting, he and about twenty-seven of his mates were ready to steward for her and see fair play.

The Amalgamated Engineers were as good as their word. Afterward, came other requests asking that other branches should be addressed. I saw much the same scene enacted over and over—the initial hostility giving way to interest and in the end to championship.

The Government lost that by-election.

If women of all classes are uniting to ask for the representation that shall give them justice, they are asking it also for another, more altruistic reason: For the sake of the children who have been unrepresented by that part of the community that stands closest to them, and is best fitted, by nature and through generations of experience, to understand their care. How have the children fared under the *régime* of men? What of the Government's dealings with the 234,792 children wholly or partly dependent on the State, according to the Local Government Board's own return in January, 1908?

It is not a pleasant thing to contemplate even on paper the answer to that question.



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A SUFFRAGETTE LAUNCH OFF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS



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MR. ASQUITH INTERCEPTED BY SUFFRAGETTES ON HIS WAY FROM THE MEETING OF THE NAVAL COMMISSION ENQUIRY.

The State keeps 22,483 of these children in workhouses. Here is a description of a Government nursery:

"It has often been found under the charge of a person actually certified as of unsound mind, the bottles sour, the babies wet, cold, and dirty. The Commission on the Care and Control of the Feeble-minded draws attention to an episode in connection with one feeble-minded woman who was set to wash a baby; she did so in boiling water, and it died."

But this is no new discovery. A dozen years ago Dr. Fuller, the Medical Inspector, reported to the Local Government Board that "in sixty-four workhouses, imbeciles or weak-minded women are entrusted with the care of infants." Dr. Fuller wasted his breath. The abuse still flourishes. To-day, the Royal Commission reports, "In some of these workhouses it was frankly admitted that these babies never left their own quarters and never got into the open air during the whole period of their residence in the workhouse nursery."

"In some workhouses forty per cent. of the babies die within the year. In ten others 493 babies were born, and only fourteen, or three per cent., perished before they had lived through four seasons, while in ten other

workhouses 333 infants saw the light, and through the gates 114 coffins were borne, or thirty-three per cent. of the whole."

"If such a report," says Mrs. Barnett, wife of Canon Barnett, so long of Toynbee Hall*, "had been issued on the work of the Admiralty or the War Office, the whole country would have demanded immediate change. 'They have tried and failed,' it would be said; 'let some one else try'; and a similar demand is made by those who have seen many generations of children exposed to these evils, and waited, and hoped, and despaired, and waited and hoped again." This is one of the points where women wish to try.

I doubt, furthermore, if there exists in print a better plea for the urgency of Woman's Suffrage than that embodied in the Minority Report of the latest English Poor Law Commission. This eloquent and amazing document is largely the result of years of work on the part of Mrs. Sydney Webb. It has been more discussed, more written about in the few weeks since its appearance, than any

* An institution in Whitechapel, London, founded "to provide education and the means of recreation and enjoyment for the people of the poor districts of London."

utterance on this or on kindred themes within our memory. And small wonder, for what it reveals is an incompetence and a legalized cruelty in the treatment of the poor that would be beyond belief, did the report come with less authority, or had any one since ventured to deny its allegations, such as: that thousands of innocent children are shut up with tramps and prostitutes; that there are workhouses which have no separate sick ward for children, in spite of the ravages of measles, whooping cough, and other infectious diseases; that "young children, in bed for minor ailments, have next them women of bad character under treatment for contagious disease, and that other women in the same ward are in advanced stages of cancer or senile decay."

But since men's consciences are admittedly stirred by these volumes of indictment, why may we not reasonably hope that the abuses complained of will be abolished?

We may not hope that for a highly significant reason.

The worst concrete evil arraigned (the general Mixed Workhouse) was condemned root and branch as long ago as 1834. It has been condemned decade by decade ever since, by successive experts who had the ear of the Government of the day. The evil of existing conditions was admitted during a whole generation by the Local Government itself.

Men have *talked* about these evils for five and seventy years. It is now clear, we believe, that until that portion of the community standing closest to the problems presented by the care of the old and broken, the young children and the afflicted—until women have a voice in the mending of the laws on this subject, their inadequacy will continue to be merely discussed.

The next question asks: *Why will nurses, artists, librarians, writers, teachers, and other professional workers give up congenial work to labor twice as hard, on half pay or on none, for the Suffrage?*

For two reasons. Because the women enumerated above are of the kind whose personal experience has made clear the connection between the vote and wages. And because they wish to save other women from the same experience. Teachers, for instance, have given up posts in the National Schools to work for the Militant Suffrage party, knowing that the educational authorities will never allow them to return to work which,

though unfairly paid as compared with men's remuneration for similar work, was to these teachers all that livelihood may mean to women who earn their bread. They are fired to add their quota to sacrifices which others are making so that the women who come after may not find their hold on work more insecure than a man's, nor the salary less than a man's—for no reason in the world except that they are women.

A fresh illustration of how the action of politicians may directly affect women's work was afforded by the recent attempt to dismiss married women from the headmistressship of schools. Among others who were told that their services were no longer required—for no cause but that they were not single—was Mrs. Stansfield. This lady was already married at the time of her appointment. No one denies that she has made a distinguished success as a teacher. But she is to give up her profession because, if women are so indiscreet as to marry, they must lie on the bed they have made. "But why," Mrs. Stansfield asks, "should I be compelled to do the manual work of my house any more than thousands of other married women who employ cooks, housemaids, and nurses?" She, like the woman of the cotton-mill, is enabled by her earnings to employ a housekeeper. "I invite those who say that the home suffers to visit mine."

But Mrs. Stansfield is a mother. The sacred claims, etc. The lady tells us with pride and happiness of "two children whose births necessitated some months' leave of absence, no more than the breakdown in health to which all, single and married, men and women, are alike liable. During the last thirteen years I can thankfully say I have not been absent from school half a day on account of my own children." To any who maintain that the children of married teachers suffer, she offers to introduce her son of fifteen who is a Boteler scholar in the Sixth Form at the Warrington Grammar School, and her daughter of eighteen, who has just won an open scholarship at Oxford. Mrs. Stansfield further points out the penalization of marriage involved in the plan made by the authorities, and the loss to education involved in the removal from its service of the experience, the influence, and the motherly sympathy of married teachers. The present moment, evidencing, as it does, a quickened sense on the part of women of the

need to protest against injustice, is held by the educational authorities to be ill-chosen for pressing the marriage disqualification. As a result of their agitation, Mrs. Stansfield and the other married teachers are to be allowed to remain at their posts—for the time being.

4. *Why will well-bred girls and older women sell Suffrage papers in the streets, go about as "sandwich women," and suffer the scant civility of the police and the horseplay of rowdies?*

Many a sensitive woman has set herself this task out of sympathy with the far more wounding experiences that other workers in this cause endure. Women who cannot face prison and have little or no money to give, offer this particular service. But the Suffragist who sells papers, or advertises meetings in the streets, does not, I think, often realize that, besides bearing witness to her faith and earning a few shillings for a particular society, she is contributing no small share to doing away with the European equivalent of the Eastern woman's veil—that shrinking from publicity which has been elevated into a virtue, and which has so powerfully aided men in preserving their sex-dominance. She is contributing toward making the streets a less unfit place for decent women.

5. *Why are women ready to accept the alienation of many of their friends and most of their menfolk?*

Not because woman no longer cares for man's opinion, and not solely because she sees that a temporary alienation may be unavoidable. There are in operation two subtler reasons than these.

The first is the growing spirit of loyalty which makes a woman ashamed to side with the stronger party, from whom she stands to gain such obvious advantages, whether in the field of business or of sentiment. The second reason she accepts this alienation is because she is beginning to recognize woman's own share in the responsibility for men's blindness. She knows how it has been fostered by woman's slavish desire to please at all hazards. That old vice must go. It will die the sooner for men's learning, as soon as may be, that women are ready to suffer not only in material advantage, but in friendship and affection, if their doing so can make the position clearer, and so shorten the difficult days that lie between us and a better understanding. Of all the sacrifices women lay on the altar of the new faith, none perhaps costs so much as the alienation from

friends. Only the unintelligent will continue long to mistake the sacrifice for sex-antagonism.

6. *Why, instead of petitioning, are women now demanding justice?*

Not only because petitioning has been tried and has failed, but because women now see that by petitioning they kept alive a misapprehension already too old. It is misleading to beg for a thing that no man has a moral right to withhold.

7. *Why, instead of helping as before to elect another Member pledged to support the Suffrage in Parliament, are women going themselves, in hundreds, to the doors of the House of Commons?*

Because so many men sent there in times past to work for Woman's Suffrage have either been won over, by the more clamant voices of voters, to give precedence to voters' interests, or else the Woman's Suffrage candidate, once elected, has become hypnotized by the routine of the House, and by the growing sense of the helplessness of the individual member. Since it is so necessary, apparently, to remind legislators of unkept promises to women, women go to Westminster to do the "reminding" in the only effectual way. They are also there as a sign to the Government that the stewardship of the unjust steward is gravely menaced.

8. *Why, rather than promise to abandon a dangerous and often health-destroying agitation, have hundreds of women gone to prison?*

Because, of the two parties of Suffragists, those who want the vote in the dim and speculative future, and those who want it now, the Militant Suffragists belong to the latter group.

It was Mazzini, I think, who pointed out how often the way to reform has lain through prison. But this truth was not in the minds of the first Suffragists who went forward by that road. Not the farthest-sighted of them all had any vision of the moral awakening, the new birth of faith, the passion of comradeship born of pain—no glimpse of the direct good destined to come through prison was given those women who first adopted the so-called "militant tactics." They simply did the nearest duty with all their might—considering only the end, resolute not to mind how rough the road thither.

They appealed in the open streets for followers. With what looked like insane ignorance of human nature, before the "weak"

and "timid" horde they unfurled a strange new flag, inscribed: *To Prison for Freedom*.

And then the miracle happened. Instead of flying forthwith from leadership like this, a legion rallied. They followed into dark, unlikely places. Once there, the timid and the weak formed their sieges, possessed of an inexplicable new power. It enabled them to show steadfast faces and to feel no fear in their hearts.

Much talk was in the air of armaments and military duty. The rapidly growing army of women came to look upon themselves as soldiers enlisted in a holy war.

Here for the first time were women banded together (as men had so often been before), ready to make any sacrifice that might free them from an evil yoke. And above all—to do it NOW! To these new Suffragists, womens' belauded patience had been the undoing of the race. Patience was a comfortable vice—vile, when practised at others' cost.

You may not approve of these women, but they have made Woman's Suffrage a living issue.

9. *Why, if so-called militant tactics are good tactics, were they not employed before?*

It may be argued that they are good precisely because they are employed only after other means have failed. They say (I do not know upon how good authority) that a young Suffragette, interrupted in the middle of her speech at a mass meeting by the question why, if these methods were advancing the cause, they had not been tried earlier, answered briskly, "Because I was at school."

There is more than audacity in that retort. This is preëminently a *young* woman's crusade. I have met but one older woman in the movement who does not get her strongest conviction of its not too-distant triumph out of the fact that the cause has won the young to its support. We have at last enlisted those without whom none of the battles in the ancient or the modern world would have been fought. Who, after all, make up the armies? The young. Who won Marathon? The youth of Greece. Who won Agincourt,

Waterloo, Gettysburg? The young. A distinguished survivor of the Civil War told me that the average age of his brothers-in-arms was eighteen years. Read the inscriptions on the stones, rank on rank in Federal or Confederate burying grounds. You will say to yourself: "How young these soldiers were—mere boys!"

So with our soldiers, the mere girls. It is the younger generation that is at the door. And with their coming naturally comes some modification of method. Henceforth—deeds, not words. But deeds more rational and less destructive than those that men have employed in the earlier revolutions. At least that is what we hope.

I do not mean to disguise the fact that those who, like myself, feel war to be a survival of barbarism, are accustomed to think of physical violence, not in women only but in men, as a recrudescence of the ape and tiger instinct that has been responsible for the thousand failures of humanity to attain a true civilization. I shall not deny that some of us winced at the stone-throwing. Therefore it may be well to bear witness to the fact that when we came to understand how little the stones meant violence, and how much they meant moral indignation against the abuse of physical force, we saw in them the instruments not of destruction but of building. For the stone-throwers thought as straight as they aimed. They saw that it was a plain question of: Which do you care more for, order or justice? They care more for justice.

I have heard Suffragists complain that they have had to apologize for these women. I do not know how they have dared do that. For however unpalatable, the truth is that to the so-called militant women the evils that other women bear are more intolerable than they are to the rest of us. These militant women are the women who cannot sleep in their comfortable beds as we do in ours, knowing the wrong that walks abroad. Those of us who do not openly aid and abet them may at least speak humbly of a devotion greater than our own.





CREEGAN, of the Central Office, stood just at the corner, with his back against a brownstone wall. On the other side of the wall was an all-night restaurant. Its one southerly window looked out on a subway kiosk that sucked in human beings as ceaselessly as its neighbor vomited them forth. Creegan waited beside this stream, like a bass waiting at the fringe of a "white-water" eddy, casually eyeing that many-tracked junction-point of tumult where Twenty-third Street crosses Fourth Avenue.

There was something almost Olympian in Creegan's calm indifference as he lounged well back against the wall, with the fingers of one hand clamped on the edge of a red-painted news-stand. The thumb and forefinger of his other hand, wide-curved like the jaws of a horseshoer's pliers, held a cadaverous yellow cheroot.

In his sloe-eyed placidity, in his assured and leisured immobility, there was a suggestion of that unhasting serenity which belongs only to the higher gods. He seemed, at first sight, to be falling asleep with his shoes on. He continued to lounge there, with his hat tilted down over one somnolent eye as torpid as a

WHEN THE BANK MOVED

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Silver Poppy," "The Wire Tappers,"
"The Woman in the Rain," etc.

Illustrations by Herbert Dunton

sunning blacksnake. He seemed as lethargically indifferent to the world and its ways as a noonday eagle languidly circling in etheric silences.

But, like that lofty and leisurely idler, he was less disinterested than his attitude might imply. He was on the lookout every moment of the time. His vigilance, at heart, was aquiline. Behind the tilted hat brim and the sleepy eye lurked a wary and active brain. Behind that veiled and bovine face a rare intelligence was on the *qui vive*. Observation, interrogation, and deduction, analysis and comparison, and ever-capering thought, were flying back and forth behind that frontal blankness, as *entr'acte* scene shifters fly back and forth behind a lowered stage curtain.

For Creegan's consciousness was "screening" every human face that passed the corner where he had posted himself. As he stood at the edge of that little back-eddy in the busy tides of traffic, every face that approached him was silently and promptly put on trial. The image of every man and woman was flashed in to some central seat of memory. There it stood, for its moment, before some invisible and imponderable tribunal of inspection. There every unit of the hurrying city crowd was flung like a coin against the counter of record. Those that rang a little off were given a second scrutiny; those that rang true were let go on their way without further thought. But every passer-by, little as he dreamed it, was being tested and examined.

It was not until "Wally" Rykelt, *alias* "Big Ben" Robins, was well down past the Ashland House, on the east side of Fourth Avenue, that he saw the plain-clothes

man on guard there. The effect of that discovery was instantaneous. It was as instinctive and quick as the scurry of a pullet under the sliding shadow of a hawk at high noon. He swerved to the left, sidling adroitly in through an open door of the yellow-fronted hotel. Then, sauntering through an inner room, he passed quickly out into a corridor. From this corridor he entered a second room, a dining room full of tables. He passed on between these tables and escaped through a side door into Twenty-fourth Street. Then he scurried eastward to Lexington Avenue, doubling rabbit-like at Twenty-eighth Street. There, on second thought, he dipped into the subway, after the manner of a frightened elephant taking to a river bed to throw off his pursuers. He came to the surface again at Eighteenth Street. Then he doggedly and cautiously approached Madison Square: he guardedly returned to the region from which he had so recently fled.

Yet Rykelt, since his release from "up the river," was not especially anxious to meet Creegan or any other Central Office man. He had made it a point to carry himself with caution and to move about with circumspection. He studiously honored McCafferty's "dead lines."

His return to the neighborhood of Creegan's lookout obviously implied that he was moving with a purpose that was both definite and important. He seemed determined not to leave the neighborhood of the Square any more than a harried plover would leave the region of her nest. And any one who knew "Wally" Rykelt would have seen that it was a Purpose, a bewildering and overmastering Purpose, which had so far taken the razor-edge off his caution as to leave him oblivious of the ferrety little eyes of Lefty Boyle, the stool pigeon, who quietly watched the ex-yegg take the seventh bench from the mid-park fountain, and five minutes later duly and surreptitiously reported the fact to the immobile and unbetraying Creegan.

II

At the same time that Lefty Boyle was quietly delivering his information, Rykelt was joined by a second man. Their meeting was not demonstrative. This second man, who was small of stature and as curiously alert as he was incredibly thin, seemed endowed with the rare ability of moving noiselessly, or almost noiselessly. He had drifted to the side

of the other man, like a shadow, without a word.

He was in no way like Rykelt. The latter was of grosser fiber and heavier draught. He was large-boned and thickset, with big and rather foolish-looking blue eyes. His full face was plainly asymmetrical, and sensuality hung heavy on the soft and thick-lipped mouth. His face held no potentialities of mirth, but cunning and tenacity and an unreasoning and animal-like courage were clearly inscribed there.

It was this ill-mated pair who came together on the seventh bench, apparently by accident, and sat there side by side without a sign of recognition. If, as they stared at the pulsing park fountain, any spoken word passed between them, it was so low in tone that the idlers on the nearby benches could never have heard it. But in due time the bigger and heavier man of the two arose from his seat, yawned, stretched himself, and sauntered languidly toward Broadway. There he circled southward and disappeared beyond the shadow of the Bartholdi Hotel.

Thirty seconds later the smaller man followed him, coughing as he went. From Broadway he shadowed the indifferently moving Rykelt eastward along Twenty-first Street to Second Avenue, and then northward again. Then, for the second time that afternoon, he noiselessly and mutely joined him, this time at a table in the upstairs back room of an unsavory Second Avenue hotel. The room was empty. At the thrust of a hand through a "speak-easy," followed by a quiet word or two, an aproned bartender nodded his bullet head and closed the door. Rykelt crossed and bolted it on the inside. Then he waited at the "speak-easy" until two glasses of beer were thrust through to him.

The smaller man, stopping to cough, complained that he'd rather have an eggnog. It was better for his throat, he said, as he pressed tenderly and apprehensively against his chest well down toward the base of his trachea. Rykelt eyed the other man's sunken cheek-flaps and ambiguously shook his head. Then he suddenly thumped the wooden table with his closed fist.

"Skeeter," he said, "I've got a haul ahead of us that'll make your head swim!"

"Ahead of us, eh?" inquired Skeeter, a little contemptuously, wondering at the solemnity of the other man's face.

"Yes, I have! I've got a *coup* that'd make a sick cat sit up and sing."

"And in the meantime, would you mind telling me just why you beat it out of the Square that way?" demanded the little man, still quite unmoved.

"Creegan's there, fine-combin' Twenty-third Street. And we can't have any flyman buttin' in on this game." Rykelt stared at his friend out of his wide and rather foolish-looking eyes. "Skeeter, we've got a line on a haul that'll make Piano Charlie look like a piker."

Still Skeeter Graden showed no surprise. He finished his fit of coughing: a four-year term in Joliet had left his tuberculous little body more like the husk of a mummy than that of a living and breathing human being. His hand again tenderly and solicitously explored the "weak spot" in his chest. Then he looked indifferently up at the bigger man.

"What d'you mean?" he asked, taking up his beer glass. His thin and delicate hands had the trick of moving with incredible quickness, as quick as a toad's tongue—for Skeeter had spent many active years as a "dip" and "bank sneak." He gave no impression of strength, as did his companion; but he possessed a smooth, nervous agility strangely like that of a snake, just as he possessed the more mysterious reptilian faculty of ever merging into his background. There was, in fact, nothing particularly unusual in his appearance beyond his emaciation and his trick of noiseless movement. He progressed from point to point with the quick and padded tread of a cat. His language was not the argot of the yegg, for his function had been to inspire confidence and his forte had been to pass as a man of means. It was only in his lean years that he descended to till-tapping and leather-snatching. His eyes were intelligent; his features were well formed. His spare and fragile figure was almost fastidiously clothed. The look that rested on his face was one of pensiveness. An ingratiating aura of delicacy seemed to surround him, a wistful gentleness which only the slightly downward-turned lip-corners seemed to contradict. In those down-turned lips were egotism and arrant cruelty.

"Well?" he said at last, with a movement of impatience. He lifted a pale and scholarly hand as Rykelt's paw thrust a sheet from a Sunday newspaper out toward him.

"Look over that!" said the big man. He leaned back, straight-legged, and watched the other over the brim of his up-poised

beer glass. It was plain to see that he held the smaller man in much respect.

Skeeter indifferently glanced over the sheet. Then he looked up at Rykelt, rather petulantly, and coughed a couple of times.

"Well, what about it?" he demanded.

"But you haven't read it. You're not primed for what I'm going to show you."

Skeeter coughed again, and leaned wearily back in his chair.

"Read it!" commanded the genial Rykelt.

"I'd rather you'd tell me," was Skeeter's languid reply.

"Well, here's the whole business in a nutshell." Rykelt pushed the two empty glasses to one side and spread the paper flat on the table. "You see that imposing-looking building with the seven nice Ionic columns along the front of it? Well, that's the National Trust's new building. Here's a picture of the old building on Nassau Street."

"Quite handsome!" murmured Skeeter.

"This new building's on Pine Street, one block north of Wall," went on the patient Rykelt. "And here are the pictures of the new vaults and time-locks and bullion-rooms."

"And is there any special reason why you're carrying this bank-runner's guide around with you?" languidly inquired the other.

"Wait a minute, Skeeter, wait a minute," heavily interposed his mentor. "Just wait until some of this sinks home." His blunt forefinger carefully held down the outspread page. "That bank's got to move. The whole National Trust has got to get around into those new quarters. The whole caboodle's got to migrate. And when it migrates it's got to take its money with it."

"And McCafferty's still sayin' that Fulton Street's going to be our dead line," was the peevish retort of the little man with the cough.

"They've got to move," went on Rykelt, ignoring the interruption. "And they're not going to do it by wireless. And this here yellow sheet says just when they're going to do it, and just how. See, here's a picture of the police platoons they'll have, and here's a column and a half telling how many Pinkerton men are going to be on hand, all armed, see, and how many Central Office men they'll have, with rifles. Rifles! Can you beat that?" Skeeter did nothing more than ruminatively prod above his watch-pocket with an ever-exploring forefin-

ger. The big-boned man turned back to his sheet of paper.

"And here's a lay-out of the police lines and plans o' how to keep the crowds back. And here's the amount o' dough they're going to move, the last bank spiel showing the figures they'd have to handle. Four million six hundred and ninety-seven thousand in gold! Eighteen million in bonds and collateral! Eleven million in bank notes, in paper bills ranging from one dollar up to ten thousand! Ten thousand dollars, Skeeter, in one sheet o' paper no bigger than a car transfer!"

"And so easy to break, anywhere down the Bowery!" scoffed the imperturbable Skeeter. "And every one of 'em carrying a number that'd trace 'em to Shanghai and back!"

"But eleven millions in paper, Skeeter! Eleven millions brought out from under cover!"

"Nice big figures!" was all the hollow-eyed little man said.

"The Trust people say they're going to move a week from Saturday. Saturday's the officially announced day—at noon, sharp. This paper says the same. You can see it there for yourself."

The big man leaned forward, half turning the page for Skeeter's inspection. When he spoke again his voice was much lower.

"Skeeter," he said, with a quiet solemnity which almost made his foolish-looking eyes seem grave. "Skeeter, that ain't their movin' day. The National Trust's going to move on Wednesday, the seventeenth!"

"How'd you know that?" snapped back the little man called Skeeter, with his first show of interest. Rykelt sat back to luxuriate in that tardy response. It meant something to be able to make Skeeter sit up. And it meant something to have him with you in a deal. For Skeeter, having discreetly buried his bone before serving his term in Joliet, was not without the sinews of war. And this was a campaign that would call for considerable ready money.

"I'll show you how I know it, when the time comes. And I'll tell you something else I know." Rykelt prolonged the dramatic moment by a pull at his glass. "Skeeter, there's not going to be any Mulberry Street dress-parade when that moving takes place. They're not going to have any three hundred police and double-rank fire-lines of Central Office men!"

"What're you driving at?" demanded

Skeeter, with his eyes clamped on the other man's face.

"I'm driving at this: those National Trust people are going to steal a march on the public. They're going to have a truck and an ordinary, every-day touring car and a couple o' Pinkerton and plain-clothes men, and that's all. They're going to slip from the one building to the other and carry their swag with 'em, the same as a cat carries her litter out of a barn-loft. They're going to migrate without saying a word about it. They're going to move thirty or forty millions o' money through the open street, the same as you'd truck thirty or forty bales o' cotton from one warehouse to another!"

"Thirty or forty million!" said Skeeter, taking a deep breath. He looked dreamily about the room.

"In a truck and a touring-car, like so much baled hay!" exclaimed Rykelt, leaning back in his chair and stretching his heavy legs.

"What time on Wednesday?" snapped Skeeter, coming down to earth.

"They begin at five sharp," was the answer.

"How'd you know that?"

Rykelt's hand went down into his pocket again. The movement, for a hand so large and ungainly, seemed remarkably quick and airy.

"Here's how I know it," he said, again lowering his voice. Almost affectionately he unfolded a letter which he had drawn from his pocket, and ran his eye over it.

"Well?" demanded the little man.

"This letter's from the cashier of the National Trust. As you see, it's on the bank's official paper. It's to Remsen, the second vice-president, correcting him about the time to have some touring car or other around to the bank doors. It says for Wednesday, the seventeenth, at five. Notice the way he puts it: 'Kindly make note of hour and day I mention, as we're obviating natural embarrassments by antedating the announced migration by three days. I regret failing to reach you by 'phone and take the liberty of repeating that this is, of course, official and confidential.'"

"Where'd you get that?" asked Skeeter sharply, as he stared at Rykelt.

"Lifted it," was Rykelt's calm rejoinder.

"How?"

"I'd been working the subway for leathers—for any old thing to keep me going. I got



A BLUE-COATED OFFICER, SEEING THE PINKERTON MAN'S SMOKING REVOLVER,
FELL ON HIM BODILY

a pippin, I thought, in the Grand Central crush. All it held was three ones and a bunch of polo tickets, with this note folded up in the card-flap."

"But your note isn't signed," demurred Skeeter, looking it over with narrowed and restless eyes.

"I tell you it's all right. That E. P. stands for Ezra Parker. There's no mistake about that. I got a list of the bank officials and verified it."

"Which I call uncommonly clever of you," snorted Skeeter, with a look of mock admiration into the asymmetrical blue eyes. Then he grew more thoughtful, as he murmured aloud, for the second time, "Thirty or forty million!"

"Is it worth it?" demanded Rykelt.

"It's worth it—but *how*?" was Skeeter's answer. He was already deep in thought. That thought, naturally, had nothing to do with scruples of conscience or apprehension as to bodily harm. It was simply that he faced a problem for which he had not yet worked out a solution. "*How*?" he repeated, absently.

"Schmidlapp style," was Rykelt's laconic reply. "And if the two of us together can't get a slice of that thirty or forty million, we'd better go back to the bumpers and yegg it."

"Don't!" murmured Skeeter. "Don't! You make me dizzy!"

"I tell you, Skeeter, we can do it," exulted the big-boned man. "We can do it!"

"Let me look at that Sunday story again." It was Skeeter who spoke, after several moments of unbroken silence.

Rykelt watched him as he ran down the columns, watched him purringly, crooningly, contentedly, like a magician sure of his trick. He watched the strength of the figures sink home, like strong drink. He let his eyes rest on the photographs of the counting-machines and the serried bags of bullion and the baled bank notes. He merely waited and let them do their worst. He watched the photographs of the great vaults (ingeniously appropriated, in reality, from pictures of the Sub-Treasury), and the descriptions of the steam-pipe and electrical protective systems, and the diagrams of the time-locks, duly impress themselves on Skeeter's consciousness. He watched the thin and delicate little face, so thin that it looked like a skull over which parchment had been drawn, as it bent hungrily over the heavy columns of figures and then turned

back even more hungrily to the hysterical phrasing of the descriptive paragraphs accompanying them. And he saw that Skeeter was slowly but surely succumbing to that provocative virus.

The vastness of the figures, indeed, the colossal nature of such wealth, went to the heads of the two silent men as they sat there in a gloomy little back room over their empty beer glasses. It dazed and intoxicated them. Soaked in through the medium of yellow journalism, with its lurid marshaling of figures and pictures, it benumbed and stupefied them, for the time being, just as a glass of Bowery beer drawn through a cigar-end benumbs and stupefies the most impecunious East Side "white-liner." It provided them with an imaginary Utopia that was paradisaical in its completeness.

"D'you know what ten millions mean? Skeeter, d'you even know what *one* million means?" dreamily challenged the big-boned man with the foolish blue eyes. Now Skeeter Graden had once been a youth of considerable imagination. But the underworld and its ways had calcified it. Life had thrown an ever-hardening shell about it. He could think only in the narrow symbols of his ever-narrowing circle—foreign travel, *café* prodigalities, "shiners," and clothes, and a long-dreamed-of system to beat the pool rooms; that was about all a million meant to him. But then, again, that was all that life meant to him. So he sobered and steadied himself and looked wistfully up at Rykelt.

"Wally, it's only once in a lifetime that much money ever gets from under cover. We'll never see it again—never. We hear of express messengers with a hundred thousand sometimes, and bank-runners with a couple of hundred thousand in paper now and then. But think of that thirty or forty *million* lying round with the lid off! They often get that much together, I s'pose, but it's always guarded with enough stone and steel and time-locks to stand off an army! But thirty millions—and thrown out into the street!"

"How're we goin' to do it?" asked Rykelt, with that placid languor which was plainly the topmost flower of luxurious assurance.

"We ought to have a third man," soliloquized the thoughtful Skeeter, as he wiped his mouth after a fit of coughing.

"Cono Di Marco?" suggested the other.

"But this is a soup job. Di Marco never knew how to handle nitro."

"All the better—he'd go up with his bomb and there'd be no squealing!"

The light in Rykelt's big and foolish-looking blue eyes was not altogether a pleasant one. A divvy, where millions were concerned, was not to his taste.

"Then what's your lay-out?" Skeeter was inquiring.

"First thing, we've got to study that territory. We've got eight solid days for it—to get in touch with the bank people, where they eat, where they live, who their friends are, what they look like, what their habits are, what their jobs will be on Wednesday. Then, of course, we've got to be on hand, at five, with every bit of information we can pick up. Then one of us ought to plant a time-bomb somewhere about the corner of Wall Street, if a week of pirootin' around doesn't put us in touch with a better plan. That bomb'll have to go when the five o'clock rush is on. That'll give us plenty o' cover. Then we've got to get next to that touring car, one of us. There's no use thinking about the gold. To hell with gold, anyway—it'll weigh a full eight tons, I've figured out, so we've got to scratch that. What we want's the paper, the bank bills. Those'll go by the car. We'll have to get a short-fuse bomb under that car, I s'pose; then when the Wall Street timer goes off and the cops and the crowd cut for the corner, we'll have a fighting chance for our lift and our get-away."

Skeeter thought it over, pensively, frowningly. Then he shook his head.

"You can't yegg your way through Wall Street, Wally. That double-bomb business is all right for the Rubes—but not for this burg. We wouldn't have one chance in ten."

"It's *worth* one chance in ten."

Skeeter sat back, industriously studying the ceiling of fly-spotted pressed tin.

"Why take just one chance out of ten? Why not keep tab on the touring car, and when we know they've got the load we're after, drop a giant cap or two, say, somewhere inside the old bank doors? That'll take their plain-clothes men back on the run, and the crowd'll go after them. If one man lays we'd have to blackjack him. That saves the car driver. The quickest way, here, 'd be an ammonia bulb. If that didn't tag him he'd have to get a jack tap. Then one of us can swing the car out of Nassau and bound into Cedar and William Street before

any of 'em wake up. Then we can hang a phony license number on behind. That'll disguise us enough to get up to Yonkers, say."

"And then what?" Rykelt's look of admiration was not lost on the inert and cough-racked skeleton huddled in the chair opposite him.

"Then we'll lay low until we've stowed our junk and run the car into the river. Two hundred dollars'll get 'Chink' Connors to run us across from Buffalo in that thirty-foot kicker of his. Then we can beat it for Montreal and sail for the other side."

"Whereabouts on the other side?"

"Why, anywhere. Paris, Vienna, Budapest, Monte Carlo. Anywhere. D—— it, the world's ours, man, once we've made that haul! We're kings, Wally, kings!"

III

THE huddled little skeleton stopped to cough as he once more reached out for the letter and the newspaper page. And again, as they talked and planned and argued and modified their modifications, the intoxication of it went to their heads and for minutes at a time they would sit in cataleptic silence, touched into awe by the figures with which they were confronted. They became men obsessed. All existence and thought centered on that one *coup*. From skulking and hunted street idlers they were suddenly transformed into men possessed of a vision.

As they crept downstairs and stepped out through Spider Murphy's barroom into Second Avenue, Lefty Boyle as carefully stepped into a telephone booth. The word or two he sent over the wire brought Creegan sauntering eastward, puffing a freshly lighted cheroot as he came. It was quite by accident, apparently, that he ran into Skeeter and Wally. Yet he brought that discomfited and startled couple up with an offhanded nod that seemed to express nothing but indifferent good humor.

"Ain't you two boys takin' chances?" he inquired.

"Our chance-taking days are over," quietly asseverated Skeeter, with his slow and pensive smile.

"Then where you two bound for?" Creegan quite amiably inquired.

"Wally's making the Bureau rounds for work," was Skeeter's prompt reply before the big-boned man could commit himself. Creegan smiled wearily.

"How about it, Wally?" The question was asked in a tone of utter friendliness. But Wally, remembering certain things, was not quite at his ease. He knew they had his photograph and finger-prints and Bertillon measurements down at Headquarters. He had seen them dexterously compute his cephalic index and note his bodily peculiarities with that deliberate and cold-blooded exactitude which had made him feel more like a museum curiosity than a human being with human emotions. The Deputy Commissioner's office, he also knew, held a graphic system record board, and one of the little red pins on that board stood for him and moved faithfully back and forth as he moved back and forth about the city.

"Yes, I'm gettin' a job," he maintained, with dogged petulance.

"Spider Murphy's?" blandly inquired Creegan. Rykelt shifted and sulked and did not answer, for the simple reason that he found no answer ready.

"And you, Skeeter?" asked the weary Creegan. He turned to watch the little man shaken by a fit of coughing.

Skeeter wiped his mouth and chuckled audibly. He had none of Rykelt's heavy and antagonizing sullenness.

"Me? Oh, I'm chasin' up a deal with a garage firm. First thing you know, Creegan, you'll be hailin' me in one o' those red taxis."

Still again Creegan indulged his slow and weary smile. Then he grew more serious, more intimate, more plaintively confidential.

"You can't expect me to wet-nurse you two boys round this precinct all summer. And I don't want to beef. But you two try any o' your monkey work this side the Hudson and I'll run you in so quick your collars'll wilt. Understand? You two walk chalk and watch your dead lines, or I'll take you both down to talk it over with the Old Man!"

"What in hell's the use o' hounding us that way?" demanded Skeeter, indignantly. "We're on the level—we're doing the straight."

"The straight!" lazily repeated Creegan. "Then why're you carrying that gun? Why're you freighting that sawed-off Colt special?"

Skeeter grinned. "I'm hocking that fool gun for a motor-coat, Creegan, honest up."

Creegan almost yawned. "I'm wise to you, boys; I'm wise to both o' you. And

the first time you let your foot slip, the first move, something's going to smash! See!"

And Creegan passed on with his slow and indolent stride, his hat a little down over one sleepy and serpentine eye.

Rykelt looked appealingly at Skeeter. Skeeter in turn looked disgustedly and contemptuously after Creegan.

"Pose!" he cried. "Nothing but pose! He does the seal act and blinks around the tank pretendin' he's as wise as God!"

"But how'd he ever know we'd come from Spider Murphy's?"

"What does Creegan count, anyway?" demanded the defiant Skeeter. "What's that four-flush flyman got to do with this business of ours?"

Rykelt did not answer. They walked half a block before either spoke again. Then Skeeter enunciated the one contemptuous word "Bluff!"

IV

THE week that followed was not an idle one for Wally Rykelt and Skeeter Graden. Nor was it an idle one for the National Trust. That august and venerable institution not only conducted its vast and intricate business, but also made ready for its removal to newer and more palatial quarters. Yet nothing seemed to occur to interfere with the noiseless and ceaseless revolutions of that solemn machinery which ran not with belts and pulleys but with Credit and Collateral and Minted Millions. It must be admitted that one or two things happened, but they were of a nature too trifling to be noticed. An under-engineer's uniform, for example, rather mysteriously disappeared from its locker. During the morning quietness of the following Sunday one of the bank's brass polishers—apparently a new man—complained to the policeman on the beat that he didn't altogether like the actions of a certain idler loitering about the bank front. This somewhat astonished and indignant idler was promptly moved on, while the incredibly thin young man in the under-engineer's uniform directed his attention to the heavy brass door locks, though a keen observer might have noticed that he held his polishing cloth in his left hand for the time being, and showed no especial pleasure at the return of the policeman to the bank front.

Then, a day or two later, a call came to the

manager of the National Trust from one of the evening papers, asking if they might send a reporter and a staff photographer to gather sufficient pictures and data to institute an analogy between the new bank offices and the old. The photographer, a large-boned and rather foolish-eyed man with an asymmetrical face, and the reporter, an alert-eyed, narrow-chested, and incredibly emaciated youth, were duly received and were later permitted an extremely superficial survey of the exteriors of both the new and the old quarters. They expressed no disappointment over the meagerness of the information given them or at the official refusal of a flash-light photo of the inner vault mechanism. When the thin youth mildly requested the favor of a photograph or of even a statement as to the bullion and currency on the day of removal, the official said it might be possible, providing, of course, that he was on hand at twelve sharp on the following Saturday, when the moving would begin. The pensive-eyed reporter repeated the date, entered it ostentatiously in his notebook, and effusively thanked the official for his courtesy.

Skeeter and Rykelt also paid certain nocturnal visits to the underground workshop of Beansy Schmidlapp, the Suffolk Street nitro-maker. From that odoriferous little arsenal of fulminates they carried away a couple of modest yet carefully wrapped packages, packages which they both treated with the tenderest respect. It was Rykelt's suggestion, in emulation of "Little Joe" McCluskey's earlier campaign against the Sub-Treasury, to hire a brass band and have it parade Nassau Street promptly at five. In this way, he maintained, the attention of the crowd would be attracted to the musicians; he and Skeeter would then be left with a clear field, or as clear a field as they could hope for.

But Skeeter objected to this. In the first place, brass bands were expensive. And he had to remind Rykelt that their funds were getting low. In the second place, he pointed out that it would be possible to get a couple of worthies from the MacGirr Gang to start a spirited street-fight for the modest remuneration of five dollars apiece, and fight it out on any corner designated, until they had the crowd with them. A New York business man, the wary Skeeter maintained, would stop to see a fight far sooner than he would tarry to listen to a German band. The MacGirr worthies need not be told the purpose of their sanguinary diversion, and

there was no use taking any extra chances now, since they had kept the whole movement to themselves. And Skeeter ruefully counted over the few coins still left to them and figured out that by going without breakfast and luncheon on Wednesday they could scrape through. But, as he explained to Rykelt, it would be mighty close sailing.

Yet neither of them worried. It was not their nature. Whichever way their *coup* went, money would no longer count. Whether they made their haul, or whether they were "coppered," the matter of dollars and cents would never again be an issue in their lives.

V

NASSAU STREET, at five o'clock, is an extremely narrow canyon, through which ebbs an extremely hurried tide of humanity. Its buildings at that hour begin to empty, as a thousand churches might empty after service.

The day had been a busy one for the National Trust. Clerks labored hour by hour in the bullion vaults, knee deep in coin sacks, handling, counting, checking, and certifying gold. A grave and distinguished committee of directors, attended by gray-coated guards, inspected and verified the securities, officially audited and endorsed the cashier's tabulations of stocks, bonds, and collateral, and attended with scrupulous nicety to the packing and disposal of the institution's odd millions of "paper." Another committee, behind the seven Ionic columns of the National Trust's new building, duly inspected the vaults and chambers and small ledger safes, while metal workers and varnishers were still busy on the wickets and partitions about cashiers' and tellers' bronze-wire cages in the counting-house proper.

The new carrying machinery, which was to take the place of the old-fashioned runners and messengers, had been duly examined and tested. The sixteen-ton vault doors of chromium steel had been duly examined and endorsed by expert eyes, and the ease of the new steam-control device for opening and closing them had been made plain by uniformed engineers. The electrical adding-machines had all been carefully tested and authenticated. The absolute perfection of the electrical protective apparatus had been demonstrated and redemonstrated. The vault room reflection mirrors had been adjusted, the contact mats had been placed on the cork-fibre flooring.



"NICE SCENERY!" MURMURED CREEGAN, CROSSING HIS LEGS.

The eighty-branch telephone and the private telegraph and cable installations had been completed and thrown into operation. The floor pillars of onyx and Italian marble had been divested of their guarding sheaths of pine. The floor of French stone had been scrubbed and polished, the rosewood partitions had received their finishing touch, imported rugs of rare and expensive workmanship had been spread in the private rooms of the different officials. A new home was made ready for a great city's moneys, for the dollars of its traders and buyers and sellers. A new treasury of wealth had been completed, punctuating a

new era in the commercial development of the world. The great Nassau Street bank was about to move.

It was at fifteen minutes to five in the afternoon that a quite ordinary-looking two-horse truck, with a quite ordinary-looking driver, backed up to the curb in front of the old National Trust building.

Two minutes after its wheels locked against the pavement flags, a quiet and orderly line of employees began carrying out to this waiting truck certain heavy loads of pine boxes and divers articles of office furniture. These latter were placed conspicuously on top of the close-packed rows of boxes,

the truck was filled, and a stout man in an inconspicuous and serviceable suit of Oxford gray swung aboard at the back of the loaded vehicle as it started down Nassau Street. Then it jolted about into Pine Street, backed up against the sidewalk in front of the National Trust's new building, and was casually delivered of its load.

If any especial guardianship was being exercised over that load, there was little or nothing to show for it. Brokers and clerks, business men and stenographers, passed it without comment and without a second glance. For one moment an idle messenger boy, munching a doughnut, stopped to wonder at the weight of the wooden boxes. The man in the suit of Oxford gray idled for a moment about the bank steps. Then, when the truck was emptied, he sauntered indifferently back to Nassau Street. And apparently, Nassau Street, in the meantime, had its own thoughts and its own ends to pursue.

This truck had made its third brisk trip through the portals between the Ionic columns, and had backed methodically up for its fourth heavy load, when a touring car maneuvered in to the curb next to it. This touring car was somewhat freckled with mud splashes and somewhat shabby with faded dust. A man in an equally shabby open duster stepped down from the driving-seat, and went quietly in through the doors of the National Trust. A second man, in a chauffeur's leather-peaked cap, remained on the front seat in charge of the car.

This man was smoking a cigar, and seemed very much at his ease. As he sat there, a second and smaller group of bank employees deployed from the building behind him, each carrying a bundle neatly rapped and corded and sealed. These bundles were piled methodically and evenly on the tonneau of the car, and the carriers, having emptied their arms of their first burden, returned through the wide bank doors for a second load.

As they made their second trip, an incredibly thin and pensive-faced young man slipped through their midst southward-bound. He carried a small black leather handbag, and from the way he peered up at the office doors, as though looking for a sign or a number which was not to be found, he might readily have been taken for a stranger in New York. In fact, he even stopped to ask his way of a larger and darker man with a slightly asymmetrical

face. This man pointed northward along Nassau Street, and watched him as he passed the National Trust's doors for the second time.

Just what happened after that no one apparently knew. Two men, it seems, began fighting in the middle of the road. There was a pause in the traffic. A cry went up from the crowd. Those two combatants seemed to attract the human units of that busy thoroughfare as the two poles of a horseshoe magnet attract steel filings.

Whether the youth with the black bag stumbled and fell, or whether he deliberately threw his bag in under the partly loaded truck, no eyewitness could say. But the next moment a detonation shook the street. A sudden geyser of gold, high-flung and bright and yellow, flamed and flowered and fell tinklingly about the stone pavement. A frightened team, still attached to a truck's liberated tongue and front wheels, charged through the scattering onlookers. A slim youth who had instinctively crouched low against the rear wheel of the touring car, sprang to the seat of that car while the smoke still hung heavy along the pavement. How or where he struck the driver no one knew. But before the smoke lifted, the car was circling out into the street's center, turning north. As it gathered speed, a stunned Pinkerton man, raising himself on his hip, drew out his revolver and aimed at the slender figure on the car's driving-seat.

The repeated bark of the firearm filled the narrow canyon of Nassau Street with a second tumult of sound. The crowd, utterly ignorant of the situation, gave vent to cries of "Murder!" "Police!" "Help!" A blue-coated officer, seeing the Pinkerton man's smoking revolver, fell on him bodily, two hundred and thirty pounds in one pile-driving dive. A second policeman rapped for assistance, and, losing his head, began to night-stick the Central Office men who were madly bucking the line to cleave a passage northward after the fleeing car. Then came the alarm gongs from the bank itself, while the rabble fought like mad dogs over the scattered gold coins, until the bank officers and a patrol load of special policemen drew a cordon about the district. But in the meantime the departing car had dodged from Nassau into John and then up William Street.

It was not until he reached the comparative safety of Park Row and its motley traffic that

Skeeter Graden adroitly shifted his license number and flung a lap-robe over the bundles, so carefully wrapped and corded and sealed, in the tonneau behind him. For he knew that those bundles amounted to several millions of dollars in money, in ponderable, negotiable, actual money. Then he lighted a cigarette, threw in his second clutch, turned northward into the Bowery, then westward along Canal to Broadway, and then, proceeding languidly and deliberately up that crowded artery of traffic, headed for Yonkers.

VI

SKEETER'S imagination was indurated. He was neither blessed nor cursed with the power of foreseeing the future. His actions, for all their circuitiveness, were primordial and instinctive. He did not worry. He did not dramatize contingencies in his own brain. He was the victim of no febrile terrors, the prey of no especial and unsettling fears—for no criminal can remain a man of imagination. Such things would come at too great a cost. All Skeeter wanted was his get-away.

His chief worry was to operate his touring car without mishap. For, above all things, he did not want to be interfered with or held up for any foolish violation of the traffic rules and routes. The mere watching of the road and the machinery under him took most of his time. In his moments of mental leisure, however, he vacuously tried to realize what one million, two millions, three millions of dollars might mean. But, as when the scheme was first proposed, he could think in nothing save small and high-colored ciphers—in dreams of foreign travel and gambling-house prodigalities, in visions of over-ornate hotels and unlimited power of spending, and a chance to put his pool-room "system" to the test; but, above all, in the ever-lurking hope that he could reach some European specialist who would be able to rid him of his throat-cough (it was always his *throat*), and toss him back into the realm of health.

He was luxuriating in the thought of this transformation when he looked up and realized that he was approaching Forty-second Street. He likewise saw that all north and south traffic was held up, momentarily, while the cross town vehicles shuttled east and west. He knew he had to be careful. He was vaguely aware of the fact that the position, held there in the heart

of the Tenderloin, was not without its dangers. But it would be the last point of imminent peril, he reassured himself. Once north of Times Square and he would be comparatively safe.

He heard the traffic officer's whistle, saw the street open before him, and started jubilantly yet cautiously forward, across Forty-second Street, on his way to freedom.

Then Skeeter's heart went down in his boots.

For there, on the curb within ten feet of him, stood Creegan—the placid and sleepy-orbed Creegan, with his hat brim pulled down over one sandy eyebrow, waiting for him. Skeeter knew better than to throw in his second clutch. But he moved forward, without stopping, without looking up, holding his breath as he went.

"Could you gi' me a lift there, Skeeter?" asked a careless and casual voice from the running-board of his car. And the next moment Creegan had swung up on the driving-seat beside him.

Skeeter merely emitted a careless "Sure!" in answer to Creegan's challenging question. But the lightness of that monosyllabic utterance was not easily achieved.

"What's the game?" suddenly asked the Central Office man.

"Game?" echoed the vacant-faced Skeeter. Yet he was thinking as rapidly and as clearly as his unimaginative little brain would let him.

"Yes, what's the graft, anyway?" inquired Creegan. And Skeeter knew at once that the man beside him had heard nothing from Nassau Street. The news of the National Trust *coup* had not yet been sent out from Headquarters. Creegan still knew nothing of the raid on the bank's wealth. His air of wisdom was nothing more than a pose, a habit, a bluff. Hope revived in Skeeter's narrow chest.

"I'm trying to cinch this job, Creegan," he complained.

"What job?" the other inquired.

"Driving for Leach of Wall Street," Skeeter heard himself saying. "Running office errands in this car o' his on probation."

"And which way you bound for?" Creegan persisted. He made no particular effort to conceal his skepticism.

"Toting this," Skeeter gave a careless backward tip of the head, "this office stationery and stuff up to Leach's house."

"Where's his house?" snapped back Creegan.

"Eighty-two Riverside," snapped back Skeeter.

It was a blind grope, a wild guess; but he had no time for careful thought. And Riverside Drive, he knew, would still get him pretty well north. The lower end of that Drive would be comparatively quiet. He had always hated gun-work. But that seemed the only way out of it. He turned and looked at Creegan.

"You're going to queer me on this job," lamented, for above all things he wanted to gain time, to fence for his opening. Creegan only smiled his slow and cynical smile.

"The first honest job I've hit against in five years!" And Skeeter's voice was openly and actually shaking with emotion.

"What's makin' you so peevish these days?" demanded the mild-voiced Creegan. His tones were utterly without color.

"*You* are!" retorted Skeeter. "What's so good o' hounding *me*? What'll my people think, seeing a bull joy-riding with *me*?"

"What d' you want me to do?"

"Give me a chance to make good at this—a chance to be decent," almost wept the indignant Skeeter.

Creegan laughed again. It was not a heartless laugh; but it was a heartless one.

"I can't leave you, Skeeter. I'm nailed here till you put me next to that man Leach. You've got to make good with this dope o' yours, or drive down to the Old Man's and talk it over!"

For the second time Skeeter's heart went down in his boots. The very most he could hope for now was a get-away. He sickened a little as he remembered the old days at diet. He was even tempted, for a moment, to make the break and try to buy Creegan over, to dazzle him with a hundred thousand or two in cold cash.

But a second thought told him that Creegan was not the sort of man to be swept away by such things. He hadn't intelligence enough for *that*! Skeeter knew it could only be cutting his own chances short. He had to see his bluff through, as far as it could go, and then in some way get his egg-gun round against the body whose armth he could feel against his own. He tried to do it; but it was the only way out.

VII

SKEETER was watching for his chance at every move. His thoughts were on one

thing only as he turned westward into Seventy-second Street. He knew the danger he was running, with gun-play in open daylight and in that part of the city, but it was too late for hesitation. Yet there was one small drawback. Creegan was not only wary and watchful, but something had suddenly prompted him to insert a careless right hand in his right coat pocket. Skeeter noticed that he kept it there. And they were already undulating up Riverside Drive.

"Nice scenery!" murmured Creegan, crossing his legs, for he was feeling especially satisfied with himself. Skeeter, however, did not enjoy the landscape. He was thinking of other things. The whole combination seemed against him. He would have to fall back on the Leach bluff to the limit, after all. There was nothing for it but to swing briskly and methodically in to the graystone house-front marked "Eighty-two." Creegan was watching Skeeter every moment and every move.

"Now you go and do your talking!" challenged that outraged individual, with an indignant head jerk toward the iron-grilled house door of plate glass.

"I guess I'll stay with the car, Skeeter," answered Creegan. He sat back, sure of his hand, indulging his mild and enigmatical smile.

Skeeter stepped down and out of the car without a moment's hesitation. Then he crossed the sidewalk, stepped to the door, and rang the bell.

Creegan was doing no worrying. But he was on the lookout; he let nothing escape his notice. He watched Skeeter ring. He waited, with his right hand still gripping something concealed in his coat pocket, to see if that ring would be answered. It startled him a little to see the door swung open by a servant in livery. He watched a word or two pass between Skeeter and the servant. And then, strangely enough, he saw the little ex-yegg pass into the house.

But still Creegan did no worrying. He was sure of his ground. He looked over the car, smoked his second pale-colored cheroot, and patiently waited. Minute after minute dragged away. Then he shifted in his seat, a little restlessly. As he did so, his eye quite accidentally caught the glitter of something on the car floor beside the foot-brake. He saw, as he bent closer over it, that it was a bright and burnished gold coin. Beside it, closer under the seat, lay two other coins.

The sight of those three discs of gold strangely and suddenly startled the man from the Central Office. It brought him to his feet with a jerk, like a slap on the face.

In five seconds he had crossed the sidewalk and was at the house door. A moment later he had rung the bell. It seemed an age before the servant in livery answered his ring.

"Where's that man who went in here five minutes ago?" Creegan demanded.

The servant in livery surveyed him from head to foot. There was something both reproachfully admonishing and unspeakably exasperating in that calm and leisurely scrutiny. It was plain to see that the stout man in livery was not used to being so brusquely addressed. It was equally plain to see that Creegan and his questioning were not accustomed to such criticism.

"Wake up, you cow!" cried the autocrat of the law, for he knew he was losing precious time. "Where's that man?"

The calm and dignified personage in livery started as though he had been stung. He would surely have slammed the door in his insulter's face had an outthrust foot not intervened, and had his eye not fallen on the glitter of the Central Office badge Creegan flashed at him.

"Do you mean the thin young gentleman as was sent to inspect the wire service, sir?"

"Wire service? What wire service?"

"He said, sir, as he was sent to inspect the house wires. He's out back, sir, to follow up what he called some wire trouble leading through to West End Avenue. At least, so he expressed himself, sir."

Creegan didn't even start after the man who was tracing up wire trouble. He didn't even enter the house.

"Who lives here?" he asked as he disgustedly turned away.

"Mr. Colbron, sir."

Creegan waited no longer. His man had got away.

He walked thoughtfully back to the touring car; there was no longer any necessity for hurry.

For a moment or two he stood contemplating the empty-seated automobile in front of him. Then, pulling aside the lap-robe that covered the well-filled tonneau, he broke open one of the carefully wrapped and corded and sealed packages that lay there. This act he repeated several times. Then he caught at a seat rail to steady himself.

"Good God!" he gasped in blasphemous awe. "It's nothing but money! *There must be twenty million there!*"





"WORDS THAT GIT INTO THE DICTIONARY AIN'T COMMON TALKIN' WORDS NOHOW."

A GRADUATED DAUGHTER

By BESSIE R. HOOVER

Illustrations by John Conacher

WHEN Opal Flickinger came down to breakfast early one pleasant June morning, she could not help noticing how dingy and discolored the little kitchen looked. The stove was greasy, and the floor needed scrubbing. The dishes had been hastily thrown on the table. Her mother was cross and uninviting in her soiled, slitted wrapper; and her father and her brother Jed were anything but presentable in their dirty working clothes.

Opal loved beauty and refinement, and longed for better surroundings. She was a graduate of the high school, and felt that her superior education gave her the right to criticise her parents' uncouth ways and to try to teach them better manners, so that she need not be ashamed of them before Sefton Woods, who came from a more refined home.

"Opal, what did you put napkins to all our plates for?" demanded her mother sharply, as the family sat down to breakfast.

"I put them on to use," answered Opal, a little guiltily.

"To use?" repeated her mother in astonishment, "when there ain't no company?—be you daffy?"

"Opal's slingin' on style 'cause she's gotta feller," grinned Pa Flickinger. "Seftie Woods is a swell, Ma."

"Seftie Woods's folks," spoke up her brother Jed unexpectedly, "eat on a white tablecloth every day—with napkins," he added, as if, incredible as it might seem, it was none the less true.

"It looks kinder silly and affected-like to use napkins when there ain't no company," criticised Ma. "Seftie Woods always did seem to me ruther artificial actin'. Don't nobody dast to unfold your napkins, but give 'em to me."

"Why can't we eat on a tablecloth instead of this old oilcloth?" asked Opal boldly.

"Who'd wash and iron it?" inquired her mother practically. "Tell me that."

"We would."

"We've got more than we can do now, so shut up," recommended Ma.

"And Seftie Woods's folks use separate

spoons for everything that's et," related Jed, as one might tell of the strange and ridiculous customs of a foreign people.

"Worse and worse," commented Ma. "I don't call such actions bright! But what's worryin' me now is where I'm a-goin' to git fresh strawberries to can."

"Gowdy's," reminded Pa, referring to the nearest grocery.

"Gowdy's never have nothin' that nobody wants," returned Ma pessimistically.

"Woods's berries are tiptop; I can git a slick case of Seftie," offered Jed.

"No, sir," refused Ma. "That'd jest give Seftie another chanct to come down here. Mention such a thing to him and you git cuffed."

"Don't I git any coffee?" demanded Pa, reaching vainly for his cup.

"Where's that coffeepot?" cried Ma.

"There's one coffeepot right afore your eyes," Pa told her.

"Opal, this is your doin's," accused her mother, "puttin' a hot coffeepot on the oil-cloth. I always keep it on the floor by my chair."

"Everybody else keeps theirs on the table," defended Opal. "Besides, I put it on a plate—it looks so to keep it on the floor."

"Looks so!" snorted Pa indignantly. "What's that got to do with it, Miss? Ma, can't I have any coffee?"

"Sure—whatever was I thinkin' of? Here 'tis. But I always keep the coffeepot on the floor where it's handy."

"But the cat rubs against it," claimed Opal.

"What if he does?" snapped Ma. "It's his own business if he wants to git his fur all singed up."

"But it isn't good for the coffee—hairs might fly into the open spout," argued Opal.

"The idee!" exclaimed her mother, and put the coffeepot deliberately on the floor. "That's a shade too finicky for me!"

"Opal must be expectin' her feller," remarked Pa, "to want things so scrumptious."

"Opal ain't got no feller," returned Ma grimly; "but if you mean Sef Woods—Opal's saw the last of him!"

Opal listened breathlessly; for she had been expecting Sefton Woods for over a week, but the evenings had dragged slowly by without him.

"I give Sef Woods to understand the last time he brought Opal home that he wa'n't wanted here," added Ma.

"Seftie can come here whenever he likes," announced Jed emphatically, for he and Sefton were friends.

"But not as a beau," retorted Ma.

Though her mother had objected to the use of napkins and to keeping the coffeepot on the table, Opal felt that there were other ways in which she might yet reform her parents; so, when she brought out the dishes for supper, she substituted a silver knife for the little steel one with which her father always ate.

"I wouldn't tamper with Pa's little knife," warned her mother; "you know he won't eat with a silver knife. And none of us'd have to if our bone-handled ones hadn't give out; but the silver knives bein' a present from the children and so not costin' us nothin', I thought it'd be cheaper to use 'em for every day than to buy new."

"I guess you're goin' to the Old Folks's picnic at Berrien Springs, Opal," Jed informed her at the supper table, "Seftie's goin'."

"Is he?" cried Opal, so eagerly that her mother stared frigidly at her, and Jed's reply got no farther than an affirmative "uh-huh."

"Here's Opal a-makin' everything disagreeable ag'in," complained her father irritably, when he found the silver knife. "Where's that there little steel knife I've et with for forty year? I suppose Opal thinks it ain't swell enough."

"But, Pa, I gave you a good knife in place of it."

"No such thing," snarled her father; "you give me this silver slab."

"What's the difference?" asked Opal patiently. "It's a knife."

"It's called a knife," corrected her father, with a scowl.

"I manage to eat with mine, Pa; and after you've used it a while you don't notice how dull and heavy it is," comforted Jed.

"I've et with my silver knife as a duty—never as a pleasure," contributed Ma, "and your pa only shows his sense in objectin'."

"A knife," grumbled Pa, "is to eat with, ain't it? But, lookie here, Opal, this silver thing is a knife in name only—it won't cut. Why, with a loaf of bread and nothin' but this silver knife, a man that wanted to be genteel and not claw his bread off or chaw it off'm the loaf, 'd starve. Gimme somethin' to cut with."

"But the old steel knife looks so! Suppose we had company?" contended Opal.

"Ah-ha!" flared Ma, "that's it! She thinks Pa ain't swell enough for Sef Woods. Opal, git Pa's little steel knife to onct."

"Opal's been bit with the genteel microbe," teased her brother.

"Well, for my part I never want to be stylish. I wa'n't cut out for style in the first place, and I don't care who knows it," stated Ma violently.

"Nothin' stylish in a young one's tellin' her pa and ma how to eat," put in Pa.

"We're behind the times, Pa," informed Ma bitterly; "'pears like we've et wrong and done everything wrong."

"But you could learn to do things right," began Opal persuasively. "And don't say 'et,' Ma—it's just as easy to say 'eaten'."

"My stars! What next?" glared Ma. "I learned to talk, Opal, afore you was born. Is it likely I'll change at this late day?"

"If Opal's goin' to be a school-teacher, mebbe she wants summat to practice on," grinned her father.

"Oh, Pa, you mustn't say 'summat'—it isn't a word," remonstrated his daughter.

"Ain't a word!" shouted her father with increasing excitement. "Well, hear that! How do you know it ain't a word?"

"It isn't in the dictionary," said Opal.

"Shucks," disparaged Pa, "what's the dictionary got to do with it? The words that git into the dictionary ain't common talkin' words nohow; they're written words—nobody puts talk into a dictionary."

"Why not?" questioned Opal, astonished at her father's apparent knowledge of the making of dictionaries.

"'Cause why? 'Cause spoken words is too lively for 'em—who can go round and keep track of every word that's spoke? I can make up a hull mouthful myself, and no dictionary'll ever know anything about it—see?"

"But, Pa—" protested Opal.

"They put written words—not spoke words, into a dictionary," again differentiated Pa, rather surprised and pleased at his own remarks.

"But educated people talk better than you do, anyway," maintained Opal, "whatever words they use."

"If you want to git told summat," remarked Pa, deliberately using the word under discussion, "that ain't got no sense to it, git a graduated daughter to talk to you."

"And I don't see," broke in Ma heatedly, "why our pa, or anybody else, can't use the words that is naturally his'n—if they ain't such tony words."

"But people laugh at you when you talk queer," replied Opal, as if that were an unanswerable argument.

"Our own young ones does—if they ain't got the decency not to," retorted Ma.

"But anybody—old or young—ought to want to speak correctly," harped Opal.

"A little education is the root of all evil," misquoted her father. "That's an old saw that I never see much in till I got a graduated daughter that thinks her own folks is jest naturally scum unless they use dictionary words."

"Land, Pa, don't be so ha'sh," soothed Ma. "'Scum' ain't a pretty word to use at the table, nohow."

"We're just as *good* if we talk queer; but it sounds so funny," explained Opal.

"When a man's ludricuss to his own kid, summat's wrong with that kid—or else the old man's a gawk," stated Pa gloomily.



SEFTON WOODS ILLUSTRATED BY HER.

"It's just as easy to form good habits of speech," instructed Opal.

"A body'd think I'd took to drink," complained her father. "And here's Jeddie—ain't he been to college? But Jed's never hetchelin' nobody."

"It ain't because Opal's jest saw our faults all of a sudden—she's puttin' on all this agony for Sef Woods; he's turned Opal's head. But you and me, Pa, 'll never put on agony for nobody."

"Ain't Willie Briggs sweet on Opal, too?" asked Pa, as if to change the subject.

"Willie Briggs! Land, no, he's only a gentleman friend," explained Ma, pushing back her chair. "And I don't know, Opal, why you should want to do so much for Sef Woods who's never done nothin' for you. Seems to me you might do a little somethin' for your folks. We want you to teach school and put your education to some use."

Early the next Sunday evening Opal, in her best white dress, was sitting forlornly on the back porch; and the four-o'clocks, crowding in gorgeous profusion about the steps, blinked their many-colored eyes at her with bright heartlessness. All day long she had been expecting Sefton Woods, but he had not come.

Neither were Ma and Pa Flickinger, who sat grumpily on the side porch, enjoying themselves; for Opal, by her fault-finding and unhappiness, had cast a gloom over the little household.

"I dunno but what I'd ruther Opal'd 'a' stayed like the rest of us and not got so blamed smart," complained her father. "Nothin's disagreeabler to my mind than a kid's thinkin' she's smarter'n her folks. Why, look at Mr. Peyton, my boss—he went to a big Eastern college; but it didn't swell him up till he can't see a niggerunt man like me straight. I'll betche, Ma, that Mr. Peyton can see a man's good-points all the better for his education; that's what it's for. Oh, I ain't a-blamin' education—jest look at our Jeddie. And Mr. Peyton never makes me feel like a fool; but Opal don't see nothin' but our faults."

"And she ain't got no intrust in gettin' a school to teach," added Ma. "She jest sets around loony-like and lets her mind run on Sef Woods. I thought education'd be a grand thing for her, but look how it works!"

"Opal don't know enough to know that she don't know nothin'!" said Pa, with sad certainty.

"And her highfalutin' actions about our

manners ain't all the problem that's a-front-in' us, neither; how's this business with Sef Woods comin' out? Pa, you ought to let him know he ain't welcome here."

"I guess you've pretty nigh done that," observed her husband dryly.

"But I ain't druv the idee home; he'll be comin' here ag'in. If I was a man I'd 'a' sent him kitin' long afore this; but bein' a woman, I can't do nothin' that ain't lady-like."

"No harm in Seftie," said Pa seriously.

"Jest like a man—blind!" cried Ma. "I see harm. I thought sure he'd be down to-day, but maybe he's gotta 'nother girl by this time."

But an hour later Ma saw Opal coming across the closely clipped green velvet of the back lawn, her slight young form delicately outlined against the shadowy foliage of the garden. She was carrying a great bouquet of bleeding-hearts, whose graceful pendants showed rose-pink against the white of her dress. Opal's cheeks were as bright as the flowers, and she was not alone, for Sefton Woods walked beside her.

"He's turrible good-lookin' and pleasant spoken; and I scurcely can't help likin' him myself," thought Ma grimly. "What stragglin' things bleedin'-hearts is," she criticised, when Opal came in alone to put the flowers in water.

And when Opal had returned to Sefton, her mother called to her from the back door: "The dew's a-fallin', Opal, and I dunno what it'll do to your ears; remember, they ached all through April."

But as her daughter did not come in, Ma presently addressed her again: "Night air is always more or less sickly; and don't forgit that that there bench you're both a-settin' on has one weak leg. It'd look better if you'd come round in front, anyway."

Sefton and Opal went obediently to the front porch, and no sooner had Ma heard the low, laughter-laden hum of their happy young voices, than she came ostentatiously into the parlor, and, seating herself in a rocker by the open front window, creaked back and forth with painful regularity.

"Opal, that hammock's too rotten to hold two folks," warned Ma.

"We're not sitting in the hammock," Opal assured her.

Then Ma walked heavily to the front door and stood fanning herself and watching Sefton and Opal.

"I was just asking Opal if she'd rather go to the Old Folks's picnic by boat, or if she'd rather drive up," explained Sefton to Mrs. Flickinger.

"Opal knows she can't go up—one way nor t'other," snapped Ma; "besides, it's an old folks's picnic—no call for either of you to go," and she withdrew to the sitting room where Pa was reading, and Jed, dressed in his best suit, was standing before a small, oval looking-glass, painstakingly brushing his hair.

"Fernie Bistle's gone to church with her mother and Jimmie, if that's got anything to do with your actions, Jed," informed Ma.

"Swelterin' weather," grumbled Pa.

"Why don't you go out on the porch, Pa, with the young folks?—it's cooler there," remarked Ma pleasantly. "You, too, Jed."

"I don't want to butt in," replied Pa in a voice that he supposed to be politely muffled, but that was perfectly audible on the porch.

"Don't let that worry you," said Ma, "when you need air," and she shooped Pa and Jed on to the front porch, and then jerked out three chairs.

"How's your ma?" Opal's mother inquired of Sefton Woods, with frosty politeness, when she was seated.

"She's well, thank you, but she gets pretty tired canning berries; she's got a cold-water receipt that she thinks is just the thing. Ever try it, Mrs. Flickinger?"

"Ever try it?" repeated Ma, vitally interested at once. "No, I never did; but my hull life I've been lookin' forward to the time when I could try it on fresh strawberries—but you can't git 'em at Gowdy's."

"Let me bring you a case of strawberries," offered Sefton Woods. "Our berries are fine this year."

"Many thanks," returned Ma stiffly, then added pointedly, "but your farm's so fur off that there'd be no way to git 'em down here; besides, I'd be perfectly willing to pay."

"Oh, you needn't pay for them," answered Sefton Woods. "I owe Jed for seed corn now."

"In that case," faltered Ma, hesitating between her desire for the berries and her fear of encouraging Sefton, "still—I dunno, I might not have cans enough."

"Git all the cans you want, Ma, at Gowdy's," reminded Jed.

"Gowdy's never have nothin' you've got to have," dissented Ma.

"I guess you could gather in enough cans from somewheres," suggested Pa vaguely.

"Probably there are enough down cellar," added Opal.

"But cans ain't all," objected Ma; "there's my wash-to-morrow. Much obliged, Seftie, but it wouldn't be possible for me to can 'em—I wish I could," she added politely. It was not ethical on Ma's street to wash on any day but Monday.

"But you can't can the berries Monday, anyway, for they've got to be picked," informed Sefton. "And Jed could bring them down to-morrow night when he comes home from work."

"Sure," promised Jed readily; "and, Ma, they're dandy berries."

"Well, I dunno," wavered Ma, though she was eager for the berries; "but if Jed brings 'em down—what say, Pa?"

"Never refuse a gift that don't cost nothin'," encouraged Pa.

"It was the week's wash that was really in the way, and so I thank you, Seftie, many times. And you know, Seftie, our wash is big and it's dirty," explained Ma, addressing the first cordial words to Sefton that she had spoken since he had shown his preference for Opal, "and if you don't git it done on Monday it'll be stringin' along all through the week, and—"

"How many cans will it take?" interrupted Opal, who was ashamed of her mother's reference to the washing. And Ma Flickinger, forgetting in her excitement that she ought to stay and chaperon Opal, hurried away to count her cans.



PAINSTAKINGLY BRUSHING HIS HAIR.

"It's strikin' eight," yawned Pa, "and that's A. Flickinger's bedtime. You young folks needn't mind my turnin' in," and Pa sham-bled amiably away. At last Sefton and Opal were alone, for Jed had discreetly withdrawn.

"Praise be!" pronounced Sefton Woods fervently. But at that instant Willie Briggs, elegantly clad in his Sunday suit of black, came importantly on to the porch and greeted Opal and Sefton.

"I just dropped in on my way home from the Young People's Meeting, Opal, to tell you that I've been asked to make the address at the Old Folks's picnic, and I'm going to take you up with me—you'll enjoy the boat ride," he added pleasantly.

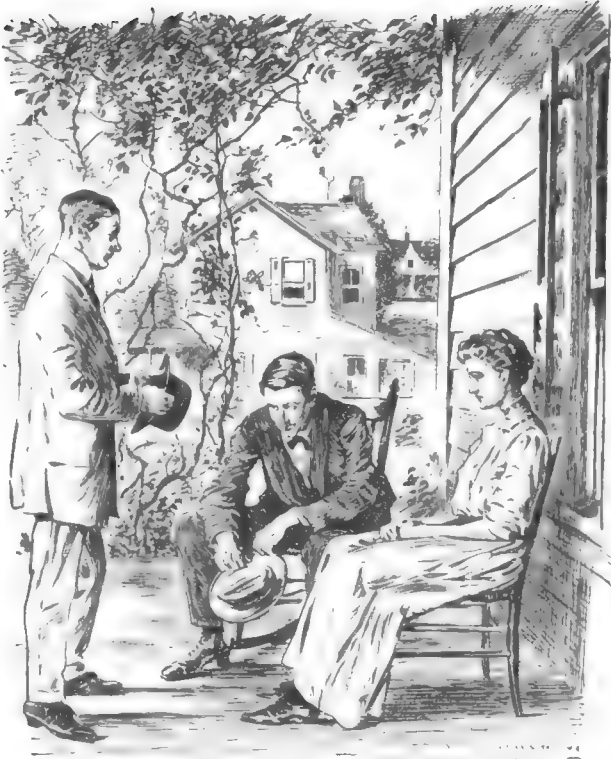
"Opal isn't going," stated Sefton Woods, briefly.

"Pardon me, Woods," begged Willie, starting with disagreeable superiority at Sefton, "but I spoke to Miss Opal."

"And as Opal isn't going," cut in Sefton, "what difference can it make?"

Willie, disdaining to reply, glared stubbornly into the gloomy depths of his black derby, which he held in his hands.

Sefton, who would gladly have thrown Willie Briggs over the porch railing and so



"I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU UP WITH ME—YOU'LL ENJOY THE BOAT RIDE."

got rid of him, felt that he had taken a mean advantage of Willie, and that he had made it hard for Opal, who nervously filled in the conversational gap with comment on the weather, till Jed lounged out and broke the tension.

Willie, who was plainly having an unpleasant time, though Sefton bothered him no more, would not go, but stayed uncomfortably on, till Sefton himself dared stay no longer. So finally they got up together to say good night, inwardly

antagonistic, but outwardly polite.

Ma Flickinger, counting her cans, had quite forgotten that Opal was a "finicky graduated daughter," or that Sefton Woods needed watching, and as she ruminated cheerfully on the munificent gift of a whole case of fresh strawberries—for nothing, she resolved to do a magnanimous thing.

"Opal," she called, "is Seftie gone?"

"He has just started," answered Opal.

"Well, Opal, if you're goin' up to Berrien Springs to that Old Folks's picnic with Seftie, hadn't you better call him back and tell him so? I can't say no, in the face of them strawberries," Ma admitted. "And I guess Seftie's a well-meanin' lad—anyway, he's Jeddie's friend."



HEROES OF THE TELEGRAPH KEY

By A. W. ROLKER

Illustrations by George Wright and E. M. Ashe

ON the thirteenth floor of the Postal Telegraph Company's skyscraper in New York they sat, eight hundred men, shoulder to shoulder in front of rows of tables, in their fingers the knobs of eight hundred telegraph keys that chirped bedlam like myriads of spring frogs. Overhead raged a roaring three-alarm fire, and a regiment of hose men played scores of streams. Rivers of water poured down shafts, short-circuiting and stopping the electric elevators. Deluges came down the walls through the ceilings, running off tarpaulins thrown over switchboards, drenching men, and flooding the floor six inches deep.

In a corner of the room stood the dynamos that generated the current unleashed in dots and dashes through wires crisscrossing earth. Water on these, and they, too, would have been short-circuited and the terrific voltage necessary to hurl the current throughout the system would have been shot through the bodies of the men. With a roar, out of each key would have sizzled a white-hot flame, and like the snapping of fingers the eight hundred would have been flashed into eternity as if they had been strapped in so many executioners' chairs.

From overhead came the trample of feet, the shouts of the firemen, and the dull impact of streams. The smell of burnt wood and volumes of choking smoke filled the room. But not for an instant did the jingling of keys cease; for to quit at this, the busiest hour of the night, would have snarled the company into a tangle which it would require days to unravel. For an hour the men sat in mackintoshes or under umbrellas, knowing that between them and sudden death was the thickness of a tarpaulin. Their faces showed the almost superhuman strain of concentrating their minds on the work in hand; but not a man deserted his key. On bared nerves they worked, for the honor of the service wherein it is admitted that man born of woman may blunder, but wherein, too, is an unwritten law

that in time of peril no man may desert his post, any more than a captain may desert his ship or an engineer leap from his locomotive before it is needless suicide to remain.

No record of the men who sacrificed or risked their lives in behalf of the service is kept either by the Postal Telegraph or the Western Union Telegraph company. So far as the companies are concerned, the man who endangers his life in the service is doing simply what is expected of him. But up on the floors of the skyscrapers of our cities, where work regiments of operators into whose ears and out of whose fingers pulsate the throbs of warm hearts, veterans who have helped make the history of the country for two generations tell many a splendid story of the telegrapher's devotion to duty.

Among the most striking instances was that of Lee Fairchild, night telegraph operator in a signal tower on a single-track railroad running through Weldon, North Carolina. He had let a north-bound berry train into his block, and while it was burning up the rails at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, he was horrified to see a south-bound excursion train, laden with four hundred men, women, and children, whiz by the signal he had set against it 250 yards up the track.

One chance in a thousand Fairchild saw to prevent head-on collision and frightful slaughter—and he took it. As the locomotive of the excursion roared by, he stood for an instant on the sill of the window in the tower, then he dived flat, six feet forward and downward, landing on hands and knees upon the roof of a passenger car. The impetus of the train was so enormous that it slid from under him almost the length of the car, and the impact all but snapped his back in two; but he clutched blindly, fetching up against a ventilator, and there he lay for some seconds, hardly able to stir hand or foot, the breath knocked out of him. Within three feet was the bell rope, but he could not reach it by a foot; and to try to squeeze down between the

ends of the cars would have meant being cut in two by the roof edges.

One thing only was left. With the last strength in him he crawled over the roof of the car to the engine, poised a moment, leaped on to the coal in the swaying tender, and scrambled forward to the engineer in the cab. With blood gushing out of his scalp wounds, he threw himself upon the engineer from behind.

"Stop! Stop! For God's sake, back up!" he shouted above the racket. Not a second was to spare. Down went brakes, and the fireman ran ahead with a torch to check the oncoming freighter, while the engineer of the excursion train backed frantically, and on the floor of the cab lay the senseless form of the man who had saved a trainload of human beings from hideous death.

Afterward Fairchild rose high in the service of the Seaboard Air Line and died in harness; but had it not been for a friend who saw the daring leap, his story even now would not be told—for he worked simply for the Honor of the Service.

Incidents of heroism like that of Fairchild seldom become known to the public, for the

policy of railroads is not to let passengers know when they have had a narrow escape. The hero who gets through with his life must keep his mouth closed, else he finds himself tramping the ties in search of another job. Even the one who dies in performing a brave act may not be honored. Many and many a hero of this sort the veterans point out in the telegraph service.

One of these was Frank Shaley. Three years ago as the Overland Limited dashed through the night, in the bad lands forty-five miles west of Cheyenne, Wyoming, a rail broke in two and came up through the bottom of the baggage car. In an instant the train of nine cars was piled thirty feet high, while about and beneath the wreckage were more than one hundred and fifty dead or injured human beings. A frightful sleet storm with biting cold was raging, and to this the hurt and dying lay exposed.

The locomotive was wrecked so that it was impossible to cut loose and race ahead to the nearest settlement with word of the disaster, and it seemed as if nothing could be done to save the sufferers except to flag the next train, due in five hours, when, from under the wreck, on hands and knee stumps, came an apparition leaving a red trail behind. It proved to be Frank Shaley, a telegraph lineman who had been sent up the road to locate a wire trouble and who, with his satchel of instruments strapped across a shoulder, had been in the baggage car when the crash came. Clutching the precious satchel, he dragged himself forward, but his legs had been smashed off at the knees and he was bleeding frightfully. "The telegraph! Cut in on the telegraph!" he shouted, but not a man there knew which one of the score of wires to cut, and Shaley himself could not tell without testing. They threw a rope across an arm of one of the poles, passed a sling about the dying man, and hoisted him up. Then he cut and grounded the wire and connected his telegraph key. Tenderly propped by anxious hands, he began to send the call for the Cheyenne operator, meanwhile gazing stoically at the pool where his life blood ebbed away. At that unusual hour of the night he found trouble in raising his man, and he pounded his key for ten minutes before he got an

answering signal from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THEN HE DIVED FLAT, SIX FEET
FORWARD AND DOWNWARD

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"Number 17 terribly wrecked forty miles west of Cheyenne. Send hospital train," he said. Then they pillowed his head on the satchel and an armful of waste, while forty miles away a whistle shrieked through the night and brought engineer, fireman, and two hundred Japanese tumbled on to the wrecking train, followed by the hospital train with doctors and nurses. But Shaley was gone when they came. Not a line in the ashen face betrayed the inhuman torture he must have undergone, nor the strain of turning his mind from his own agony and impending doom to the little brass instrument with which he had saved scores of lives.

Volumes might be filled with tales the veterans tell of operators in the railroad branch of the service; but there are heroes as well in other branches. Among these was James Igoe, a telegraph operator in the office of the *Minneapolis Tribune*, who was taking an important message from New York when fire broke out in his building. To desert his post before the very last moment and take the chance of having his paper "beaten" by a rival newspaper in so important a story would have been, from newspapermen's viewpoint, little short of high treason. The hour was shortly past midnight, when the clicking of typewriters and telegraph keys, the ringing of telephones, the shuffle of feet and cries for copy turn a newspaper office into a boiler shop, with every man bent upon cramming his story into the first or mail edition.

When the fire was discovered, Igoe interrupted the sender at the other end long enough to say: "The building is on fire. I shall finish this item. Hurry up"; and he stuck to his key while reporters, copy readers, and night editors grabbed stories and raced down the street to another newspaper shop to have the matter set up. None in the office noticed the man in shirt sleeves with the

green shade over his eyes, as he bent over the sheets while his pencil sped feverishly, taking what the man at the other end was "pumping at him." From down in the streets—five



AS HE HOVERED BETWEEN HEAVEN
AND EARTH—THE LINE BROKE.

stories as the stone falls—the screech and clatter of fire engines, the shouts of firemen, and cries from a crowd told the lone operator the seriousness of the situation; but if he quit, he could not finish the story in time for the first edition, and he trusted to his nerve and strength to get out of the scrape alive. The room filled with smoke that stifled him and drove tears to his eyes. He heard the blows of firemen's axes, the thud and splash of streams against the building, and the clatter of glass as windows were smashed below. He heard the crackle and crackle of flames

beneath him and saw they were lighting the sky.

"Good night," signaled the New York man, and with a bound the operator sprang for the door, only to bang it shut. He had looked into a livid furnace. He ran toward a window, and a shout of horror went up as the crowd saw him—a hundred feet in air, apparently lost.

But Igoe sat on the edge of the windowsill with legs dangling, gazing down at the firemen who were trying to find a lane for ladders through the sea of flames that encircled the building. Now and then he bent his eyes toward the upturned faces and waved a hand, bringing forth frantic cheers; and even when he realized that the efforts of the firemen were useless, he did not lose his nerve. Into the window on the floor directly under him led a dozen stout telegraph wires, sloping from the window to the top of a tall pole across the street. If he could drop on to these and save himself from the rebound, he knew he would escape.

Standing on the edge of the sill, he gazed at the frightful drop, below which were the red and yellow flames of a blast furnace. His handkerchief he tied around one hand, the sleeve of a shirt about the other, to prevent laceration. He aimed carefully, leaned forward, and jumped. For an instant a hush fell upon the sickened multitude. Then it grew frantic, for upon coming down after bounding ten feet into air, the man had managed to clutch a single strand of wire. Hand along hand, steadily and with the strength of a trained athlete, the operator worked nearer and nearer the pole—but he was not to be saved. As he hovered between heaven and earth directly over the street, the wire broke. Head first against the pavement he crashed. In the upper left-hand pocket of his vest, folded neatly, they found the despatch—too late for the first edition.

Proud although the old-timer may be of such records as Igoe's and Fairchild's, it is not until you come to acts of heroism performed during historical catastrophes that his eyes grow a shade darker and sparkle. There, for instance, was Mrs. H. M. Ogle, a soldier's widow, mother of two grown daughters, who stuck to her key during the Johnstown flood, saving thousands of lives by sending warning after warning to flee into the city, and deliberately sacrificing her own life.

"Good-by, this is my last message," she

telegraphed Manager Charles O. Rowe at the Pittsburg office. Then the waters closed over her.

Another great historical catastrophe, in which telegraphers played a heroic part, was the yellow fever epidemic which swept New Orleans, Memphis, and Grenada in 1878—the most frightful epidemic in the history of our country—when thirty thousand went down in the grip of "Yellow Jack" and six thousand died in less than sixty days.

About the middle of August of that year it was feared that the entire South would be swept by the pest, and the announcement was made that a cordon of guards with shot guns would be stretched around the affected districts. The stampede that followed the announcement beggars description. Within less than ten days the white population of Memphis was reduced from forty thousand to less than thirty-five hundred. In the mad scramble for self-preservation sons fled stricken mothers, wives abandoned doomed husbands, and mothers deserted their dying children. Clergymen, physicians, nurses, and town officials fled in terror of being pent up in the live rat trap, leaving their duties to a few brave ones who stayed behind, or to outside volunteers.

To risk entering this circle of death was all but certain destruction. More than four thousand were attacked in a single week and taken to makeshift hospitals where nurses with glassy eyes and fire-red faces trembled with the "shakes," but stayed until the black vomit overtook them. More than six hundred died in a single week. They died so fast that coffin makers and gravediggers could not keep up with them. Trenches forty feet long were scooped out with horse scrapers, and victims were buried four bodies deep, without coffins and without even a relative to stand by and murmur a prayer.

In this gigantic charnel house, abandoned by the Government through the cutting off of the mails, eleven out of fifteen Western Union Telegraph operators who had stuck to their posts were under ground by August 20, while messages piled up on the four survivors—messages of heartbroken mothers, wives, and sisters pleading for scraps of information about children, husbands, and brothers; messages of anxious mothers, wives, and sisters in the city of death trying to assure loved ones without that they were still alive; messages from convalescents begging for money; messages from the Howard Relief Association



THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW WHO STUCK TO HER KEY DURING THE JOHNSTOWN FLOOD.

clamoring for doctors and volunteer nurses, and for drugs, cots, supplies, and funds; messages from newspaper correspondents describing the plight of the sufferers and the horrors of the Yellow Death, and appealing broadcast for help. How long the four operators would last before the thousands in the pest crater would be cut off even from sending cries of distress to the outside world, was problematical. Therefore the company issued from its New York headquarters a general call for volunteers.

But sticking to one's key in time of danger was one thing, volunteering deliberately to expose one's life another. Out of fifteen hundred operators in New York only one responded—Edward V. Wedin, twenty-two

years old; a slim, slightly built, quiet young man, a crackerjack operator who feared not man, pest, nor devil. On August 28 he stepped aboard the train bound for New Orleans, an army of friends grasping his hand for a last good-by.

Gazing from the car window as the train neared the fever district, Wedin could see for himself the ravages of the epidemic. Entire villages were deserted, half-starved dogs the sole signs of life. Doors and windows of houses stood wide open, showing bodies stretched under sheets, candles burned to their sockets in the sole death watch. Graveyards he saw that looked like newly planted truck farms, with white sheets of lime covering the mounds to "keep the poisons down."

When he stepped off the train in New Orleans, the station was deserted. At the telegraph office the men were thunderstruck to see him. Work had piled feet high in the short-handed office, and he sat down at once in front of a key. He sent more than five hundred messages at his first sitting. Food and drink were brought him, and he ate with one hand and worked with the other, worked for twelve hours, until his wrist ached, and the copy danced before his eyes, and he had to sit on the arm of his chair to keep awake; worked until his arm was as if paralyzed to the elbow, and he fell forward on his key fast asleep. For two hours they left him there because they could not waken him; then they aroused him and he staggered home through the night, through the sickening stench with which the epidemic reeked to heaven, past trucks, express and farm wagons jouncing dead bodies to graveyards, past hundreds of bonfires of stumps and tar, burning, for disinfection, in front of houses where people had just died.

The next morning, and the next, and the next, other volunteer operators arrived from other cities—young men like Wedin, for the most part without family ties. They dropped like flies. One of these arrived of a morning and by twilight of the next day they were covering him up in the trenches. Others lasted only forty-eight hours. Some dropped on their way home after work and lay dying in the streets; others who went home of an evening in seemingly good health failed to report the next day and were found dead in their beds. Numbers were stricken in the office. The wire chief alongside Wedin collapsed early one afternoon and was lifted out of his seat, his lifeless hand still clutching the key.

Yet only once did Wedin falter. That was when this man who had unflinchingly looked death in the face found himself unexpectedly talking to his sister, hundreds of miles away in his own cool North. "Lord! It was as if suddenly her soft, cool fingers were laid across my forehead," he said. He himself took this message, sent from Jersey City:

"Is Edward V. Wedin still alive? His death is reported. His sister waits here in the office for answer."

"Tell her Ed himself is answering this. Tell her God bless her and that Ed sends her a kiss," Wedin answered, hot tears welling from his eyes.

Throughout September to the first of October the dread weeks dragged; and then

there came an early, sharp frost—and men fell into each other's arms and wept and raised haggard faces in thanksgiving, and church bells pealed joyously, for this was the death of Yellow Jack.

Of all the men who sacrificed and risked their lives in the epidemic, Wedin, to-day a gray-haired veteran employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company, is most famed; as he says, solely by virtue of escaping unharmed. A list of the men who died about him would read like the absent list of a regimental roster after a hot skirmish. In unmarked Southern graves they lie; but memory of their names is green among their brethren, for they died the death of heroes of the key in Honor of the Service.

Most striking, when a community is overwhelmed by disaster, is the absence of grief or lament. Terror, driven to an extreme, benumbs the human brain and is turned into apathy. So it was in Galveston on the morning of September 9, 1900, when, after a night of inferno amid tidal wave and hurricane, survivors emerged from their homes to see what was left of their ruined city. Thirty thousand dazed, helpless men, women, and children huddled about six thousand human bodies sprawled among the wreckage of houses piled twenty feet high.

The weakest would die of shock and exposure and disease and pestilence unless prompt aid arrived. Within fifty miles of these sufferers was help in abundance—food, drink, clothing, shelter, and medical attendance, which could be rushed fast as steam could race if neighbors only knew. But wires were down. Bridges to the mainland were gone. Railroads were no more. Steamships had been floated on the tidal wave and swept high and dry, miles across country. Every hope of communication was gone.

The man who crossed those fifty miles and flashed the news which within two hours started races of relief ships from many ports in the country, was Richard Spellane, a former telegraph operator whose expertness at the keys is famous among old-timers to this day. Wracked, unnerved, and limp with the horrors of the frightful night when the hurricane raged, when a hundred times his house was on the very verge of toppling over, when for ten hours he stood among his three children with his arm about his wife's waist, resolved to swim with her and go down locked in her arms, Spellane ventured forth at dawn.

Galveston, the beautiful semi-tropical city of snowy cottages and green lawns, was razed so that he could see the seething waters of the Gulf. Houses he saw smashed into each other and piled high in the streets, mangled bodies lying among thousands of dead animals. Coffins he saw with bodies long since buried that had been gouged out of the very cemeteries and had smashed open, strewing heurghastly contents.

Over everything lay a three-inch fog of disease-breeding filth. Vorse, as he saw the first human creatures, he realized that he was in a city of the dead. Hardly a man over forty but had been driven temporarily insane.

He addressed, when of age, Galveston's mayor, Walter C. Jones, came toward Spellane. "My God, Dick, this is terrible, terrible!" he said in a voice choked and broken. "We're cut off as if on an island in the Pacific, and before

eighty thirty thousand will be starving. What under heaven can we do?"

Spellane up to this time had himself wandered as if in a half dream, but at the ques-

tion the telegraph operator, who for years had sat taking messages of disaster by land and sea, awoke. "Do, man? Get into communication with the outside world *somehow*, quick as heaven will let you. Give me a requisition to impress anything or any one I want into my service, and I'll show you what to *do*."

Within an hour Spellane was aboard the

Pherabe, a powerful thirty-foot launch, and had set forth to cross Galveston Bay to the mainland, and to follow the railroad track on foot for Houston, forty-seven miles away. But the bay was a seething turmoil that ran house-high. For two hours the launch fought, covering a bare seven miles abreast of the mainland; but nowhere along shore could Spellane see a place to land. Wreckage of houses, barns, ships, railroad trains littered the shore far as the eye



"GALVESTON IS GONE! GALVESTON IS GONE!"
HE MUMBLED THICKLY.

could reach. Off what had been Texas City, Spellane realized he would have to hit or miss, and ran full speed ahead at the shore, fetching up in a heap of *débris*.

All he could find of the railroad was the right of way. Ties were gone. Seventy-pound steel rails lay bent and twisted like hairpins and corkscrews, and telegraph poles were razed clean as if cut off with a buzz saw. Through knee-deep water and ankle-deep mud he slipped and floundered. The hot sun, beating through the murk of the sweltering calm that had followed the storm, baked him as if in a kiln, until he was mad with thirst; but in the midst of that watery desolation there was not a drop of water fit to drink, for the brine of the Gulf had flooded streams and wells. His feet were covered only with felt slippers, and dye had soaked out of these, poisoning his ankles until they were as if on fire and swollen big around as saucers. But he trudged on all day, mile after mile, now climbing heaps of *débris*, now swimming streams where bridges and culverts had been swept away, until by sundown, within sight of Houston, he was ready to drop in his tracks with exhaustion.

Yet he staggered into Houston that evening—head bent, shoulders sagging, arms dangling, in his brown eyes the uncanny gleam of a human being driven beyond endurance. A ghastly figure he was, clad in an undershirt, linen trousers, and an outing cap, bare legs swollen to the size of watermelons. With eyes like burnt holes in a woolen blanket the man stared, his face of the gray white one sees when the blood recedes from an olive complexion.

"Galveston is gone! Galveston is gone!" he mumbled thickly as he limped through the streets toward the telegraph office, followed by a crowd. "Any wires working?" he gasped. He sank into a chair in front of a desk, and the magic fingers that had sent the quick, clear, even, incisive Morse for which even to-day this man is famed, grasped the knob of a telegraph key and called up St. Louis, where President McKinley happened to be. This was the message:

"PRESIDENT MCKINLEY,

"St. Louis, Mo.

"A hurricane and tidal wave destroyed Galveston. At least ten thousand are dead in Galveston and surrounding country. Twenty to thirty thousand are homeless. We need food, clothing, tents, doctors, drugs, and—above all—disinfectants."

Then, presently, came a moment when Spellane did that for which Congress owes him a medal. A New York sheet had been "tipped off" that Spellane had arrived with one of the biggest stories in a generation, and

a brazen editor thought he saw his chance for a beat. He sent this message to Spellane:

"The — offers you \$5,000 for exclusive story of Galveston disaster."

Five thousand dollars! What was *not* \$5,000 to a man unnerved, unstrung, a man thirty-six years old, on the threshold of beginning life all over again, with a wife and three hungry little ones to feed! For a minute Spellane sat, face flushing. Then the blood receded, and out of his brown eyes snapped a spark, and under his black mustache the teeth came together with a click.

"Impossible," he answered simply.

"Name your own price," came the answer.

"I am not selling the lives of thirty thousand human creatures at *any* price. My first duty is toward them." Within ten minutes, into the office of the Associated Press Spellane clicked the story, without writing a word of copy—in itself a marvelous telegraphic feat. Almost word for word as he sent the story, so it sped throughout the country to the hundreds of papers in the Associated Press Service; and how the country responded, how at first warships and then trainloads and shiploads of assistance were rushed from every port and point, is a matter of history.

Among the veterans of the keys the stories of "Nixie" Wedin, of Mrs. Ogle, and of Dick Spellane will be handed down to children's children; but if there is a record of heroism to which, more than to any other, the men point with pride, it is that of the operators during the San Francisco earthquake. This is because the heroism there displayed was wholesale.

A list of the telegraph heroes of the San Francisco earthquake would include every operator in the city at the time of the disaster. One operator, however, a man named Swayne, working for the Postal Telegraph Company, had the luck to become especially famous, for he found and nursed back to life a single sickly current which flashed news of the catastrophe that brought prompt relief to three hundred thousand souls.

On April 18, 1906, at 5.13 A.M., the hour of the earthquake, Swayne was working in the building of the Postal Telegraph Company. He had just taken a signal from Reno and wanted to go over on the Los Angeles wire when a peculiar, nauseating sensation overcame him, as if he were suddenly intoxicated or suffering from vertigo. Dazed, he ran a hand across his face and staggered to his feet.

The dynamos in a corner of the room were puttering and cutting up capers, and he was on his way to investigate them when he was knocked down as if the earth had been jerked from under him. At the same time a

hunk of plaster rushed from the ceiling on to the hair he had just parted, and filled the room with choking dust, through which he could see the walls waving to and fro.

He scrambled to his feet, but down he went again. Half stunned, he crawled on hands and knees for the door, possessed of the wild desire to see; but the door was jammed shut. Strength left him, and, as the building rocked and creaked, he lay half stunned, expecting every instant to be buried alive. When he heard the crash and thud of falling walls in the streets, and the cries of the terror-stricken, and dawned on him

that he was in an earthquake. Like a flash he realized that the hour had come when he was expected to do his duty, when a single telegrapher was of more importance than a city full of firemen or an army of soldiers.

"The key! The key!" was the one thought that droned in his mind; but down clattered the electric clock and the chandeliers—things coming so fast that to protect his head he ducked it out of an open window. With a deafening report the entire ceiling crashed down, and now panes burst out of sashes, the floor cracked and splintered open, beams and rafters snapped and groaned and squealed, and the air in the room wheezed like a giant blowing. Through clouds of brick and plaster dust he saw buildings opposite swaying to and fro, cornices and chimneys falling, while

cracks ran through towering walls as if through ice floes rammed by breakers. In the midst of all this, one of Swayne's wires began to talk. Oakland, across the bay, was inquiring the San Francisco situation, when

in the middle of the message this wire was chopped off.

Crawling on hands and knees over the wreckage in the office, Swayne made for the key and tried to raise Oakland, but the wire remained dead. Key after key, wire after wire he was trying, when he heard excited voices behind him.

"Got a wire? God, the city is down! Thousands are killed. Water is gone, and we'll have 300,000 sufferers on our hands and not a wire out of Oakland or San Francisco." At the news the heart within Swayne bounded. It was his first intimation of the seriousness of the disaster.

His one great chance in life, the chance for which every operator waits had come. In his skill now lay life or death for tens of thousands. For out of his keys he was able now and then to draw a feeble, sickly spark. Now it would glimmer faintly, now it would emit a half-hearted click, now it would refuse. But just as some telegraphers inexplicably disturb the smooth working of an electric current, so between the electric fluid and other men there exists a mysterious bond of sympathy which enables them to cultivate and nurse a dying current back to strength. Depending upon this knack, Swayne went to work, now resting the key, now working it slowly and gingerly, now pounding it, now resting it again, humoring the current back to existence.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



CRAWLING ON HANDS AND KNEES OVER
THE WRECKAGE IN THE OFFICE.

The violent shock of the earthquake had by this time subsided, but there were lesser tremors that sent plaster thudding from walls and rattled sashes in windows, and there was no telling at what instant some greater quake would send the building into a heap. But of these things Swayne had long since ceased to think. His face, hair, and eyebrows were covered with a layer of plaster dust, and blood was coursing down one of his cheeks from a scalp wound, but he did not notice it. He was seriously bruised on one hip, but he felt no pain. The clang and the clatter of fire engines in the street warned him that the city was aflame, but he heeded not. The peculiar moan of a crowd in distress, the shouts of men dragging dead bodies out of the buildings, and the rattle of ambulance bells sounded up from the streets. His own people, alive or dead, were somewhere out in the ruins at the mercy of strangers. But the eye and the ear of the operator were never diverted from his key. Under his skillful manipulation the click became louder and louder and more and more dependable, increasing in strength minute by minute, while incessantly he called "Chicago—Chicago—Chicago," until, with a start that sent his heart into his throat, he got a feeble answer from more than halfway across the continent. This, then, he sent:

"An earthquake hit us at 5.13 A.M., wrecking many buildings and our office. They are carting the dead out of fallen buildings. Fire all over town. There is no water. We lost our power."

Within five minutes this message had run throughout the land. From the White House went forth orders that sent warships scurrying, and crews to loading vessels with Government stores. Within four hours newspapers and chambers of commerce had opened subscription lists, and Congress had halted in the midst of business to rush through an appropriation for the relief of the sufferers.

Bulletin after bulletin Swayne sent to the Associated Press, sticking to his office, reporting the progress of the conflagration, telling of the coming of Funston and his soldiers, of the hopelessness of fighting the fire, and of the dynamiting of buildings to check the flames.

Until the heat in his own office became almost unbearable and until the dynamiting militia ordered him out, he stuck. "They are going to dynamite our building. It's me for the simple life," he clicked finally, grasped

his instruments, and fled down rickety, splintered stairs. In improvised quarters at the foot of a telegraph pole he joined other operators. Almost wholly without food and drink and without sleep, for thirty-two hours he worked, wading into messages that piled up on him. Eyes swollen and bloodshot, hand trembling with weakness, for twenty more hours he worked, worked until red lids lowered over burning eyes despite himself, until he swayed in his chair, until what he sent was gibberish and his head dropped forward upon a nerveless wrist. Then they picked him up, pillowed his head on gunny sacks, stretched him on the floor, and let him sink into sleep—as well he might, for from every point of the compass, by land and sea, belched inkysmoke as ships and trains rushed aid to the refugees.

Already the newest branch of telegraphy has its heroes. The story of one wireless operator's bravery is still fresh in the public memory, but it is fine enough to bear more than one repetition.

On January 23, 1909, the White Star liner *Republic*, with seven hundred excursionists, was bound from New York for Mediterranean ports on a midwinter cruise, when, shortly before dawn, while she was picking her way through a dense fog twenty-five miles south of Nantucket light, there was a crash that shook the giant hull from stem to stern. Into the fog backed the Italian Lloyd liner *Florida*, steel bow crumpled like paper clear to collision bulkheads, while the ocean poured into the side of the *Republic* through a great gash.

Like a pair of wounded bulls, the deep bass brays of the two steamers snorted at each other out of the fog bank, as passengers, tumbled out of bunks, rushed on deck. On the *Florida* were eleven hundred souls; on the *Republic* nearly nine hundred—almost two thousand men, women, and children half clad, shivering in the biting cold and with the fear of going down into a watery grave.

How soon one or both of the vessels might sink, leaving passengers to take to the small boats and suffer the tortures of midwinter cold, with the danger of being lost or cut down in the fog, not even the captains of the steamers could tell. But on the *Republic* was a wireless telegraph, and out in the impenetrable mist the ocean surface was studded thickly with steamships that would race to the rescue if only they could be notified.

Almost like so many condemned, hanging on the momentous word of an eleventh hour

respite, the passengers crowded upon the upper deck about the operator, in the hollow of whose hand lay their lives. The roof and the three sides of the operator's cabin had been splintered to matchwood, and two bodies lay crushed and half buried beneath the *débris*; but in the middle of the wreckage sat a clean-cut, boyish young man in blue uniform, a pair of receivers clamped to his ears like that of a telephone girl at a switchboard. With one hand he "sent"; with the other he held the lever of a broken telegraph key, while with reports like pistol shots sparks leaped out of the instrument up aerial wires.

"C.Q.D.—C.Q.D.," he sounded the distress code which, whenever received at wireless stations on land or sea, means the dropping of all business. For five minutes the operator sounded in vain. Heart in throat with the responsibility suddenly thrust upon him, he pounded and pounded in cruel suspense, for his current had been cut off by the flooding of the dynamo room, so that he was obliged to connect with a weaker current from storage batteries. How far this would reach, and whether indeed the instruments had escaped serious injury, nothing but actual test could tell. At last from Siasconset Station on Nantucket Island came answering clicks: "All right. Who are you?"

"*The Republic. We are shipwrecked. Stand by for Captain's message. I am Jack Binns.*"

What anxiety and suspense were suddenly relieved, once the passengers divined that Binns had reached through the fog to the shore, was shown in the shout that suddenly went up.

"We're saved! They're coming! We're saved!" was the cry, and, like so many hopeless suddenly given new lease of life, women burst into tears, and men with pale, set faces grew boisterous as schoolboys and would have hugged Binns, had they been able to get over the wreckage surrounding him.

Message after message of hope Binns received, messages from Siasconset telling of revenue cutters, of the *City of Everett*, the *New York*, the *Lusitania*, *La Lorraine*, and the *Baltic*, all raised by the powerful current of the station and sent to aid. Snorting steam and trembling from stem to stern under the throb of ponderous engines, the grayhounds

took desperate chances, racing full speed through fog to the rescue, while their operators threw message after message to Binns.

Before long it was found that the *Republic* was in a serious condition, and the passengers were transferred from her to the Italian ship. But Binns, black hull sinking lower and lower under him, stuck to the *Republic* with his captain and directed the course of the rescuers as the wreck drifted.

All that day and throughout the night and the next day, the operator, suffering the tortures of a shipwrecked man cast on the high seas in a small boat, stuck to his key. Fog had soaked through his clothing so that not a dry thread was on him. He could feel icy water trickling in rivulets down his skin. Unable to warm himself even by exercise, he was so cold that at times feeling left him up to knees and elbows, and his hands and arms had to be massaged before he could "send." So starved, so ravenously hungry was he that at times he was doubled up with cramps; so weak and stiff that whenever he rose he had to steady himself lest he fall; so spent that toward the end he dared not sit, fearing he would fall asleep. Yet not until cables had been made fast to the wreck, and the *Gresham* and the *Seneca* began to tow the steamer, and not until his storage batteries were spent, did he quit.

"Current going. Wireless now closed"—this was his last message from the *Republic*.

On board the *Seneca* two men led the tottering Binns between them, a nervy, plucky wreck, pale, drawn, hollow-eyed, smiling the pitiful smile of a man who is down and out but does not know it. But when he caught sight of his brother-operator on the *Seneca*, he fell into his arms and wept like a baby.

They took him to a bunk and he keeled over on it, fast asleep, so that they had to undress him as he lay. He slept the clock around. Single-handed, despite the strain of hardship and excitement, he had worked the legs from *two* operators aboard the *Baltic*.

Binns says emphatically that he is no hero. By all that is holy so vows Wedin, so does Spellane, so does Swayne, and so would Mrs. Ogle. Which is because your true hero does not begin to understand what a real hero is.



JUDGE LINDSEY AND A DELEGATION OF NEWSBOYS.

THE BEAST AND THE JUNGLE

by Judge Ben B. Lindsey
Of the Juvenile Court of Denver

CHAPTER VII

THE BEAST, GRAFT, AND BUSINESS.

ONE Saturday morning in the early part of May, 1902—while we were still in the midst of our fight against the wine rooms and against the jail—I saw a package of ledger sheets lying on a chair in the office of Mr. Thomas L. Bonfils, who was then clerk of my court, and on top of the package there was a bill. I picked it up, absent-mindedly. It was from the Smith-Brooks Printing Company, who held the county contract for such supplies. It read: "To 1,000 sheets of paper, \$280."

Twenty-eight cents a sheet!

"What?" I asked the clerk. "Are we paying twenty-eight cents a sheet for ledger paper?"

He replied: "I don't know. The bills never come here. They go to the Commissioners. That one must have been left by mistake."

"Well," I said, puzzled, "it seems funny. Twenty-eight cents a sheet. Go down to Smith-Brooks for me and ask if this bill's right."

Court had adjourned. I went into my chambers and took up my work there until the clerk came back from Smith-Brooks with the explanation that the bill should have been delivered to the clerk of the Board of County Commissioners. To my inquiry about the correctness of the price charged, they returned the courteous reply: "That's none of your business."

It seemed to me that, since the bill was charged against our court, it *was* somewhat our business, and I felt a desire to know how many bills of this sort we were being charged with. I sent a highly disingenuous message to the clerk of the County Board, telling him that I thought he was mixing up our accounts with those of some other court and charging us with supplies that we had not received, and I asked him to send us our bills to let us see them. At five o'clock that

afternoon I received a large bundle of them. One hasty glance showed me what I had stumbled upon.

Graft! Petty graft! And not so very petty, either. We were being charged \$6 each for letter files that I knew were not worth more than forty cents. Letter paper furnished for my use was costing the county \$36 a thousand sheets; and I was sure that it was not worth more than \$4 a thousand. On every item in those bills the county was being charged from ten to twenty times the ordinary market price of the goods. I could scarcely believe my eyes. I did not believe them until I had called into my chambers a wholesale printer whom I knew; and he confirmed my suspicions, reluctantly, and only after I had promised not to involve him in the affair.

I was now convinced that the county was being robbed, but I was not convinced that the Commissioners were aware of the robbery. So that afternoon I wrote a letter to the chairman of the Board asking him whether the Commissioners knew what was being paid for these supplies and what should have been paid for them. I received no answer. I waited, hoping to hear ultimately that during his silence he had been honestly looking into the matter. I waited ten days. Then I wrote again, telling him what I had discovered and asking him what it meant.

This brought Mr. Fred Watts, a member of the Board, to ask my stenographer "What the devil's the matter with Ben? Hasn't he got any gratitude? Ask him what the hell he means?" It brought also a number of political friends with the same question. One of them said: "Judge, those fellows may be guilty, and I believe they are, but it's not your place to show them up. You were appointed to your office

by these men originally, and you ought to stand by your friends." I went to a fellow judge and told him what I had discovered. He replied: "I don't want to know about it. I don't want to be in any way responsible. You had better let the whole thing alone. You know what politics *are* in this town. It's the District Attorney's place to investigate—not yours." I did not believe that District Attorney Lindsley would investigate, except under pressure, and I asked this judge if he would join me in demanding that Lindsley should investigate. He replied: "No. No. I'll have nothing to do with it." Other judges made similar replies. A county official said: "Lindsey, those men appointed me to my office here, and I don't give a d—— if they steal the county blind. It will ruin you if you have anything to do with it. Keep out of it if you want to have any future in politics."

I went on with my court work, carrying this guilty secret in my mind; and it was as heavy as remorse. I kept coming back to it, examining and re-examining the bills, and comparing them with the prices that I got from other stationers from time to time. And the more I thought of it, the worse it seemed. Finally I wrote a peremptory letter to the Commissioners, threatening them that if they did not do something in the matter I should move for an investigation myself.

My previous letters had been merely polite raps on a locked door. This last one had the effect of threatening to burst in with a sledge hammer. Tom Phillips,* the chairman of the Board, rushed out of his silence to assure me of his own innocence and accuse two other members, Fred Watts and Frank Bishop. They promptly fol-

* Phillips is now head of the Street Sprinkling Department in Denver.



COUNTY COMMISSIONER FRED WATTS.

lowed with messages accusing Phillips of grafting on bridge contracts, and demanding an investigation into the bridge contracts if there was to be one into the stationery supplies. Through Phillips I got access to the county files, had copies made of all the stationery bills I could find, and appointed an investigating committee on my own responsibility to draw up a report—a committee consisting of a wholesale stationer, a lawyer, and the clerk of our court. Their investigation showed that, during the sixteen months previous to April, 1902, the county, on the bills that we had obtained, had paid Smith-Brooks about \$40,000 more than the supplies were worth.

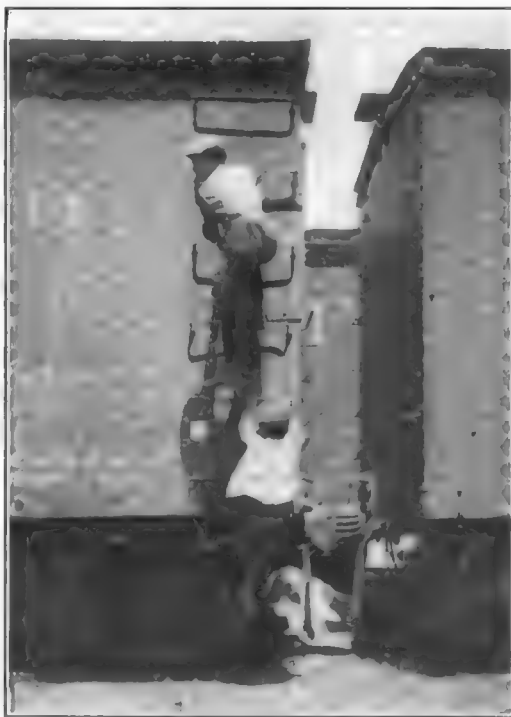
What was worse, we found that the county specifications for the contract were worded in such a way that honest bids under them were impossible. For example, Smith-Brooks would offer to sell a twenty-six page index for \$12 and a fifty-two page index for \$1. No one could afford to sell a fifty-two page index, as specified, for \$1; and of course none was ordered from Smith-Brooks at that figure. The county always bought the smaller index for twelve times the cost of the larger one. But if a printer who did not "stand in" with the Commissioners had made such a bid, the Board could have put him into bankruptcy. Paper, envelopes, court blanks, and all other stationery supplies were bought in the same way. It was clearly a contract of disguised fraud, arranged and carried out by both Smith-Brooks and the County Board.

I give all these tiresome details because of what followed. And the reason for what followed was at the time not clear to me.

was in the jungle again—a jungle of petty graft and public robbery—assailed on all sides by political animosities, little spites, threats, and insults. And in the tangle of intricate intrigue, distracted by buffets from all sides, in despair of honesty in any quarter, I could no more than struggle blindly ahead, bewildered and half-dazed.

In order that what followed may not be as bewildering in the recital as it was in the fact, let me explain that the County Commissioners were valuable to the utility corporations in two ways: they claimed and exercised power, under the law, to raise or lower assessments, and to equalize and rebate taxes; and they appointed the "judges of elections" who were supposed to guard the ballot boxes from fraudulent votes. They had reduced the assessment of the

Denver Union Water Company from \$1,000,000 to \$300,000—the water company whose property was recently valued by their own appraisers at \$14,400,000. In the years 1901 and 1902 the Denver Union Water Company and the Denver City Tramway Company had had their taxes rebated nearly \$200,000 by these Commissioners whom I was accusing. By an illegal legal proceeding they remitted fines imposed by the courts on dive-keepers who were "in right" with the System. (See case Supreme Court of Colorado 5662, Taylor vs. Kelleher, reported



A PLAYGROUND OF THE GANG.

97 Pacific, 253.) Many election judges whom they appointed were notorious crooks. The Board, in fact, was a vital and sensitive part of the Beast, situated midway in the barrel of its body, where the man who attacked it came within reach of all its fore and hind claws.



CLASSROOM AT GOLDEN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The hind claws reached for me first. I began to receive perfumed notes from unknown young women inviting me to meet them at various places downtown. Not having been accustomed to receive such *billets-doux*, I thought some practical joker among my friends was making game of me; and I merely filed the letters with the court correspondence and did not answer them. Then one "Len" Rogers, whom I knew as a member of the Democratic Club and an election crook, came to me one evening, with a verbal invitation of a similar sort from a young woman who, he assured me, was "crazy" about me. I had no overwhelming desire to meet any of "Len" Rogers's young ladies, but I did not tell him so. I said I was busy. He was not discouraged. He came back again another night with a more pressing invitation. I became curious. Where did the young lady live? He named a section of Curtis Street where there were a number of houses of ill-repute; and I found out afterward—from a friendly newspaper reporter who heard the story, as reporters do—that several members of "the gang" were

waiting for me in the house to expose me as a libertine if I came there. (I wonder how often the Beast has succeeded in this little game? Did you ever notice how many reformers are nipped in the beginning of a career by a timely scandal?)

Having failed to catch me in that way, an investigation of my private life was started. Fortunately I had no private life worth investigating. My life—what there was of it—had all been public; and I had been too poor and too busy to get into mischief. The sleuthing gave me an uncomfortable feeling of being watched and hunted, but nothing "eventuated," as the newspapers say. After that came threats—vague threats of public dishonor—the end of my political career! Childish threats and childish persecutions. The engineer of the Court House would cut off the electric light in my chambers at night when I was working with our "investigating committee"; and our investigation was actually carried on by the light of candles that we bought at the corner drug store. The janitor refused to clean our offices until the closets became so unsanitary that we had to appeal



A WARD OF THE COURT.



"REPORT DAY" IN THE OLD COUNTY COURT; JUDGE LINDSEY ADDRESSING THE "PROBATIONERS."

to the Board of Health. I became a sort of outcast among the county officials, and no one would speak to me in the corridors. As I went to my court room, men would mutter, for me to hear: "There's the perjured little —!" I found myself avoided on the streets and shunned on the cars; and friends came to me with scandalous stories that were being circulated about me downtown. For the first time in my life I thanked my lucky stars that I was not married. I began to feel as if I were living in a nightmare. It is impossible to convey the effect of it—but it *was* effective. Oh, the Beast knows how to fight!

It was effective and it was not; for besides getting on my nerves it got on my temper. I pushed on the work of investigation, resolved to reply to the covert attacks on me by a public exposure that would at least let in the light upon the struggle. At once all my old friends in the Democracy flocked to me, pleading with me not to ruin the party's chances in the next election by publishing the scandal. Mr. John T. Bottom, then attorney for the

Commissioners, made the same plea. "After the elections, Judge," he promised, "we'll bring suit and recover the money." He begged me to spare "the boys" and not be an "ingrate." He quoted lines from "Julius Cæsar" about the ambition that climbs a ladder and then scorns the "base degrees" by which it ascended. He came with two of the guilty Commissioners, Fred Watts and Frank Bishop, to my chambers, and I had to face their appeals not to ruin them and disgrace their families. (Bishop was then a candidate for governor,

and I had always thought a good deal of him.) They reminded me that they had made me county judge in the first place. That took me on the raw. I said: "It was not *your* office. It belongs to the people. I am serving *them*, not you. Do you think, because you used your public trust to appoint me a judge, that I must let you steal? Besides, I wrote you letters, friendly letters, about these outrageous bills a month ago, and you did nothing. That contract with Smith-Brooks is still in force. Supplies are



CHARLES J. HUGHES, JR.

being delivered to my court, for which I am responsible, at outrageous prices. You have acted like a lot of thieves and grafters—and you keep it up—and you want me to protect you in it. I won't do it. I'm going to make my report public. If this stealing is to go on, it must go on in public. I refuse to protect it and be a silent party in it. I'll publish my report."

It was published in the Democratic paper, *The Rocky Mountain News*, on June 11, 1902.

You think, perhaps, that it made a great stir. And it did. But if you think that the Commissioners were immediately indicted and condemned, you are as simple as I was. They were first allowed to appoint an investigating committee of two men friendly to them; and I—after a public protest—was allowed to appoint a third member, the printer who had been on my first committee. Their investigation was a farce, but it had one serious aspect for me. The business men who had given me the price lists, etc., on which we had founded our first report—men who had said to me that the Commissioners were "thieves" and the Smith-Brooks Company were "thieves"—went to the witness-stand before this whitewashing committee and testified for Smith-Brooks and for the Commissioners. They could not "afford" to hurt their business, they confessed to me. One stationer, whom I knew as an honest man and a prominent church member, said to me: "What! Do you expect me to go on the witness-stand and tell what I told *you*? Never. I do business with the county. It'd ruin me." I found that he had a "sub-contract" with the principal contractor for supplies, and when he appeared in court it was as adviser to the grafters. The Beast is to the business man what the Black Hand is to the Mulberry Street banker.

I was not allowed to appear before this committee, although I offered to testify; and at the conclusion of the "investigation" the two friends of the Commissioners made a

report exonerating them. This, however, did not stay the public clamor. The *News* kept insisting that the District Attorney, Harry A. Lindsley, must prosecute. It became evident that he must either do so or ruin himself in the public estimation. And in July, the three Commissioners were



A PROBATION OFFICER LOOKING FOR ONE OF THE COURT CHILDREN.

charged with a misdemeanor—instead of a felony—under a statute that provided, as the extreme penalty of guilt, a fine of \$300 and dismissal from office—and the Commissioners were about to go out of office, in any case.

It was nearly a year before we could get them brought to trial, and in the meantime—October and November, 1902—Mr. Chas. J. Hughes, Jr., attorney for the tramway company, assisted by the company's agent, Wm. G. Smith (whom I had known as Speaker of the House of Representatives), obtained from the accused Commissioners a rebate of \$70,000 on back taxes owed by the tramway company. Judge Peter L. Palmer dismissed the injunction proceedings that



ED KEATING, OF THE *ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS*.

had been begun by the Municipal League to prevent the granting of the rebate. And John T. Bottom, attorney for the Commissioners, favored and argued for the rebate. "Is it possible," the *Denver Post* asked editorially, "that the fact that Chas. J. Hughes, Jr., is also attorney for the Commissioners in the criminal cases brought against them in connection with the county printing steals, has had anything to do with the Board's action in this matter of tax compromise with the tramway?" It had seemed to me that it *was* faintly possible; and the possibility became less faint with every day that followed.

The elections had come on. I was interested in the contest for various reasons, but I was as carefully shunned by politicians as if it had been I, and not the Commissioners, who was accused of crime. A friend, who was a member of the Democratic Executive Committee, went so far as to invite me to a meeting of the committee with the ward

leaders and such—being able, under the rules, to invite one initiated guest to the council—but he did it only after I had pledged myself not to say who invited me. I went. And heavens! What a reception!

The meeting was held in the Windsor Hotel, in a long and narrow back room that had been stripped of everything but chairs, ranged along the walls for the "leaders," and a small table for the chairman and his secretary. Bill Davoren* presided—the redoubtable Bill—with his small head broadly based on pink jowls. The "interests" never had a more faithful trencherman than "Bill." The grafting Commissioners were conspicuous to his left. The District Attorney, Harry A. Lindsley, was equally conspicuous to his right. Along the walls, a galaxy of "the gang" was seated, somewhat in the order of importance. I slid into a chair near the door, scowled at, snubbed, and carefully avoided even by those who, I knew, were not unfriendly to me. I was a political leper among clean men.

As soon as proceedings began, Harry Lindsley made a motion that no one should be allowed to address the meeting except a member of the executive committee, unless called upon by the chairman. After some significant glances in my direction the motion was carried. I did not speak—except once. That was to remark, to a man next

me, that one of the candidates named for an office was "a good man for the place." I was overheard. My commendation was passed along the line, and the name of the candidate was promptly crossed off the slate! ("H——!" a friend of his said to me, "what did you say that for?" I apologized.)

I had been warned not to "start the Commissioner business." "You know," my friend had told me, "we've got to get our election judges appointed, and Tom Phillips says if we don't

stand by him and the other Commissioners, they'll appoint men that'll knife us at the



AN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL BOY.

* Davoren is now president of the Denver Fire and Police Board.

polls." But the air was full of "the commissioner business." The *News* was charging that the "grafters' ring" was in control of the party. There was a popular demand for their repudiation. And some one at this executive meeting proposed a plank in the Democratic platform declaring, mildly, for honesty in public office and an investigation of any alleged dishonesty.

Tom Phillips, in an angry outburst, maintained that this plank was a reflection on the Commissioners. "We won't stand for it," he said. "We won't stand for it." And in a confused and somewhat befuddled harangue he threatened that if the plank was inserted he would do what he would do.

"Dear people," behold your politicians! They did not dare declare for any investigations of honesty in public office. Mr. Chas. J. Hughes, Jr.—who is now United States Senator from Colorado, and was then attorney for the tramway company—Chas. J. Hughes, the cleverest corporation lawyer at the Colorado bar, wealthy, honored, brainy and distinguished—Chas. J. Hughes rose to oppose the resolution in a ringing and eloquent speech. Had not these Commissioners served their party and their county faithfully for many years? Should the party turn upon them now? They had not been tried. They had not been found guilty. No, no. No declaration for any investigations of honesty in public office for Mr. Chas. J. Hughes. And, after some satirical shafts directed toward the obscure corner in which I sat, he concluded a corporation attorney's defense of a corporation's tools in office, with an appeal that carried the day.

The plank was voted down. I do not remember that any "leader" at the caucus, except ex-Governor Thomas, said even a mild word in defense of honesty and in support of an investigation.

At the party convention, next day, I appeared by proxy—I was not a delegate—to make a speech in support of this declaration for "honesty in public office" (with no names mentioned) which Mr. Ed Keating of the *Rocky Mountain News* was to propose. The chairman of the convention was the attorney for Smith-Brooks! John T. Bottom, attorney for the Commissioners, met me on the floor and threatened that if I opened my mouth I should be accused before the convention of something awful, something damning, something, however, unspecified! I told him to go ahead and be

as awful as he chose. Keating proposed the resolution and I tried to speak for it, but we were howled down with contempt and anger, curses and execrations. We were treated as if we had been a pair of rowdies who had interrupted, with profanity and an unclean presence, a meeting in a church. I shall never forget the angry indignation in the eyes of some of the delegates about me.

I began to ask myself: "What have I done? Am I really the sort of despicable hound that I seem to appear to these fellow-Democrats?" I actually began to wonder whether I might not be some sort of political renegade, incapable of appreciating my own treason. And yet, some way, I could not see that I *was*!

When Bryan came to town, a great mass meeting was held for him, and all the county judges—excepting myself—and all the county officials—including the three grafting Commissioners—were invited to sit on the platform behind him. I squeezed into the crowded hall and watched the Commissioners on the stage lead the rip-roaring applause that greeted Mr. Bryan's fervid defense of the people and the people's rights. I knew, of course, that the officials would return next day to the Court House and send an order for supplies to a "prominent business man" that would read something like this: "One dozen letter files, \$72" (value \$4.80); "One thousand sheets of ruled paper, \$280" (value \$10); "Fifty index books, \$600" (value \$30). And when Roosevelt came to town, the "prominent business man" (being a Republican) would cheer Roosevelt as wildly as the Commissioners cheered Bryan. And the people's rights would be safe. Quite safe.

Do not imagine that I am cynical. I am not attacking men. I am attacking the conditions that debauch men. I am not attacking these victims of the Beast and the System; I am trying to show the power of the Beast and the effects of the System. "Judge," Tom Phillips once said to me, "if these big guys who put up the money to elect us expect us to help their big graft of hundreds of thousands in rebates of taxes to their corporations, why shouldn't we get a little on the side?" And "Judge," the prominent business man pleaded, "I've got to do business with these people. They can ruin me in a week if they want to. I can't afford to quarrel with my bread and butter." And "Judge," a beady-eyed little crook said

to me one day in my chambers, "I read the papers. I know what's goin' on in this burg. What do you want to jump on *me* fer? I ain't swipin' the way those fullahs is."

Long before the Commissioners came up for trial I knew that it was I who was to be tried, not they. They were to be acquitted, vindicated, and I was to be "put in a hole." The Sheriff was friendly to the "accused." The jury was made up of their friends and of men with whom they did business. The judge was brought in from Pueblo County, where the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company controlled the machine, and he had aspirations. Cass Herrington, counsel for the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, acted as a sort of silent attorney for the defense. Chas. J. Hughes, Jr., attorney for the corporations, was the chief counsel, and when he got me in the witness-box what a time he had, to be sure!

District Attorney Lindsley refused to appear in court against the grafters, but I had a friend in his office, a deputy attorney, George Allan Smith; and for his attempt to convict the grafters he was forced later to resign his place. The strain of the trial and of the persecutions that accompanied it wore me out. I was ill. I heard on all sides that the Commissioners were to be acquitted and that I was to be prosecuted for perjury. I heard it from men in the District Attorney's office, from newspaper reporters, from county officials. I overheard men talking of it in the corridors. I saw it in the exulting eyes of enemies in my court room. And when, on the morning that the verdict was returned, the old bailiff of my court came running up to the bench where I sat hearing cases in a sick despondence, I nearly fainted

in my chair when he whispered, "They've found 'em guilty!"

How? How did it happen? Why, one of the jurors argued: "Boys, these fellows are only charged with a misdemeanor. The worst they can get is a little fine. But if we acquit them on this charge and another

District Attorney gets into office, he may charge them with a felony and get them sent to the penitentiary." And the friendly jury found them guilty of a misdemeanor to save them from a worse fate! "Judge," that juror said to me afterward, "no one'll ever get me into any graft investigations again. I was blamed for that verdict by the other fellows when the grafters went after them for it, and I tell you I've lost thousands of dollars in my business by it. And d—them, I did it as a favor to them—to save them from the pen!"

The Commissioners were furious. The

District Attorney was scared white. And the judge—Judge Voorhees of Pueblo—Well, here is part of his speech, from the newspapers of August 12, 1903:

"In passing sentence, this statute, while it is penal in its nature, as I look at it, does not brand these gentlemen as being criminals. I don't think the evidence in this case warrants any such conclusion." He believed "these defendants to be honorable gentlemen." He did not ask them "to step up as ordinary criminals to be sentenced," but merely gave them "an opportunity, if any of them have anything to say," to say it before he passed sentence. And his sentence was a fine of ten dollars each!

Do you blame the judge? Do you blame the jury, the District Attorney, the court officials or even the accused? Why should you? Would you blame the girl who was



COUNTY COMMISSIONER FRANK BISHOP.

ruined in the wine room or the dive-keeper who was ruined to ruin her? Would you blame the boys who were polluted in the jails? No! They were the victims, not the authors, of their infamy. If you must blame some one, blame those heads of lawless public service corporations in Colorado who corrupt judges, juries, legislators, public officials, political workers, gamblers, dive-keepers, and prostitutes, so that *they* and their corporations may be safe above the law and in power to loot the people. *They* are the men. To them accrues the profit of this debauchery. Let them bear its shame.

VIII

AT WORK WITH THE CHILDREN.

THROUGH these two years of quarreling and crusading, our court work for the children was going on very happily. It was a recreation for us all, and it kept me full of hope—for it was successful. We were getting the most unexpected results. We were learning something new every day. We were deducing, from what we learned, theories to be tested in daily practice, and then devising court methods by which to apply the theories that proved correct. It had all the fascination of scientific research, of practical invention, and of a work of charity combined. It was a succession of surprises and a continual joy.

I had begun merely with a sympathy for children and a conviction that our laws against crime were as inapplicable to children as they would be to idiots. I soon realized that not only our laws but our whole system of criminal procedure was wrong. It was based upon fear; and fear, with children, as with their elders, is the father of lies. I found that when a boy was brought before me I could do nothing with him until I had taken the fear out of his heart; but once I had gotten rid of that fear, I found—to my own amazement—that I could do anything with him. I could do things that seemed miraculous, especially to the police, who seldom tried anything but abuse and curses, and the more or less refined brutalities of the "sweat box" and the "third degree." I learned that instead of fear we must use sympathy, but without cant, without hypocrisy, and without sentimentalism. We must first convince the boy that we were his friends, but the determined

enemies of his misdeeds; that we wished to help him to do right, but could do nothing for him if he persisted in doing wrong. We had to encourage him to confess his wrongdoing, teach him wherein it had been wrongdoing, and strengthen him to do right thereafter.

I found—what so many others have found—that children are neither good nor bad, but either strong or weak. They are naturally neither moral nor immoral, but merely unmoral. They are little savages, living in a civilized society that has not yet civilized them, often at war with it, frequently punished by it, and always secretly in rebellion against it, until the influences of the home, the school, and the church gradually overcome their natural savagery and make them moral and responsible members of society. The mistake of the criminal law had been to punish these little savages as if they had been civilized, and by so doing, in nine cases out of ten, make them criminal savages. Our work, we found, was to aid the civilizing forces—the home, the school, and the church—and to protect society by making the children good members of it, instead of punishing them for being irresponsible ones. If we failed and the child proved incorrigible, the criminal law could then be invoked. But the infrequency with which we failed was one of the surprises of the work.

Take, for example, the case of Lee Martin and his "River Front Gang." He was a boy burglar, a sneak thief, a pickpocket, a jail-breaker, and a tramp; and his "gang" was known to the newspapers as the most desperate band of young criminals in Denver. Lee Martin and another member of the gang named Jack Heimel were one night caught in a drug store into which they had broken; and when I went to see them in jail I found them strapped to the benches in their cells, bruised and battered from an interview with the police in which they had been punished for refusing to "snitch" (tell) on their fellow-members of the gang. This was before the passage of our Juvenile Court laws, and I wished to have an opportunity to try what I could do with these two boys. The police did not wish me to have them.

I told the boys that I intended to try to help them, and they sneered at me. I told them that I thought they had not been given "a square deal"—which was true—but they

did not respond. I used what tact and sympathy I could to draw them out and get their side of the story of their war with society, but it took me something like a month of frequent visits to get them to trust me and to believe that I wished to help them. In the end I was successful. I got their whole story—a story too long to repeat here; but it proved to me that the boys had been as much sinned against as sinning. They had begun as irresponsible little savages, and they had been made desperate young criminals. Their parents had failed to civilize them, and the school and the church had never had an opportunity to try. I resolved to see if it was too late to begin.

The police captain assured me that it was. "You can't 'baby' Lee Martin," he said. "He's been in jail thirteen times and it hasn't done him any good."

"Well, I'd like to see what we can do," I replied. "If we fail, we'll still have twelve times the best of the jail. It has cost this city, in officers' fees alone, over a thousand dollars to make a criminal of him. Let us see how much it will cost to turn him into an honest boy."

The officer reeled off a long list of Martin's offences, and I retorted by showing a typewritten record of them twice as long. "How in the world did you get 'em, Judge?" he said. "We couldn't sweat 'em out of him."

After a week of such argument we got the case referred to our court. The boys were tried; and of course their guilt was clear. I sent them back to the jail under suspended sentence and thought the matter over.

One night I had them brought to my chambers under guard, and after a talk with Heimel I sent him and the guard away and concentrated on Martin. I decided to put my influence over him to the test. I told him of the fight I was making for him, showed him how I had been spending all my spare time "trying to straighten things out" for him and Heimel, and warned him that the police did not believe I could succeed. "Now, Lee," I said, "you can run away if you want to, and prove me a liar to the cops. But I want to help you and I want you to stand by me. I want you to trust me, and I want you to go back to the jail there, and let me do the best I can."

He went. And he went alone—unguarded.

Then I put him and Heimel on probation, and in a few days they came to see me and

brought "Red" Mike and Tommie Green, of the River Front gang. I talked to them about their offences against the law, and told them I wanted to help them do what was right and live honest lives, unpersecuted by the police; and I praised Martin for his moral strength in going back to the jail alone. Before they left me, "Red" and Tommie had "snitched" on themselves, and I had two new probationers. One by one, the others followed, until I had all seven members of the gang on my list, all self-confessed wrongdoers, pledged to give up crime and make an honest effort to be "straight." Six out of the seven are to-day honest young workmen; Lee Martin failed, after a long and plucky fight, and is now in the penitentiary. The River Front gang, to my knowledge, has been responsible for the reformation of thirty boys in Denver; and Lee Martin, in his time, did more to discourage crime than any policeman in the city.

For example: one day a boy—whom I knew—stole a pocketbook from a woman in a department store. I told Lee that something ought to be done for that boy, and Lee brought him to me—from a cheap theatre where he had been "treating the gang." We worked on him together, and we straightened him up. He has since become a trusted employee in the very store in which he stole the pocketbook.

In another instance, I sent Lee after a boy arrested for stealing a watch, who had sawed his way out of jail, and had not been recaptured by the police. Lee got him—in El Paso—and brought him to me. After a talk with him I gave him a twenty-dollar bill and sent him, alone, unshadowed, to redeem the watch, which he had pawned for \$3. He returned with the watch and the \$17 change. Then I persuaded him to return the watch to the man from whom he had stolen it, and of course the prosecution against him was dropped. We have never since had a complaint against that boy, although he had been one of the worst boy thieves in the city.

I could relate cases of this sort interminably. I have related them in newspaper interviews, in magazine articles, and from the public platform. And I find that many people have misunderstood me, and have accepted my statements as evidence that I have some sort of hypnotic power over boys and can make them do things contrary to their natures. I cannot. I do nothing that

any man or woman cannot do by the same method. It is the method that works the miracle—although, of course, no one in his senses will claim that the method never fails, that there are not some cases in which force and punishment have to be used.

Another lesson about boys I learned from little "Mickey"—when I was investigating his charge that the jailer had beaten him. The jailer said: "Some o' those kids broke a window in there, and when I asked Mickey who it was he said he didn't know. O' course he knew. D'you think I'm goin' to have kids lie to me?" A Police Commissioner who was present turned to Mickey. "Mickey," he said, "why did you lie?" Mickey faced us in his rags. "Say," he asked, "do yuh t'ink a fullah ought to snitch on a kid?" And the way he asked made me ashamed of myself. Here was a quality of loyalty that we should be fostering in him instead of trying to crush out of him. It was the beginning in the boy of that feeling of responsibility to his fellows on which society is founded. Thereafter, no child brought before our court was ever urged to turn State's evidence against his partners in crime—much less rewarded for doing so or punished for refusing. Each was encouraged to "snitch" on himself, and himself only.

Still another lesson I learned from an inveterate little runaway named Harry. After several attempts to reform him, I sentenced him to the Industrial School in Golden; and this being before the days of the Detention School, he was returned to the jail until a sheriff could "take him up." That night the jailer telephoned me that Harry was in hysterics, screaming in his cell and calling wildly to me to help him. "You'd better come down, Judge," the jailer said, "an' see if you can get him quiet." I went to the jail. Inside, the steel doors were opened and the steel bolts withdrawn, one by one, with a portentous clanking and grating. It was as if we were about to penetrate to some awful dungeon in which a murderous giant was penned, so formidable were the iron obstacles that were swung back before us and clashed shut on our heels. And when I reached, at the end of a guarded corridor, the barred door of Harry's cell, there, in the dim glow of a light overhead, the boy lay asleep on the floor, his round little legs drawn up, his head pillowed on his tiny arm, his small face pale under the prison lamp.

The sight was so pitifully ridiculous that I choked up at it. It seemed such a folly—such a cruel folly—to lock up a child in such a place of lonely terror.

The jailer opened the cell door for me, and I began to raise the boy to put him on his prison "stretcher." His head fell back over my arm like an infant's. He woke with a start and clutched me in a return of the hysterical fear that had been mercifully forgotten in sleep. And then when he recognized me, "Judge," he pleaded, "Judge, gi' me another chance. I'll be good. Judge! Just once—once more. Judge!" I had to sit down beside him on the floor and try to reassure him.

I tried to be stern with him. I told him that I had trusted him and trusted him again and again; and he had failed me every time. I explained that we were sending him to the Industrial School for his own good, to make a "strong" boy of him; that he was "weak," untrustworthy. "I can help you, Harry," I said. "But you've got to carry yourself. If I let boys go when they do bad things, I'll lose my job. The people'll get another judge in my place to punish boys if I don't do it. I can't let you go."

We went over it and over it; and at last I thought I had him feeling more resigned and cheerful, and I got up to leave him. But when I turned to the door he fell on his knees before me and, stretching out his little arms to me, his face distorted with tears, he cried: "Judge! Judge! If you let me go, I'll never get you into trouble again!"

I had him! It was the voice of loyalty. "Mac," I said to the jailer, "this boy goes with me. I'll write an order for his release."

I took him to his home that night, but his mother did not wish to have him back. Her husband had deserted her; she worked all day in a hotel kitchen; she could not take proper care of her boy, and she was afraid that he would be killed on some of his long "bumming" trips in the freight cars. But she finally consented to give him another trial; and this time he "stuck." "Judge," she told me long afterward, "I asked Harry the other day how it was he was so good for you, when he wouldn't do it for me or the policeman. And he says: 'Well, Maw, you see if I gets bad ag'in the Judge he'll lose his job. I've got to stay with him, 'cause he stayed with me.'" I have used that appeal to loyalty hundreds of times since, in

our work with the boys, and it is almost infallibly successful.

I saw, too, from Harry's case, that if we were to reform children we must help parents who were unable to keep a close watch on their children. And nowadays, if one of our probationers fails to arrive at school, the teacher is required to telephone the Juvenile Court immediately and a probation officer starts out at once to find the delinquent. Every two weeks, on "report day," the probationers must bring us reports on their behavior from the school, the home, and the neighborhood; and by praising those who have good reports and censuring those who have bad ones, we are able not only to prevent wrongdoing but to encourage rightdoing. We impress on the children the need of doing right because it is right, because it "hurts to do wrong," because only "weak kids" do wrong—not because wrong is punished; for *that* teaching, I believe, is the great error of our ethics. The fear of punishment, I find, makes weak children liars and hypocrites, and, with strong ones, it adds to the enticement of evil all the proverbial sweetness of forbidden fruit.

During the first two years of our work 554 children were put on probation; only thirty-one were ever returned to the court again, and of these thirty-one a number were returned and sent to Golden because of the hopelessness of reforming them in their squalid homes.

One evening a probationer brought four boys to my chambers with the announcement that they wished to "snitch" on themselves. They had been stealing bicycles—making a regular practice of it—and they had five such thefts to their discredit. I investigated their story and found it to be true. The police had a complete record of the thefts, and I tried—and got the boys to try—to recover the wheels, but we could not; they had been sold and resold and quite lost track of. A police officer, with whom I consulted, insisted that the boys should be arrested and sentenced to jail; and while I listened to him it dawned upon me what the difference was between the criminal procedure and the methods of our court. "Officer," I said, "you are trying to save bicycles. I am trying to save boys. The boys are more important than the bicycles. And if we can save the boys we can save bicycles in the future that we could not save in the past."

I put the boys on probation, with the understanding that if they did not live up to their new resolve to be honest, I should be allowed to use their confession against them. Not one of them failed me. The court helped them to get work, and they are honest and useful members of society to-day.

In one year 201 boys came in this way to our court voluntarily, and confessed their wrongdoing, and promised to "cut it out."

One evening, after I had adjourned court and the room had emptied, I saw a youngster sitting in a chair by the rear wall, apparently forgotten by his parents. He was no bigger than a baby. I sent the bailiff to ask him if he knew his name or his address. He came up to the bench—to my chair on the platform—and, hiding his face against my shoulder, he began to cry. He had been "swipin' things," he said, and he wanted to "cut it out." And would I give him a chance—as I had another boy he knew? We gave him a chance. He reported regularly, for more than a year, and proved to be an honest, sturdy boy. Another boy who came to my chambers with a similar confession, was so small that I said to him, "You're a mighty little boy. How did you find your way down here?" "Well," he replied, "most every kid I seed knew the way." I found that nearly all these boys were members of neighborhood "gangs," that some member of the gang had been in court, had gone back to the gang with the lessons we had tried to teach him, and had used his influence to send the other boys to us. We began to reach for this gang spirit and to turn it to our uses instead of against us; and we succeeded there, too, in time. I could relate scores of stories that came to us of how the gangs threatened to "beat up" some young delinquent if he did not "play square with the Judge." We taught the boys who had been doing wrong that they should try to "overcome the evil" they had done by now doing something good; and they practiced that doctrine by persuading their companions to desist from some mischief they had planned.

I even had a little newsboy come to me with the assurance that if I wanted the "street kids" to stop "shooting craps" I need only go down and tell them so. "Dhere ain't a kid in dhe whole push," he said, "dhat won't go down the line wit' yuh, Judge. Dhe cops can't make 'em stop craps, but I bet dhey'd do it fer you." I

did not try it. I did not believe that I could permanently stop street boys shooting craps; it is as natural for them to gamble as for schoolboys to play marbles. But I rejoiced in the loyalty, the spirit of cooperation, shown by these street gamin. Therein lies the success of the Juvenile Court.

In the days before we got our Detention School, any boy sentenced to the Industrial School at Golden had to be returned to the jail to wait until a deputy sheriff could "take him up." I found that the deputies were keeping the boys in jail until there were several under sentence, and then making one trip and charging the county mileage on each boy. Petty graft again! And conditions in the jail were such as I have already described.

I tried to make the deputies take the boys separately, immediately after sentence; but I did not succeed. The grafters were protected by the politicians, and I was powerless. "Very well," I said, "I'll see whether I cannot send these boys to Golden alone, without any guard, and cut out your fees entirely." And I succeeded.

I took each boy into my chambers and told him that I wanted him to go to Golden. "Now," I would say, "if you think I'm making a mistake in trying to save you—if you think you're not worth saving—don't go. Run away, if you feel that way about it. I can't help you if you don't want to help yourself. You've been a weak boy. You've been doing bad things. I want you to be a strong boy and do what's right. We don't send boys to Golden to punish them. We do it to help them. They give you a square deal out there—teach you a trade so you can earn an honest living and look anybody in the face. I'm not going to bring a deputy in here and handcuff you and have you taken away like *that*. Here are your commitment papers. Go yourself and go alone—or don't go at all if you don't think I'm trying to help you and sending you there for your own good."

And invariably the boy went. In eight years, out of 507 cases I had only five failures. One of these was a boy who thought he was being followed and who ran away instinctively "to beat the game." Another was a boy who confessed that he couldn't "make it" because the route to Golden led him past his old "stamping grounds"; and when I gave him tickets over another route he made the trip successfully. A third was an hysterical

youngster who got as far as the railroad station with an older lad, but broke down there and could not go on. None of the failures was outright; and none of the boys was lost. (During these eight years I am told the police lost forty-two "breakaways" who were never recovered.) And we saved the county several thousand dollars in mileage fees.

One boy, whom the police considered the worst little runaway in town, took his papers and delivered himself at Golden while the police waited, with expectant grins, to hear that he had made off; and those police were so sure he would fail me that they had two reporters "tipped off" to watch the case and write it up. I have had a young burglar on trial escape from the court room and evade the police—only to come to my house at midnight and surrender himself to me, because his gang had told him that I would "be square" with him if he was "square" with me. And it is not only children who have gone alone to institutions. Grown men whom I have found guilty of "contributory delinquency" have done the same thing, satisfied that they had broken the laws and should bear the penalty.

This achievement of our Juvenile Court has attracted more attention than anything else we have done; and yet it is not an isolated act; it is merely one of the results of the method. The criminal law is founded on vengeance. It treats all criminals as born criminals, incorrigible and unforgivable. It is designed to save property, not to save men; and it does neither: it makes more criminals than it crushes. I believe that the methods of our Juvenile Court could be applied to half the criminal cases on our calendars. The majority of our criminals are not born but made—and ill-made. They can be remade as easily as the River Front gang was remade, if we use the methods of Christianity on them and not those of a sort of fiendish paganism that exacts "an eye for an eye," and exacts it in a spirit of vengeance.

Does this read as if I were "crazy"? Do not think so. It is a conclusion based upon years of thoughtful experience. I have obtained a law in Colorado—the first of its kind in the history of jurisprudence, if that be anything against it—by which an adult accused of crime can be tried as our children are tried and aided and corrected by the state, as *parens patriæ*, just as our children

are aided and corrected. And I am willing to stake my faith on it that if our courts and prisons ever learn how to work under such a law, you will see not only children but grown men and women going from the court rooms with their commitment papers in their hands and knocking on the gates of the prisons to be admitted. Crazy? When I first told one of our deputy sheriffs that in future I should send boys to Golden without him, he said to my clerk: "Well, I've always heard Lindsey was crazy, but I never believed it till to-day!" And when a hardened young criminal went from my court 250 miles to the Buena Vista reformatory alone, and presented himself at the gates of the prison, "the sentry" (as I was afterward told) "almost fell off the walls." Crazy? Do you know that over half the inmates of reformatories, jails, and prisons in this country are under twenty-five years of age? (Some authorities say under twenty-three.) Do you know that an English prison commission not long ago reported to Parliament that the age of sixteen to twenty was the essentially criminal age? Do you know that the Earl of Shaftesbury, after much study, declared that not two out of any hundred criminals in London had formed the habits that led to criminality after the twentieth year? I may be very crazy, and yet not be as crazy as the people who, in the face of these facts, believe that the criminal methods of our civilization are anything but a gigantic crime and a stupendous folly. Some day our descendants will read of our methods of handling criminals as we now read of how our ancestors imprisoned the insane in chains and used the methods of a Siberian jailer on the inmates of the madhouse! Never doubt it. Under our civil laws to-day Masters of Discipline could be appointed—as Masters in Chancery are appointed—to aid and correct delinquents, especially young delinquents, in our cities; to allow them to repent and make reparation—as they cannot under our criminal procedure; to help them rise from immorality and clean their hands of crime—as no judge can help them now, without being guilty of "com-

pounding a felony." That will come some day. If not in *our* day, then so much the worse for us!

I cannot conclude this chapter without adding the final lesson I learned in our work with the children—the lesson that leads me back again into the quarrel with the Beast. It is this: criminals are born *and* criminals are bred, but the conditions of which they are born and under which they are bred in Denver are the same conditions that debauch our legislature, our judiciary, our press, our business life, and our poor. I found no "problem of the children" that was not also the problem of their parents. The young bud was blighted by the same corruption that infected the twig, killed the branch, and ate out the heart of the trunk. The rule of the plutocracy in Denver was the cause of three-quarters of the crime in Denver. The dependent and delinquent children who came into my court came almost wholly from the homes of dependent and delinquent parents who were made such by the hopeless economic conditions of their lives; and those conditions were made hopeless by the remorseless tyranny of wealthy men who used their lawless power to enslave and brutalize and kill their workmen. Legislatures, corrupted by corporate wealth, refused to pass the eight-hour law that would give the child's home a parent able to fulfill his parental duties—refused to pass the employer's liability law that would save the widows from starvation and the children from the streets—refused to pass even a three-fourths jury law that would allow the poor victim of corporate greed to obtain a little pittance of justice in the courts. The saloons, protected by the political power of the corporations, debauched the parents and destroyed the homes of our children, and the protected gambler hunted and preyed with the protected saloon. I could not do my duty toward the children without attacking the conditions that deformed the lives of the children. And when I tried to do *this*—as you shall see—the Beast replied: "Then you shall not be allowed to save even the little children!"

The Fourth Instalment of **The Beast and the Jungle** will appear in the January Number.

HEART OF THE CITY

By ELEANOR HALLOWELL ABBOTT

Illustrations by George Dannenberg

THE dining-room was green, green, green as green could be. Under the orange-colored candle light, the walls, rugs, ceiling, draperies, ferns glowed verdant, mysterious, intense, like night woods arching round a camp fire. Into this fervid, pastoral verdure the round white table, sparkling with silver, limpid with wine-lights, seemed to roll forth resplendent and incongruous as a huge, tinsel snowball.

Outside, like fire engines running on velvet wheels, the automobiles went clanging along the pavement. Inside, the soft, narrow, ribbony voice of a violin came whimpering through the rose-scented air.

It was the midst of dinner-party time. In the oak-paneled hallway a shadowy, tall clock swallowed gutturally on the verge of striking nine.

The moment was distinctly nervous. The *entrée* course was late, and the Hostess, gesticulating tragically to her husband, had slipped one chalky white shoulder just the hundredth, thousandth fraction of an inch too far out of its jeweled strap. The Host, conversing every second with exaggerated blandness about the squirrels in Central Park, was striving frantically all the while with a desperately surreptitious, itchy gesture to signal to his mate. Worse than this, a prominent Sociologist was audibly discussing the American penal system with a worried-looking lady whose brother was even then under indictment for some banking fraud. Some one, trying to kick the Sociologist's ankle bone, had snagged his own foot gashingly through the Woodland Girl's skirt ruffle, and the Woodland Girl, blush-blown yet with country breezes, clear-eyed as a trout pool, sweet-breathed as balsam, was staring panic-stricken around the table, trying to locate the particular man's face that could possibly connect boot-wise with such a horridly profane accident. The sudden, grotesque alertness of her expression

attracted the laggard interest of the young Journalist at her left.

"What brought you to New York?" the Journalist quizzed abruptly. "You're the last victim in from the country, so you must give an account of yourself. Come, 'fess up! What brought you to New York?"

The Journalist's smile was at least as conscientious as the smile of daylight down a city airshaft, and the Woodland Girl quickened to the brightening with almost melodramatic delight, for all previous conversational overtures from this neighbor had been about actors that she had never heard of, or operas that she could not even pronounce, and before the man's scrutinizing, puzzled amazement she had felt convicted not alone of mere rural ignorance, but of freckles on her nose.

"What brought me to New York?" she repeated with vehement new courage. "Do you really want to know? It's quite a speech. What brought me to New York? Why, I wanted to see the 'heart of the city.' I'm twenty years old, and I've never in all my life been away from home before. Always and always I've lived in a log bungalow, in a wild garden, in a pine forest, on a green island, in a blue lake. My father is an invalid, you know, one of those people who are a little bit short of lungs but inordinately long of brains. And I know Anglo-Saxon and Chemistry and Hindoo History and Sunrises and Sunsets and Mountains and Moose, and such things. But I wanted to know People. I wanted to know Romance. I wanted to see for myself all this 'heart of the city' that you hear so much about—the great, blood-red, eager, gasping heart of the city. So I came down here last week to visit my uncle and aunt."

Her mouth tightened suddenly, and she lowered her voice with ominous intensity. "But there *isn't* any heart to your city—no!—there's no heart at all at the center of

things—just a silly, pretty, very much decorated heartshaped box filled with candy. If you shake it hard enough, it may rattle, but it won't throb. And I hate—hate—hate your old city. It's utterly, hopelessly, irremediably jejune, and I'm going home tomorrow!" As she leaned toward the Journalist, the gold locket on her prim, high-necked gown swung precipitously forth like a wall picture in a furious little earthquake.

The Journalist started to laugh, then changed his mind and narrowed his eyes speculatively toward something across the room. "No heart?" he queried. "No romance?"

The Woodland Girl followed his exploring gaze. Between the plushy green *portières* a dull, cool, rose-colored vista opened forth refreshingly, with a fragment of bookcase, the edge of a stained glass window, the polished gleam of a grand piano, and then—lithe, sinuous, willowy, in the shaded lamp-light—the lone, accentuated figure of a boy violinist. In the amazing mellow glow that smote upon his face, the Woodland Girl noted with a crumple at her heart the tragic droop of the boy's dark head, the sluggish, velvet passion of his eyes, the tortured mouth, the small chin fairly worn and burrowed away against his vibrant instrument. And the music that burst suddenly forth was like scalding water poured on ice—seething with anguish, shuddering with ecstasy, flame at your heart, frost at your spine.

The Girl began to shiver. "Oh yes, I know," she whispered. "He plays, of course, as though he knew all sorrows by their first names, but that's Genius, isn't it, not Romance? He's such a little lad. He can hardly have experienced much really truly emotion as yet beyond a—stomach ache—or the loss of a Henty book."

"A stomach ache! A Henty book!" cried the Journalist, with a bitter, convulsive sort of mirth. "Well, I'm ready to admit that the boy is scarcely eighteen. But he happens to have lost a wife and a son within the past two months! While some of us country-born fellows of twenty-eight or thirty were asking our patient girls at home to wait even another year, while we came over to New York and tried our fortunes, this little youngster of scarcely eighteen is already a husband, a father, and a widower.

"He's a Russian Jew—you can see that—and one of our big music people picked him

up over there a few months ago and brought him jabberingly to America. But the invitation didn't seem to include the wife and baby—genius and family life aren't exactly guaranteed to develop very successfully together—and right there on the dock at the very last sailing moment the little chap had to choose between a small, wailing family and a great big, clapping New York—just temporarily, you understand, a mere matter of immediate expediency; and families are supposed to keep indefinitely, you know, and keep sweet, too, while everybody knows that New York can go sour in a single night, even in the coldest weather. And just as the youngster was trying to decide, wavering first one way and then the other, and calling on high every moment to the God of all the Russias, the old steamer whistle began to blow, and they rustled him on board, and his wife and the kid pegged back alone to the province where the girl's father lived, and they got snarled up on the way with a band of Cossack soldiers, and the little chap hasn't got any one now even as far off as Russia to hamper his musical career. . . . So he's playing jig-tunes to people like us that are trying to forget our own troubles, such as how much we owe our tailors or our milliners. But sometimes they say he screams in the night, and twice he has fainted in the midst of a concert.

"No heart in the city? No Romance? Why, my dear child, this whole city fairly teems with Romance. The automobiles clang with it. The great, roary elevated trains go hustling full of it. There's Romance—Romance—Romance from dawn to dark, and from dark to dawn again. The sweetness of the day-blooming sunshine, the madness of the night-blooming electric lights, the crowds, the colors, the music, the perfume—why, the city is *Romance-mad!* If you stop anywhere for even half an instant to get your breath, Romance will run right over you. It's whizzing past you in the air. It's whizzing past you in the street. It's whizzing past you in the sensuous, ornate theatres, in the jaded department stores, in the calm, gray churches. Romance?—Love?

"The only trouble about New York Romance lies just in the fact that it is so whizzingly premature. You've simply got to grab Love the minute before you've made up your mind—because the minute after you've made up your mind, it won't be there. Grab it—or lose it. Grab it—or lose it. That's the

whole Heart-Motto of New York. Sinner or Saint—RUSH—RUSH—RUSH—like Hell!”

“Grab it—or lose it. Grab it, or—l-o-s-e it.” Like the impish raillery of a tortured devil, the violin’s passionate, wheedling tremolo seemed to catch up the phrase, and mouth it and mock it, and tear it and tease it, and kiss it and curse it—and SMASH it at last into a great, screeching crescendo that rent your eardrums like the crash of steel rails.

With strangely parched lips, the Woodland Girl stretched out her small brown hand to the fragile, flower-stemmed glass, and tasted for the first time in her life the sweet-sad, molten-gold magic of champagne. “Why, what is it?” she asked, with the wonder still wet on her lips. “Why, what is it?”

The Journalist raised his own glass with staler fingers, and stared for a second through narrowing eyes into the shimmering vintage. “What is it?” he repeated softly. “This particular brand? The Italians call it ‘*Lachrymae Christi*.’ So even in our furies and our follies, in our cafés and carousals, in our love and all our laughter—we drink—you see—the—‘Tears of Christ.’”

He reached out suddenly and covered the Girl’s half-drained glass with a quivering hand. “Excuse me,” he stammered. “Maybe—our thirst is partly of the soul; but ‘*Lachrymae Christi*’ was never meant for little girls like you. Go back to your woods!”

Scuttle as it might, the precipitate, naked passion in his voice did not quite have time to cover itself with word-clothes. A little gasping breath escaped. And though the

Girl’s young life was as shiningly empty as an unfinished house, her brain-cells were packed like an attic with all the inherent experiences of her mother’s mother’s mother, and she flinched instinctively with a great lurch of her heart.

“Oh, let’s talk about something—dressy,” she begged. “Let’s talk about Central Park. Let’s talk about the shops. Let’s talk about the subway.”

Her startled face broke desperately into a smile. “Oh, don’t you think the subway is perfectly dreadful,” she insisted. “There’s so much underbrush in it!” Even as she spoke, her shoulders hunched up the merest trifle, and her head pushed forward, after the manner of people who walk much in the deep woods. The perplexity in her eyes spread instantly to her hands. Among the confusing array of knives and forks and spoons at her plate, her fingers began to snarl nervously like a city man’s feet through a tangle of blackberry vines.

With a good-natured shrug of his shoulders, the Journalist turned to his more sophisticated neighbor, and left her quite piteously alone once more.

An enamored-looking man and woman at her right were talking transmigration of souls, but whenever she tried to annex herself to their conversation they trailed their voices away from her in a sacred, aloof sort of whisper. Across the table the people were discussing city politics in a most clandestine sort of an undertone. Altogether it was almost half an hour before the Journalist remembered to smile at her again. The very first flicker of his lips started her red mouth mumbling inarticulately.



THE LONE, ACCENTUATED
FIGURE OF A BOY



SHE HEARD THE SWISH OF SILK, AND LOOKED UP.

"Were you going to say something?" he asked.

She shook her head drearily. "No," she stammered. "I've tried and tried, but I can't think of anything at all to say. I guess I don't know any secrets."

The Journalist's keen eyes traveled shrewdly for a second round the cautious, worldly-wise table, and then came narrowing back rather quizzically to the Woodland Girl's flushing, pink and white face.

"Oh, I don't know," he smiled. "You look to me like a little girl who might have a good many secrets."

She shook her head. "No," she insisted, "in all the whole wide world I don't know one single thing that has to be whispered."

"No scandals?" teased the Journalist.

"No!"

"No love affairs?"

"No!"

The Journalist laughed. "Why, what do you think about all day long up in your woods?" he quizzed.

"Anglo-Saxon and Chemistry and Hindoo History and Sunsets and Mountains and Moose," she repeated glibly.

"Now you're teasing me," said the Journalist.

She nodded her head delightedly. "I'm trying to!" she smiled.

The Journalist turned part way round in his chair, and proffered her a perfectly huge olive as though it had been a crown jewel. When he spoke again, his voice was almost as low as the voice of the man who was talking transmigration of souls. But his smile was a great deal kinder. "Don't you find any Romance at all in your woods?" he asked a bit drawlingly.

"No," said the Girl; "that's the trouble. Of course, when I was small it didn't make any difference; indeed, I think that I rather preferred it lonesome then. But this last year, somehow, and this last autumn especially—oh, I know you'll think I'm silly—but two or three times in the woods—I've hoped and hoped and hoped—at the turn of a trail, or the edge of a brook, or the scent of a camp fire—that I might run right into a real, live Hunter or Fisherman. And—one night I really prayed about it—and the next morning I got up early and put on my very best little hunting suit—all coats and leggings and things just like yours, you know—and I stayed out all day long—tramping—tramping—tramping, and I never saw

any one. But I did get a fox! Yes!—and then——"

"And then what?" whispered the Journalist very helpfully.

The Girl began to smile, but her lips were quite as red as a blush. "Well—and—then," she continued softly, "it occurred to me all of a sudden that the probable reason why the Man-Who-Was-Meant-for-Me didn't come was because he—*didn't know I was there!*" She began to laugh, toying all the while a little bit nervously with her ice-cream fork. "So I thought that perhaps—if I came down to New York this winter—and then went home again, that maybe—not probably, you know, but just possibly—some time in the spring or summer—I might look up suddenly through the trees and he *would* be there! But I've been ten days in New York and I haven't seen one single man whom I'd exactly like to meet in the woods—in my little hunting suit."

"Wouldn't you be willing to meet me?" pried the Journalist injudiciously.

The Girl looked up and faltered. "Why, of course," she hurried, "I should be very glad to see you—but I had always sort of hoped that the man whom I met in the woods wouldn't be bald."

The Journalist choked noisily over his salted almonds. His heightened color made him look very angry.

"Oh, I trust I wasn't rude," begged the Woodland Girl. Then, as the Journalist's galloping laughter slowed down into the gentlest sort of a single-foot smile, her eyes grew abruptly big and dark with horror. "Why, I never thought of it," she stammered, "but I suppose that what I have just said about the man in the woods and my coming to New York is—'husband hunting.'"

The Journalist considered the matter very carefully. "N—o," he answered at last, "I don't think I should call it 'husband hunting' nor yet, exactly, 'the search for the Holy Grail'; but, really now, I think on the whole I should call it more of a sacrament than a sport."

"O—h," whispered the Girl with a little sigh of relief.

It must have been fully fifteen minutes before the Journalist spoke to her again. Then, in the midst of his salad course, he put down his fork and asked quite inquisitively: "Aren't there any men at all up in your own special Maine woods?"

"Oh, yes," the Girl acknowledged with a little crinkle of her nose, "there's Peter."

"Who's Peter?" he insisted.

"Why, Peter," she explained, "is the Philadelphia boy who tutors with my father in the summers."

Her youthfulness was almost as frank as fever, and, though taking advantage of this frankness seemed quite as reprehensible as taking advantage of any other kind of babbling delirium, the Journalist felt somehow obliged to pursue his investigations.

"Nice boy?" he suggested tactfully.

The Girl's nose crinkled just a little bit tighter.

The Journalist frowned. "I'll wager you two dozen squirrels out of Central Park," he said, "that Peter is head over heels in love with you!"

The Girl's mouth twisted a trifle, but her eyes were absolutely solemn. "I suppose that he is," she answered gravely, "but he's never taken the trouble to tell me so, and he's been with us three summers. I suppose lots of men are made like that. You read about it in books. They want to sew just as long—long—long a seam as they possibly can without tying any knot in the thread. Peter, I know, wants to make perfectly Philadelphia-sure that he won't meet any girl in the winters whom he likes better."

"I think that sort of thing is mighty mean," interposed the Journalist sympathetically.

"Mean?" cried the Girl. "Mean?" Her tously yellow hair seemed fairly electrified with astonishment, and her big blue eyes brimmed suddenly with uproarious delight. "Oh, of course," she added contritely, "it may be mean for the person who sews the seam, but it's heaps of fun for the cloth, because after awhile, you know, Pompous Peter will discover that there isn't any winter girl whom he likes better, and in the general excitement of the discovery he'll remember only the long, long seam—three happy summers—and forget altogether that he never tied any knot. And then! And then!" her cheeks began to dimple. "And then—just as he begins triumphantly to gather me in—all my yards and yards and yards of beautiful freedom fretted into one short, puckery, worried ruffle—then—Hooray—swish—slip—slide—out comes the thread—and Mr. Peter falls right over bump-backward with surprise. Won't it be fun?"

"Fun?" snapped the Journalist. "What a horrid, heartless little cynic you are!"

The Girl's eyebrows fairly tiptoed to reach his meaning. "Cynic?" she questioned. "You surely don't mean that I am a cynic? Why, I think men are perfectly splendid in every possible way that—doesn't matter to a woman. They can build bridges and wage wars, and spell the hardest, homeliest words. But Peter makes life so puzzling," she added wryly. "Everybody wants me to marry Peter; everybody says 'slow but sure,' 'slow but sure.' But it's a lie!" she cried out hotly. "Slow is *not* sure. It is not! It is not! The man who isn't excited enough to *run* to his goal is hardly interested enough to walk. And yet"—her forehead crinkled all up with worry—"and yet—you tell me that 'quick' isn't sure, either. *What is sure?*"

"Nothing!" said the Journalist.

She tossed her head. "All the same," she retorted, "I'd rather have a man propose to me three years before, rather than three years after, I'd made up my mind whether to accept him or not."

"Don't—marry—Peter," laughed the Journalist.

"Why not?" she asked—so very bluntly that the Journalist twisted a bit uneasily.

"Oh—I—don't—know," he answered cautiously. Then suddenly his face brightened. "Any trout fishing up in your brooks about the first of May?" he asked covertly.

Again the knowledge of her mother's mother's mother blazed red-hot in the Girl's cheeks. "Y—e—s," she faltered reluctantly, "the trout-fishing is very generous in May."

"Will Peter be there?" persisted the Journalist.

Her eyes began to shine again with amusement. "Oh no," she said. "Peter never comes until July." With mock dignity she straightened herself up till her shoulder almost reached the Journalist's. "I was very foolish," she attested, "even to mention Peter, or mankind—at all. Of course, I'm commencing to realize that my ideas about *men* are exceedingly countrified—'disgustingly countrified,' my aunt tells me. Why, just this last week at my aunt's sewing club I learned that the only two real qualifications for marriage are that a man should earn not less than a hundred dollars a week, and be a perfectly kind hooker."

"A perfectly kind hooker?" quizzed the Journalist.



WHEELED BACK AGAINST HIM. CLOSE, TIGHT.

"Why, yes," she said. "Don't you know—now—that all our dresses fasten in the back?" Her little tinkling, giggling laugh rang out with startling incongruity through the formal room, and her uncle glanced at her and frowned with the slightest perceptible flicker of irritation. She leaned her face a wee bit closer to the Journalist. "Now, uncle, for instance," she confided, "is not a particularly kind hooker. He's accurate, you understand, but not exactly kind."

The Journalist started to smile, but instantly her tip-most finger ends brushed across his sleeve. "Oh, please, don't smile any more," she pleaded, "because every time you smile you look so pleasant that some lady sticks out a remark like a hand and grabs you into her own conversation." But the warning came too late. In another moment the Journalist was most horribly involved with the people on his left in a prosy discussion regarding Japanese servants.

For another interminable length of time the Woodland Girl sat in absolute isolation. Some of the funerals at home were vastly more social, she thought—people at least inquired after the health of the survivors. But now, even after she had shredded all her lettuce into a hundred pieces and bitten each piece twice, she was still quite alone. Even after she had surreptitiously nibbled up all the cracker crumbs around her own plate and the Journalist's plate, she was still quite alone. Finally, in complete despair, she folded her little, brown, ringless hands and sat and stared frankly about her.

Across the sparkly, rose-reeking table a man as polished as poison ivy was talking devotedly to a white-faced Beauty in a most exciting gown that looked for all the world like the Garden of Eden struck by lightning—black and billowing as a thunder cloud, zigzagged with silver, ravished with rose-petals, rain-dropped with pearls. Out of the gorgeous, mysterious confusion of it the Beauty's bare shoulders leaped away like Eve herself fleeing before the storm. But beyond the extravagant sweep of gown and shoulder the primitive likeness ended abruptly in one of those utterly well-bred, worldly-wise, perfected young faces, with that subtle, indescribable sex-consciousness of expression which makes the type that men go mad over, and the type that older women tersely designate as looking just a little bit "too kissed."

But the Woodland Girl did not know the

crumpled-rose-leaf stamp of face which characterizes the coquette. Utterly fascinated, tremulous with excitement, heartsick with envy, she reached out very softly and knocked with her finger on the Journalist's plate to beg readmission to his mind.

"Oh, who is that beautiful creature?" she whispered.

"Adele Reitzen," said the Journalist, "your uncle's ward."

"My own uncle's ward?" The Woodland Girl gave a little gasp. "But why does she worry so in her eyes every now and then?" she asked abruptly.

Even as she asked, Adele Reitzen began to cough. The trouble started with a trivial clearing of her throat, caught up a disjointed swallow or two, and ended with a rack that seemed to rip like a brutal knife right across her silver-spangled lungs. Somebody patted her on the back. Somebody offered her a glass of water. But in the midst of the choking paroxysm she asked to be excused for a moment and slipped away to the dressing-room. The very devoted man seemed rather piteously worried by the incident, and the Hostess looked straight into his eyes and shook her head ominously.

"I hope you are planning a southern wedding trip next week," she said. "I don't like that cough of Adele's. I've sat at three dinner parties with her this week, and each individual night she has had an attack like this and been obliged to leave the table."

In the moment's lull, the butler presented a yellow telegram on a shiny, Sheffield tray, and the Hostess slipped her pink fingers rustlingly through the envelope and brightened instantly. "Oh, here's a surprise for you, Chloe," she called to the Woodland Girl. "Peter is coming over to-night to see you." Like a puckering electric tingle the simple announcement seemed to run through the room, and a little wise, mischievous smile spread from face to face among the guests. In another instant everybody turned and peeped at the Woodland Girl, and the Woodland Girl felt her good cool, red blood turn suddenly to bubbling, boiling water, and steam in horrid, clammy wetness across her forehead and along the prickling palms of her hands, and the Journalist laughed right out loud, and the whole green, green, definite room swam dizzily like the flaunting scarlet messiness of a tropical jungle.

Every nook and corner of the house, indeed, was luxuriously heated, but when

Adele Reitzen came sauntering back to her seat, pungent around her, telltale as an alien perfume, lurked the chill, fresh aroma of the wintry, blustering street. Only the country girl's smothering lungs noted the astonishing fact. Like a little caged animal scenting the blessed outdoors, her nostrils began to crinkle, and she straightened up with such abrupt alertness that she loomed to Adele Reitzen's startled senses like the only visible person at the table, and for just the fraction of a heart-beat the two girls fathomed down deep and understandingly into each other's eyes, before Adele Reitzen fluttered her white lids with a little piteous gesture of appeal.

Breathlessly the Woodland Girl turned to the Journalist, and touched his arm. "New York is interesting, isn't it!" she stammered. "I've decided just this minute to stay another week."

"Oh, ho," said the Journalist. "So you love it better than you did an hour ago."

"No!" cried the Woodland Girl. "I love it worse. I love it worse every moment like a—ghost story, but I'm going to stick it out a week longer and see how it ends. And I've learned one clue to New York's plot this very night. I've learned that most every face is a 'haunted house.' The mouths slam back and forth all the time like pleasant doors, and the jolliest kind of speeches come prancing out, and all that—but in the eyes ghosts are peering out the windows every minute."

"Cheerful thought," said the Journalist, taking off his glasses. "Who's the ghost in my eyes?"

The Woodland Girl stared at him quizzically. "The ghost in your eyes?" she blundered. "Why—I guess—it's 'the patient girl at home' whom you asked to wait 'even another year.'"

Like two fever spots the red flared angrily on the Journalist's cheek bones.

Not even the Journalist spoke to her again.

Finally, lonesome as a naughty child, she followed the dozen dinner guests back into the huge drawing-room, and wandered aimlessly around through the incomprehensible mysteries of Chinese idols and teakwood tabourets and soft, mushy Asiatic rugs. Then at last, behind a dark, jutting book-case, in a corner most blissfully safe and secret like a cave, she stumbled suddenly upon a great, mottled leopard skin with its big, humpy head, and its sad glass eyes yearning out to her reproachfully. As

though it had been a tiny, lost kitten, she gave a wee gasp of joy, and dropped down on the floor and tried to cuddle the huge, felt-lined, fur bulk into her lap. Just as the clumsy face flopped across her knees, she heard the quick swish of silk, and looked up to see Adele Reitzen bending over her.

The older girl's eyes were tortured with worry, and her white fingers teased perpetually at the jeweled watch on her breast. "Chloe Curtis," she whispered abruptly, "will you do something for me? Would you be afraid? You are visiting here in the house, so no one would question your disappearance. Will you go up to the dressing-room—quick—and get my black evening coat—the one with the gold embroidery and the big hood—and go out to the street corner where the cars stop—and tell the man who is waiting there—that I couldn't—simply couldn't—get out again? Would you be afraid?"

The Woodland Girl jumped to her feet. At that particular instant the lump in her throat seemed the only really insurmountable obstacle in the whole wide world. "Would I be afraid?" she scoffed. "Afraid of what? Of New York? Of the electric lights? Of the automobiles? Of the cross policemen? Afraid of nothing!" Her voice lowered suddenly. "Is it—Love?" she whispered.

The older girl's face was piteous to see. "Y—e—s," she stammered. "It is Love."

The Woodland Girl's eyes grew big with wonder. "But the other man?" she gasped. "You are going to be married next week!"

Adele Reitzen's eyes blurred. "Yes," she repeated, "I am going to be married next week." A little shiver went flickering across her shoulders.

The Woodland Girl's heart began to plunge and race. "What's the matter with the man out on the street corner?" she quizzed nervously.

Adele Reitzen caught her breath. "He's a civil engineer," she said. "His name is Brian Baird. He's just back from Central America. I met him on the steamer once. He was traveling second cabin. My—family—won't—let—me—have—him."

The Woodland Girl threw back her head and laughed, and smothered her laugh contritely with her hand. "Your family won't let you have him?" she mumbled. "What a funny idea! What have your family got to do about it?" Her breath began to

quicken, and she reached out suddenly and clutched Adele Reitzen's shoulder. "Do you know where my uncle's musty old law library is?" she hurried. "It's downstairs, you know, close to the store room—nobody ever uses it. You go down there just as fast as you possibly can, and wait there, and I'll be back in five minutes with the—Love Man."

Before Adele Reitzen's feeble courage could protest, the Woodland Girl was scurrying up the short flight to the dressing-room and pawing like a prankish terrier through the neatly folded evening coats that snuggled across the bed. Tingling with excitement, she arrayed herself finally in the luxuriantly muffling black and gold splendor, and started cautiously down the long, creaky front stairs.

Like the inimitable, familiar thrill of little wild, phosphorescent eyes looming suddenly out of the black night-woods at home, the adventure challenged her impetuous curiosity. Bored puzzlingly by the big city's utter inability to reproduce the identical, simple lake-and-forest emotionalism that was the breath of life to her, she quickened now precipitately to the possible luring mystery in human eyes. Through the dark mahogany stripes of the balustrade, the drawing-room candles flared and sputtered like little finger-pinches of fluid flame, and the violin's shuddering voice chased after her, taunting, "Hurry! Hurry! Or it won't be there!" Beyond the lights and music, and the friendly, fretting stairs, the strange black night opened forth like the scariest sort of a bottomless pit; but as yet, in all the girl's twenty coltish years nothing except headache and heart-beat had ever made her feel perfectly throbbing-positive that she was alive. She could spare the headache, but she could not spare the heart-beat. Paddling with muscle-strained shoulder and heaving breast across a November-tortured lake, or huddling under forbidden pine trees in a rackety August thunder storm, or floundering on broken snowshoes into the antlered presence of an astounded moose—Fun and Fear were synonymous to her.

Once on the street, like water to thirst, the cold night air freshened and vivified her. Over her head the electric lights twinkled giddily like real stars. On either side of her the huge, hulking houses reared up like pleasant, imitation mountains. Her trailing cloak slipped now and then from her clutching fingers, but she trudged along toward

the corner with just one simple, supreme sense of pleasurable excitement—somewhere out of the unfathomed shadows a real, live Adventure was going to rise up and scare her.

But the man, when he came, did not scare her one hundredth part as much as she scared him, though he jumped at her from the snuggling fur robe of a stranded automobile, and snatched at her arm with an almost bruising intensity.

"Oh, Adele," he cried huskily, "I thought you had failed me again."

The Woodland Girl threw back her somber hood and stood there all blonde and tousle-haired and astonishing under the electric light. "I'm not your Adele," she explained breathlessly. "I'm just Chloe Curtis. Adele sent me out to tell you that she absolutely couldn't—couldn't come. You yourself would have seen that it was horribly impossible. But you are to go back to the house now with me—to my uncle's old unused library and see Adele yourself for as much as fifteen minutes. No one—oh, I'm sure that no one—could persuade a woman to be brave—on a street corner; but I think that perhaps if you had a chance to see Adele all alone, she would be very—extraordinarily brave."

Anger, resentment, confusion, dismay flared like successive explosions in the man's face, and faded again, leaving his flesh utter ash gray.

"It was plucky of you to come," he muttered grimly, "but I haven't quite reached the point yet—thank you—where I go sneaking round people's unused rooms to meet any one!"

"Is it so very different from sneaking round street corners?" said the Woodland Girl.

The man's head lifted proudly. "I don't go 'sneaking' round street corners," he answered simply. "All Outdoors *belongs* to me! But I won't go secretly to any house that doesn't welcome me."

The Woodland Girl began to stamp her foot. "But the house does welcome you," she insisted. "It's my visit-house, and you are to come there as my friend."

In her ardor she turned and faced him squarely under the light, and winced to see how well worth facing he was—for the husband of a coward. There was no sleek New York about him, certainly, but rather the merge of all cities and many countries, a little breath of unusualness, a touch of mys-

tery, a trifling suggestion, perhaps, of more dusty roads than smug pavements, twenty-eight or thirty years, surely, of adventurous youth. Impulsively she put out her hand to him. "Oh, please come," she faltered. "I—think you are so nice."

With a little laugh that had no amusement in it, nor pleasure, nor expectation, nor any emotion that the Woodland Girl had ever experienced, he stood and stared at her with some sudden impulse. "Does Adele really want me to come?" he asked trenchantly.

"Why yes," insisted the Woodland Girl. "It's life or death for you and Adele."

Ten minutes later, standing on guard at the edge of the library door, the Woodland Girl heard, for the first time in her life, the strange, low, vibrant, mysterious mate-tone of a human voice. If she had burrowed her head in a dozen pillows, she could not have failed to sense the amazing wonder of the sound, though the clearer-worded detail of hurried plans and eager argument and radiant acquiescence passed by her unobserved. "But I must be perfectly sure that you love me," persisted the man's voice.

"You and—you only," echoed the woman's passion.

Then suddenly, like a practical joke sprung by a half-witted Fate, the store room door opened with casual, exploring pleasantness, and the Journalist and Adele Reitzen's promised husband and big Peter himself stepped out into the hallway.

Before the surprised greeting in two men's faces the Woodland Girl retreated step by step, until at last with a quick turn she whirled back into the dingy, gas-lit library—her chalky face, her staring eyes proclaiming only too plainly the calamity which she had no time to stuff into words.

Close behind her followed the three smiling, unsuspecting intruders. Even then the incident might have passed without gross awkwardness if the Woodland Girl's uncle and aunt had not suddenly joined the company. From the angry, outraged flush on the two older faces it was perfectly evident that these two, at least, had been waylaid by kitchen gossip.

Brian Baird laughed. Like a manly lover goaded and hectored and cajoled too long into unworthy secrecy, his pulses fairly jumped to meet the frank, forced issue. But with a quick, desperate appeal Adele Reitzen silenced the triumphant speech on

his lips. "Let me manage it!" she whispered, so vehemently that the man yielded to her, and stepped back against the fireplace, and spread his arms with studied, indolent ease along the mantel, like a rustic cross tortured out of a supple willow with. One of his hands played teasingly with a stale spray of Christmas greens. Nothing but the straining, white-knuckled grip of his other hand modified the absolute, willful insolence of his pose.

As for Adele, her face was ghastly.

With crude, uncontrolled venom the Woodland Girl's aunt plunged into the emergency. "Adele," she cried shrilly, "I think you owe your *fiancé* an explanation! You promised us faithfully last year that you would never, never see Mr. Baird again—and now to-night our chauffeur saw you steal out to the street corner to meet him—like a common shopgirl. And you dare to bring him back—to my house! What have you to say for yourself?"

For the fraction of a moment Adele Reitzen's superb beauty straightened up to its full majestic height, and all the love-pride that was in her white, white flesh flamed gloriously in her face. Then her sleek, prosperous, arrogant city lover stepped suddenly forward where the yellow light struck bleakly across his shrewd, small eyes and his thin, relentless mouth.

"I should be very glad, indeed, to hear what you have to say," he announced, and his voice was like a nicked knife blade.

Flush by flush by flush the red glory fled from Adele Reitzen's face. Her throat began to flutter. Her knees crumpled under her. Fear went over her like a gray fog.

With one despairing hand she reached back to the Woodland Girl. "Oh, tell them it was you," she whispered hotly. "Oh, tell them it was you." Her scared face brightened viciously. "It *was* you—you know! Tell them—oh, tell them anything—only save me!"

The Woodland Girl's eyes were big with horror. She started to speak, she started to protest, but before the jumbled words could leave her lips Adele Reitzen turned to the others and blurted out hysterically:

"Surely I can't be expected to keep even a love-secret under these—distressing circumstances. *It was Chloe who went out to the street corner to-night—like a common shopgirl—to meet Brian Baird. She wore my cloak on purpose to disguise her.*"

Like the blaring scream of a discordant trumpet, the treacherous, flatted truth crashed into the Woodland Girl's startled senses, and the man in the shape of a sagging willow cross started up and cried out, "My God!"

For a second the Woodland Girl stood staring into his dreadful, chaotic face, then she squared her shoulders and turned to meet the wrathful, contemptuous surprise in her uncle's and aunt's features.

"So it was you," sneered the uncle, "embroiling our decent household in a common, vulgar intrigue?"

"So it was you," flamed her aunt, "you who have been posing all these days as an Innocent?"

Frantic with perplexity, muddled with fear, torn by conflicting chivalries, the Woodland Girl stared back and forth from Adele Reitzen's agonized plea to the grim, inscrutable gleam in Brian Baird's eyes. As though every living, moving verb had been ripped out of that night's story, and all the inflexible nouns were printing themselves slam-bang one on top of another—Roses, Wine, Music, Silver, Diamonds, Fir, Balsam telescoped each other in her senses.

"Your father sent you down here," persisted her aunt brutally, "on the private plea to me that he was planning to be married again—but I can readily see that perhaps no one would exactly want you."

The Woodland Girl's heart began to pound.

"We—are—waiting," prodded her uncle's icy voice.

Suddenly the Girl's memory quickened. Once, long ago, her father had said to her: "Little Daughter, if you are ever in fear and danger by sea or land—or city, which is neither sea nor land—turn always to that man, and to that man only, whom you would trust in the deep woods. Put your imagination to work, not your reason. You have no reason!"

Desperately she turned to Peter. His face, robbed utterly of its affection, was all a-shock with outraged social proprieties, merging the merest bit unpleasantly into the racy appreciation of a unique adventure. Panic-stricken, she turned to the Journalist. Already across the Journalist's wine-flushed face the pleasant, friendly smile was souring

into worldly skepticism and mocking disillusionment.

She shut her eyes. "O Big Woods, help me!" she prayed. "O Cross Storm, warn me! O Rough Trail, guide me!"

Behind her tightly scrunched lids her worried brain darkened like a jumbled midnight forest. Jaded, bedraggled, aching with storm and terror, she saw herself stumbling into the sudden dazzling splurge of a stranger's camp fire. Was it a man like Peter? Was it the Journalist? She began to shiver. Then her heart gave a queer, queer jump, and she opened her eyes stark wide and searched deep into Brian Baird's livid face. One of his hands still strained at the wooden mantel. The other still bruised the pungent balsam tip between its restive fingers. His young hair was too gray about his temples. His shoulders were too tired with life's pack burdens. His eyes had probably grown more bitter that night than any woman's lips could ever sweeten again. And yet—

Down from the far-away music room floated the quavering, passionate violin wail of the boy who had dared to temporize with Love. Up from the close-nudging street crashed the confusing slap of hoofs and the mad whir of wheels racing not so much for the Joy of the Destination as for the Thrill of the Journey. She gave a little gasping sob, and Brian Baird stooped forward quizzically, as though from the yellow glare of his camp fire he had only just that instant sensed the faltering footfall of a wayfarer in acute distress, and could scarcely distinguish even yet through the darkness the detailed features of the apparition.

For a second, startled eyes defied startled eyes, and then suddenly, out of his own meager ration of faith or fortune or immediate goodness, the man straightened up, and *smiled*—the simple, honest, unquestioning camp-fire smile—the smile of food and blanket, the smile of welcome, the smile of shelter, the signal of the gladly-shared crust—and the Woodland Girl gave a low, wild cry of joy, and ran across the room to him, and wheeled back against him, close, tight, with her tousled hair grazing his haggard cheek and her brown hands clutching hard at the sweep of his arms along the mantel.

"Adele Reitzen is right," she cried out triumphantly. "This is my—man!"

IN THE SUPREME COURT—THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

THE INSURGENTS,
Complainants,

vs.

ALDRICH, HALE, CANNON,
PAYNE, *et al.*,
Defendants.

Nos. 1910,
1912.

HENRY BEACH NEEDHAM, Reporter

Court Crier: "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! All persons having business before the Supreme Court, the People of the United States, will draw near and give their attention, for this Court is now in session. God save the United States."

The Court: "The Insurgents against Aldrich, Hale, Cannon, Payne, *et al.* [Addressing the Clerk] Have the defendants pleaded?"

The Clerk: "The defendants have ignored the processes of this Court."

Defendant Aldrich: "I except to the jurisdiction of the Court."

Defendant Hale: "I also except to the jurisdiction of the Court, and I would add that if it were not for injuring the railroads, I would insist that the Senate strike out the appropriation for carrying the United States mails. The dissemination of anarchistic ideas must be stopped."

The Court: "Defendant Cannon, what is your plea?"

Defendant Cannon: "The country is enjoying great prosperity. The mills are running full time, labor is everywhere employed, and the sum total of human happiness is greater in America than anywhere else in the world. Throughout the land harmony prevails. The Republican party presents a solid front in the face of the common enemy. Of course there are objectors, but these reformers remind me of a mule we had down in Danville, of which it was said that he did not know whether he was braying because

he was kicking, or kicking because he was braying."

The Court: "Let the complainants state their case."

THE CASE OF THE COMPLAINANTS (By the Reporter)

It was for the purpose of hearing the arguments of the true-blue Insurgents—the men who "went through" and voted against the tariff bill—that I journeyed across country to Iowa, Kansas, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, visiting the Progressives in their home towns, and securing their "evidence" first-hand. Those of us who followed the debate in Washington knew that these men had fought the good fight against powerful odds—knew that they had steadfastly refused to strike their colors. But when Congress adjourned they had been several months away from their homes, during which time public sentiment had become crystallized for or against the Insurgent cause. At Winona, Minnesota, President Taft had assumed the burden of upholding the new tariff, which became law by virtue of his signature—just as, in the interview printed in the November number of EVERYBODY'S, he proclaimed the Payne bill to be a "substantial" compliance with his party's pledges. One effect of the President's utterances has been to raise the issue, Who are the real Republicans?—the Insurgents or the followers of Aldrich? What do the people of the Middle West think of this issue? Are they with the Pro-

gressives? If so, the men who left their party associates in the Senate and House on the tariff question would be found standing by their guns; if not, the Insurgents might be inclined to back-track.

On this assignment I went first to Iowa, and for this reason: Tariff revision—as a Republican doctrine—had its inception in that state eight years ago, and the inspiration came from President McKinley, who was prepared to open up the tariff and desired an expression of the people on the subject of revision. Because of this he gave approval to the platform of the Iowa Republicans, which contained this bit of political heresy:

"We favor . . . any modification of the tariff schedules that may be required to prevent their affording *shelter to monopolies*." (The italics are the reporter's.)

CUMMINS AND THE "IOWA IDEA"

In August, 1901, Albert B. Cummins was nominated for governor of Iowa, and immediately his campaign speeches were directed at the Republican tariff—"a shelter to monopolies." And Cummins meant it. Speaking in Minneapolis that same year, after voicing his belief in the principles of protection, he used these words: "I believe that the consumer has a better right to competition than the producer has to protection. Competition we will have, that of our own country preferred, but that of the world if necessary."

This bold statement would not down. Until elected to represent Iowa in the United States Senate, Mr. Cummins was continually reminded of it. Standpat newspapers kept the "consumer's bill of rights" standing in type, to be used on every occasion with this sentiment: "And the man who uttered these words calls himself a Republican!"

This is the story of the "Iowa idea," which was the first expression of downward revision by the "friends of the tariff."

Mr. Cummins, therefore, had abundant knowledge of the tariff revision sentiment in his state when he took his seat in the Senate. And the ovation accorded him when he returned home demonstrated that he had accurately expressed that sentiment in Washington. It was a man sure of his ground, and determined to stand his ground, who gave me this expression of his views in Des Moines, Iowa, on September 28:

"I am altogether willing that the title of

the great suit which is about to be tried before the Republicans of the country from now henceforth until the end shall be—The Insurgents against Aldrich, Hale, Cannon, Payne, *et al.*

"I do not accuse these men whom I have named, and their associates, of bad motives. They are not altogether responsible for their bringing up. I accuse them of a false conception of the duties, responsibilities, and functions of government. They have been on the wrong side of substantially every question that the growth and development of the country have made important. They opposed all the reforms that made the administration of Theodore Roosevelt illustrious; and when they were driven by the overwhelming force of public opinion into a passive support of any of these measures, they used all their arts and all their influence to render as ineffective as possible the laws that were enacted. I accuse them of giving aid and comfort to every transportation company, every monopoly, every combination that Congress ever attempted to regulate or correct.

THE GREAT QUESTION FOR AMERICA

"I do not doubt that they have been honest in their opinions; but they have been none the less dangerous, and none the less the enemies of every measure that has been projected to relieve the people from the tyranny, oppression, and injustice of the modern money-lover and money-getter. One year in the Senate has made me familiar with their theory of government. They believe that if, through the laws of the country, we make the rich richer, the great greater, the powerful more powerful; if we swell the profits of the big corporations, give freer rein to the combinations and consolidations—somewhere, sometime, and somehow, the less fortunate and less conspicuous of humanity will get enough of the abounding prosperity to make them comfortable. I, for one, rebel against the whole scheme; and when this theory of government is sought to be enforced, as it was in the enactment of the tariff law, and as it will be when any proposition is brought forward to make more efficient the governmental regulations of the great concerns which have come under the jurisdiction of Congress—I have been glad to be known, and I shall ever be glad to be known, as an Insurgent."

"What is the real point of issue for the American jury to consider?"

"All minor questions sink into trivial insignificance when compared with the vital inquiry now put to the people of the country: Will you take Aldrich, Hale, Cannon, Payne, and their like, for leaders in legislation, for moulders of public policies, for dictators in reform; or will you stand by the Insurgents?"

DOWNWARD REVISION ON METAL A FARCE

"Do you contend that the new tariff law is *not* downward revision?"

"It was both downward and upward, and it is true that there were more items decreased than increased. To answer the question in that way, however, is merely sticking in the bark, for the answer does not reach the heart of things. The only object that an honest revision could accomplish was to prevent domestic producers from holding their prices at, or raising them to, a point above a reasonable American level of prices; that is to say, to threaten foreign competition whenever home competition failed to keep prices down to a fair profit.

"There never would have been a demand for tariff revision had it not been known that in many fields of industry American competition had been wholly or substantially suppressed, and that excessive duties enabled the American producer to raise his prices as high as intelligent greed would permit. A substantial revision of the tariff downward, therefore, required that the duties should not only be reduced technically, but be reduced to the point that would accomplish the object indicated. Tested by this criterion, the new tariff is not a substantial revision downward.

"For an example, to emphasize the point I make, I will take the metal schedule, in which the reductions were more marked in degree and more general in application than in any other schedule of the bill. The United States Steel Corporation, which manufactures and sells a little more than one half of the tonnage steel, made in 1908 (the poorest year of its existence) a profit over maintenance and operation of \$96,000,000. Deducting seven per cent. as a fair profit upon the real value of its property, including all forms of investment, there remains something like fifty millions of dollars of excessive or unreasonable profit. That is to say, the United States Steel Corporation could have sold its entire output at an average of be-

tween eight and nine dollars a ton less than it did actually sell for, and still have given a fair return upon its honest capital.

"I have not reduced to precise mathematical terms the average duty upon its products, but I am not far out of the way when I say that under the Dingley law the average duty was from fourteen to sixteen dollars per ton. It is obvious that in order to make a substantial revision of the tariff downward, so far as the steel business is concerned, it was necessary that the duties be decreased to a point that would compel this corporation to reduce its prices greatly below the former level, or suffer foreign competition.

"As a matter of fact, we reduced these duties upon an average of substantially thirty-three per cent.; but so far as the effect upon the business is concerned, we might just as well have raised them thirty-three per cent. The duties* are still so high that the United States Steel Corporation can raise the price of every product that it manufactures above the price of 1908, and still be absolutely safe against importations. It was a ridiculous performance, and if the people can be duped by such a farce, they deserve the fate which Aldrich and his crowd have prepared for them.

THE STEEL "JOKER"

"As to the effect of revision on the iron and steel trade, let the people remember that prices were advanced at the very time the bill was in conference, and that since the adjournment of Congress the common stock—all water—has gone up from 73 $\frac{7}{8}$ to 90 $\frac{3}{8}$."

"Will you point out to the jury the 'joker' in regard to structural iron and steel?"

"The complacent leaders of Congress, believing that the common run of mankind would blindly accept these reductions as evidence of a disposition to help the consumer, increased the duty on a most important steel product about sixty per cent. Under the Dingley law the duty on all kinds and forms of structural iron and steel was ten dollars per ton. This was a great deal

* Senator Cummins offered amendments reducing duties in the metal schedule, which were voted upon *en bloc* and defeated, yeas—31, nays—40. Senators Borah, Bristow, Brown, Crawford, Cummins, Curtis, Dolliver, Gamble, LaFollette, and Nelson—Republicans—voted for the amendments—voted *against* Aldrich. Senator McEnery, Democrat, voted against the amendments—voted *with* Aldrich—as did thirty-nine standpat Republicans. Senators Beveridge and Clapp did not vote.

more protection than the business required. Five dollars per ton would have been ample. But upon the flimsy pretense that in previous years the constructor of a large building in New York, being unable to get his structural steel from the home mills at the time he needed it, bought some abroad and imported it, the Finance Committee worked into the paragraph which relates to this subject a little phrase that it may have thought would pass unnoticed. As the bill came from the House it read: 'Beams, girders, joists, angles, . . . together with all other structural shapes of iron or steel, four tenths of one cent per pound.'

"In the Senate Committee there was inserted after the word 'steel' (a most fitting place), the phrase 'not assembled or manufactured or advanced beyond hammering, rolling, or casting.' By these words all the commercial structural iron and steel was cunningly taken out of the paragraph. The Committee did not have the courage to attach a duty to the forms thus taken out, but let them fall quietly into what is known as the 'basket clause' of the schedule, which reads: 'Articles or wares not specially provided for in this section, composed wholly or in part of iron, steel, . . . or other metal, and whether partly or wholly manufactured, *forty-five per centum ad valorem*.'

"What is the result? Structural steel now bears a duty of forty-five per cent. *ad valorem*, which means anywhere from fourteen to eighteen dollars per ton. The reductions in the steel schedule cannot possibly affect the prices of iron and steel; while this one increase will enable the manufacturers to take greater profit than they ever did before.

REPUBLICANS—CHOOSE!

"I am not in the least disturbed about the consequences of voting against the Aldrich-Payne Tariff Bill. The Republicans of the Middle West understand the issue, and I await their judgment upon it with absolute serenity and confidence. They know that the issue is fundamental, and that the tariff is but one phase of the broader question. We have many problems to solve that relate to commerce, production, transportation, finance, and kindred subjects. The real issue that will be fought out in the immediate future is whether the Republicans of our part of the country will accept the leadership of Aldrich, Hale, Cannon, and Payne, who made the

tariff bill what it is, or whether they will adopt the views and follow the counsels of the men who have acquired the name which some people use to disparage them, but which I use with a good deal of pride—Insurgents.'"

JOE BRISTOW

"Joe Bristow, ten or twelve years back, was walking on the railway track that runs across the Kansas plain, and pretty soon he met a train. The engineer beheld him there, and took a minute off to swear; he pulled some ding-dongs from his bell, and made his big steam whistle yell. Joe Bristow waved an answer back, and came hot-footing up the track. And then they met, with awful crash! The train of cars was ground to hash! The engine, with a loud kerplunk, went in the ditch, a pile of junk! O dismal scene! Alas! Alack! *And Joe kept hiking up the track!*"

To improve on Walt Mason's description of Joseph L. Bristow, in the *American Magazine*, would be impossible. This is the man whom President McKinley sent to Cuba to unearth the postal frauds. Joe Bristow caught the rascals. After which he hunted and trapped crooked post-office officials in Washington, at President Roosevelt's behest. Then he started down the track after Senator Long, who has been too friendly with Standard Oil and the railroads. No sooner was he seated in the United States Senate than he went at Senator Aldrich. He didn't remove his gloves, because he never wears 'em. Today he is "hiking up the track," from one end of Kansas to the other, talking downward revision and ditching every engine of obstruction on his right-of-way. Between times, he writes progressive editorials in his newspaper, *The Salina Journal*. I caught up with him, after a trying burst of speed, in his editorial sanctum, and he said these things with a tone of voice and an incisiveness of manner which brought to mind the warning at the grade crossing: "Look out for the Locomotive! Stop! Look! Listen!"

"Neither the Ways and Means Committee of the House nor the Finance Committee of the Senate attempted to find the difference in the cost of production at home and abroad, or to frame a bill fixing the duties on that basis plus a reasonable profit for the manufacturer. The campaign pledges of the Republican party were not kept.

"This is illustrated by the duty on pig lead. The duty on lead ore is \$30 per ton of lead contained in the ore. That is the protection which the mine owner and the mine worker receive. The ore is reduced to pigs or bullion by smelting, and a duty of \$12.50 a ton is added to the duty on lead in ore, as the protection which the smelter receives for this reduction. Twelve dollars and a half a ton, therefore, according to our campaign promises, should represent the difference in the cost of smelting lead at home and abroad.

"Edward Brush, vice-president of the American Smelting and Refining Company, and others testified before the Ways and Means Committee of the House as to the cost of smelting. Not one of them put it above \$8 per ton. Mr. Brush in his testimony said that the cost in some instances was as low as \$5.55 per ton. On page 2,413 of the *Tariff Hearings* he said: 'I think the duty on pig lead can be reduced, because that protection for the smelter is not a necessity.' Not a single one of the most ultra-protectionists in the Senate claimed that the difference in the cost of smelting in this country and abroad anywhere exceeded \$4 per ton. Yet, in the face of this testimony, the rate of \$12.50 per ton was retained,* which was *three times* the figure any one claimed as the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad.

TRIBUTE TO THE SMELTERS' TRUST

"Mr. Taft, in a speech delivered at Topeka, Kansas, on the third of October, 1908, said: 'To retain the duties far in excess of the difference in cost of production between the two countries is to offer a temptation to those who have the output to attempt a monopoly and a controlling of the prices so as to get the benefit of the excessive rate.' The duty of \$12.50 a ton on pig lead in excess of that on lead in ore offered just such a temptation as this, and advantage was taken of it.

"The American output is controlled by a trust, the American Smelting & Refining Co., which is closely allied with the American Linseed Company, or the linseed oil trust; with the National Lead Company, known as the lead trust; and the United Lead Company;

*Senator Cummins offered an amendment reducing the duty on pig lead, which was defeated, yeas—35, nays—44. Senators Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Burkett, Clapp, Crawford, Cummins, Dolliver, Gamble, LaFollette, and Nelson—Republicans—voted for the amendment—voted *against* Aldrich. Senators Hughes and McEnery, Democrats, voted against the amendment—voted *with* Aldrich—as did forty-two standpat Republicans.

and in addition it has acquired a number of mining properties. In all, it controls twenty-eight concerns and embraces ninety-three affiliated corporations, with a total capitalization of more than \$200,000,000. The moving spirit in the organization of this trust was Mr. Guggenheim, and it is dominated by the Standard Oil financial interests. This excessive duty is wholly in the interest of the trust, and it alone profits by it. By this legislation the Smelters' trust is permitted to levy a tribute on every pound of paint that the American people use to ornament the interiors of their homes and to protect their houses from the destructive influences of the weather."

THE INFAMOUS SUGAR SCHEDULE

"How about the sugar schedule?"

"The sugar schedule is infamous. Under its provisions, fine table sugars, known as Java crystals, that are of common use in Great Britain, cannot be successfully imported into this country, because they would be compelled to pay the same duty as are refined sugars. The Dutch standard provision, which requires all sugars grading in color above No. 16, Dutch standard, to pay the full duty of refined sugar, prevents the high grades of unrefined sugars from being imported. The result is that imported sugar goes to the refiners. They purchase it, pass it through the refinery, and add from eighty-five to ninety cents a hundred to the price which the consumer must pay. This phraseology gives the sugar trust absolute control of the American market. It has paid as high as twenty per cent. dividends on a capitalization of \$90,000,000, and, not satisfied with that enormous profit, over \$1,000,000 a year was stolen, by a systematic scheme of fraud, from the United States Treasury, and I am informed its employees were paid an increased compensation monthly for carrying out this criminal scheme."

"With the full story of the sugar frauds read by Senator Clay, and so forced upon their attention, how do you account for the fact that senators were not moved?"

"I can't understand how senators, with knowledge of the criminal conduct of the sugar trust, could vote* to sustain the duty

* Senator Bristow's amendment to the sugar schedule was defeated, yeas—36, nays—47. Senators Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Clapp, Crawford, Cummins, Dolliver, Johnson (N. Dak.), LaFollette, and Nelson—Republicans—voted for the amendment—voted *against* Aldrich. Senator McEnery, Democrat, voted against the amendment—voted *with* Aldrich, also forty-six standpat Republicans.

that had made possible its successful domination of the American sugar market. Neither can I understand why senators would vote to sustain such a duty as the duty on lead bullion, when it so manifestly appears that its only purpose is to increase the profits of the American Smelting and Refining Company and its allied corporations, at the expense of the general public. I cannot understand how any senator whose duty is to represent the best interests of the American people can vote for such legislation.

"One of the most unfortunate things about this alleged tariff revision is that it destroys the confidence of a great many people in the sincerity of purpose of public men.

"I do not think that Mr. Aldrich has a proper conception of public sentiment in the United States. He lives in a state that is dominated by a political machine, that uses the old rotten borough system in its legislative and senatorial elections. That system was the curse of English politics a century ago.

"The men who meet the people in the great political battles in the western states were against the Payne bill. They, in my judgment, reflect the desire of the American people far more accurately than does Aldrich or Penrose or Smoot. The tariff question is not settled, and will not be until the Republican campaign pledges are honestly fulfilled."

"Do you look for any further tariff revision in this administration?"

"All revenue measures must originate in the House of Representatives, and we shall need a new Speaker and a new Ways and Means Committee before we can get a tariff bill in harmony with the Republican platform. To get that, it may be necessary to have largely a new personnel in the lower House."

"THE CITADEL OF PROTECTION"

Adjoining the comfortable brick house which is Senator Dolliver's home at Fort Dodge, is a little low building much resembling a doctor's office. It is there that the senior senator from Iowa sees his political patients. They come and go without so much as a knock at the door, which opens readily to friends and "constits" alike. Before talking to me in this office on the subject of the tariff fight, Mr. Dolliver turned

to the *Congressional Record* to refresh his memory. He read the following colloquy with a keen joy over the rout of the senator from Rhode Island:

Mr. Dolliver. It will interest most people to know that the gum boots in which the farmers of America are wading around in the snows of winter are lined usually with wool, and that when a box of them appears at a port of the United States they are not troubled by the thirty per cent. duty on manufactures of rubber. Why? Because they are otherwise provided for. How? This law which we refuse even to look at with a view of correcting errors and absurdities, transfers this merchandise bodily to paragraphs intended to protect woolen clothing, and we see the fine vaudeville sketch of a pair of rubber boots being solemnly weighed up in the custom houses of the United States and assessed at forty-four cents a pound and sixty per cent. *ad valorem* as wearing apparel composed in whole or in part of wool.

Mr. Aldrich. Mr. President, does the Senator mean to state that any such importations have ever been made, and that any such duties have ever been charged?

Mr. Dolliver. Certainly no such importations have ever been made. This is now, I take it, for the purpose of making that everlastingly certain. Certainly nobody would ever start on an enterprise like that.

Mr. Aldrich. Mr. President, rubber boots are cheaper in the United States than in any other country in the world.

Mr. Dolliver. Then why is there an increase from thirty to thirty-five per cent. on manufactures of rubber?

Mr. Aldrich. Because manufactures of rubber include—

Mr. Dolliver. If they are cheaper in the United States than anywhere else, I intend to move to put them on the free list.

Mr. Aldrich. There are many other manufactures of rubber besides rubber boots.

Mr. Dolliver. I will single out the boots and move to put them on the free list. I am on the side of the citizens who sometimes have to walk in the mud to the polls to vote the Republican ticket in Iowa.

Mr. Aldrich. We have automobile tires made of rubber—a great quantity of them.

Mr. Dolliver. It would not require very much sagacity to separate an automobile tire from an ordinary gum boot. Besides, automobile tires seem to be down on this bill in the metal schedule at forty-five per cent.

Thrusts like this are interspersed throughout Senator Dolliver's many speeches on the tariff. But as the Iowa senator gave much attention to the cotton schedule, let us ask him particularly about that. Said Mr. Dolliver:

"Henry F. Lippitt of Providence, one of Senator Aldrich's personal friends, and James R. MacColl were the mouthpieces of the New England cotton mill owners in

Washington. These mill owners wrote the cotton schedules of the new tariff law—and yet, when their representatives came before the Ways and Means Committee of the House, they were in a mood to ask for nothing beyond that which they were already receiving. Here is the exact language of their plea:

“We ask that the present cotton-cloth schedule shall not be reduced, because when it was enacted it was the result of a careful inquiry into the conditions of the cotton-manufacturing industry. We ask, therefore, that the present schedule shall not be materially changed.

“I am not here [said Mr. Lippitt] to ask for an increase in duties on the cloth clauses of the cotton schedule. I think that while there are importations going on under them it is reasonably regulative of the cotton trade. The importations are not so large that we feel justified in asking that the duties be increased.’

“Fortified with that brief,” continued Senator Dolliver, “I decided that, if the duties on cotton cloths used by the American people were advanced, it was my business to inquire into it. Even so, I would not complain if the manufacturers who engineered, so adroitly, the iniquitous increases in the cotton schedule, had done so in the light of day. If the representatives of this special interest had presented arguments and statistics calling for an advance of thirty per cent. in the Dingley rates on cotton cloths—if they had made that fight in the open and beaten me on the vote, I should have had nothing to do but bow to the superior judgment and wisdom of the Senate.

THE COTTON SCHEDULE

“But they asked for nothing—and they got everything. They besought Congress for no increases, and then they stood around until their patience and fortitude were rewarded in increases averaging, throughout the cotton-cloth schedule, from twenty to more than one hundred per cent. over the Dingley law.

“Let me illustrate: Within the past few years a new process has come into use in the manufacture of cotton cloth—the process of mercerization. I showed on the floor of the Senate that the cost of mercerizing cotton cloth is from one eighth of a cent to seven eighths of a cent, and I proved it by bills of actual transactions made in the United States. I showed in the Senate that the cost of this process, already fully covered by the Dingley *ad valorem* of the present law and

by the lines of value in the Senate bill, is less here than it is in other countries, and I proved it by the bills rendered for the service in bleacheries and dyeing houses in the Old World.

“Yet upon that little, simple process of mercerization, at the request of Lippitt and MacColl, and without any public statement of any kind, from any quarter, as to what the process costs, a levy of one cent to the square yard is made in the new tariff law—more than one hundred per cent. on that simple process of mercerization. And this is done notwithstanding the fact that every penny’s additional value arising from mercerization is amply provided for in the specific assessments, which increase progressively as the value of the cloth rises.

ONE CENT DUTY ON A SINGLE THREAD

“And yet I do not complain about that. What I complain about is that by subterfuge and indirection, against the judgment of the House of Representatives, and against the judgment of the Senate, the conference committee extended the privileges of that one cent, not alone to mercerized cloth, but to all cotton cloths containing even so much as a *single mercerized thread*. I showed in the Senate by sample, taken from the stock of an American merchant, who, three days before, had bought the goods in great quantities from the finishing establishments, that the additional cost on account of that mercerized thread was less than one eighth of a cent a yard, because the man who had made the cloth had sold it, and there was the bill and the invoice showing that the goods were sold at a given price per yard with an additional *one eighth of a cent* on account of this mercerized thread. Yet upon that process, costing less than one eighth of a cent a yard altogether, including the manufacturer’s profit, this bill levies* *one cent a yard* if the cloth contain so much as a single mercerized thread.”

* Senator Dolliver offered an amendment to remove the iniquitous provision in regard to mercerization in the cotton schedule, which was defeated, yeas—32, nays—38. Senators Beveridge, Bristow, Brown, Burkett, Clapp, Cummins, Dolliver, Gamble, LaFollette, and Nelson—Republicans—voted for the amendment—voted *against* Aldrich. Senator McEnery, Democrat, voted against the amendment—voted *with* Aldrich—as did thirty-seven standpat Republicans. Senator Borah did not vote. In this connection the following quotation from Senate Document No. 153, 61st Congress, First Session, page 27, is illuminative: “Mr. Lodge offered the following amendment, increasing the duty on *cheap* cotton gloves.” The result was announced—yeas 41, nays 24.” (The italics are the writer’s.)

"Senator Dolliver, what is the source of Aldrich's power? Is it that he is such an able and scientifically posted man?"

"Mr. Aldrich is neither the ablest nor the best informed man among his associates," replied Mr. Dolliver. "His information is apparently such as is handed to him by a crowd of alleged experts. You ask about the source of his power. By virtue of his chairmanship of the Committee on Finance, he is in charge of what he calls 'the citadel of protection.' It is a fortress of cards. The majority obtained by Mr. Aldrich in the Senate does not come from an appeal publicly and squarely made to the judgment and conscience of the Senate, but from a species of reciprocity of benefits, all centering in the so-called 'citadel of protection.' The Senator from Rhode Island, in command of that citadel, said to other senators:

"I have the honor to represent certain members of the Senate who know exactly

what they want, and who are determined to get all that they want—else there will be no tariff bill. Come in with us, and let us dwell in peace and harmony. We will gladly give you whatever you ask, if you only keep your mouths shut and leave us alone in what our special interests already enjoy—at the same time giving us, in addition, what we think we ought to take.' That—and that alone—is the source of Senator Aldrich's power.

"And the delicious irony of the situation is this: Those senators who said, 'If you don't give us what we demand to satisfy the special interests we represent, there will be no tariff bill,' and who, making that demand, *got all they asked*,—why, they are *regular* Republicans. On the other hand, we who asked only a square deal for the benefit of the people at large, and *were denied our appeal*, are called Insurgents.

"Party integrity is more important than party solidarity."

The testimony of **LaFollette, Clapp, and Beveridge**, Senate Insurgents, and of **Murdock**, leader of the House Insurgents, will be reported in the January number.

FATIGUE

By EDITH WYATT

Author of "Every One His Own Way," "True Love," etc.

THE Canovina buried their baby in Calvary. They and their neighbors drove there in six carriages, holding immortelle wreaths; and their two other lovely little children stood at their knees, and submitted passively to their mother's and their father's passionate kisses and caresses, and stared out wonderingly at the enormous, unknown Illinois city, through their long, strange ride.

For nearly four years the Canovina had lived in an alley in Chicago, near Polk Street, in two rooms of a little, smutty, frame cottage, the third back from the street front.

The whole neighborhood was a network of unpainted frame cottages connected by passageways, covered bridges, and slippery little staircases with worn treads, cottages rented to a floating population of Italian railroad workers, fur-sewers, garment-finishers, and fruit-venders.

The Canovina's two rooms were very crowded and stuffy; and their light blue walls seemed to be incarnate with the odors of damp kalsomine and garlic. Colored photographs of the Bay of Naples and of Francesca and Angelo at the time of their wedding, and some holy pictures hung upon these cracked blue walls. In the bedroom there was barely space for a high, blobby, unhealthy-looking feather bed with a coarse lace counterpane, for the washing hung up to dry, and for a shrine with paper roses tacked about a picture of the Virgin.

In the kitchen it was difficult to avoid the corners of a broken but graceful dresser covered with red and green peppers, with heaps of the children's clothes and strings of bronze onions, and saucers full of dusty collar-buttons, filigree brooches, and small, dirty, bright-colored society badges of Angelo's. And these stuffy rooms, and all the

things Francesca Canovina had in them were poor and cheap and doubtless filthy; and yet endowed with some arresting dignity of picturesqueness almost invariably lacking in esteemed Anglo-Saxon appurtenances—objects, let us say, such as bottles of listerine and Knox sailor hats.

Francesca Canovina herself, in a forty-nine-cent pink wool waist and lapis lazuli beads, looked very beautiful indeed in her unhealthy, crowded rooms, with her square olive face, meek, brilliant eyes, and soft dark hair; and she carried her chin and shoulders like a princess, from the habit of taking the family wash on the crown of her head through the streets of Naples to the city wash-house.

Her husband, Angelo Canovina, twenty years older than she, was a small, thin, haughty man of about forty, very wiry and strong, with fierce gray eyes, an aquiline nose, and enormous neck-cords standing out like those of the figure on the Medici tomb. He was of an unaccountable and lordly character, honest, ill-tempered, parsimonious, and deeply adored. Francesca far preferred finishing overalls at home for six cents a dozen pairs to asking him for money to buy medicine when the baby had first been sick.

For Angelo worked on the Saint Paul railroad only in the summertime; and every single winter they were afraid they could not keep money enough to last till spring. Most of the winter months Canovina spent in walking the streets with other members of the Saint Paul gang, or in playing cards and smoking with them in a dark basement room almost under the sidewalk, rented to the gang through the offices of their *padrone* and George Geanokopulos, a Greek restaurant-keeper of the neighborhood.

It was summertime; and there was work on the Saint Paul when the Canovina buried their baby in Calvary. But there were all the carriages and the priest to be paid for. And, from that day, Francesca sewed harder than she ever had before on overalls for the contractor's shop. She sat in the kitchen with her work fastened to her knee and stitched intently with one hand, while with the other she held up the baby who came next to the baby who had died, or stirred the soup on the hot stove.

Who can say what breath of fate brings happiness? In the first summers that the Canovina were in America, Francesca used to sit in a cindery wooden rocker in the alley,

and nurse her *bambini*, and gossip with her neighbor, Mariana Bruno. Through the open doorway of a barn across the alley a strong draught of soft-coal smoke and garlic blew upon her. All about her were heaps of manure and of ashes, where jerky pigeons strutted; all about her the harsh voices of her neighbors clattered shrill and raucous. Every sound and sight and touch and odor near her was unlovely. But in those summers, as she sat there holding the children, she was happy.

Now, she was more and more nervous and worn as the winter came on; and she scolded and screamed at the children and slapped them for leaning against the piles of overalls. For what with the funeral expenses, the summer's money was going so fast that she and Angelo were more than ever frightened; and Angelo was surlier than ever when he sat by the stove while Francesca worked about their crowded rooms.

In January, Francesca had another baby and nearly died. But she stopped sewing only for two weeks. For it had been the winter of the hard times, and she and Angelo were at their wits' end for money. There was no rest for her now by night or day. The rooms were filled with the piles of unfinished overalls, with dirty dishes, and with damp washing hung up to dry, and the wailing of the baby who had not been well since he was born.

It seemed as though she had no time to cook; and once, when Canovina, coming home on a stormy day to a dinner of cold dill pickles and bread spread with lard, raged and sneered at her, for the first time in her life she snapped back at him. He struck her. She screamed and threatened him; and they fought together till the shrieks of the children brought in the neighbors to separate them.

Not to be staunch through squalid circumstance as well as in fair weather may be as mean as you like—meaner, doubtless, than any circumstances could ever be—and yet no one with a sense of justice could help understanding Canovina's disaffection with his household, his disgust with existence, his absence and silence.

At the least provocation Francesca would strike the children, scold at Mariana Bruno, snap at Canovina; for sleeplessness and constant effort drained, searched, rasped her veins. Every flight of stairs she climbed, and every heavy weight she lifted overpowered her with an angry oppression, and, except for deep moments of an unformulated consolation in

the natural devotion of her days, sacred moments of her household's night, or when she awoke earliest in the morning, with her children and her husband sleeping near her—except for such moments, there was no happiness, no peace, for her; nothing but absorbing, anxious toil and weariness, and, sometimes, inevitable storms of violence and fury.

So the aging winter ended; and the summer came. One burning July day as she walked home along the little, dark-roofed street, keeping her pile of work from the contractor's shop steady on her head, she noticed in the window of a house of bad name in the neighborhood, a pretty, round-faced, smiling girl with a yellow shirt-waist and a coral pin. She was Fiammetta Lapparella, said to be the mistress of George Geanakopulos, whose restaurant Francesca was passing.

Then, suddenly, her heart stood still as she moved slowly forward; and then it seemed to open with a blinding pang. In the house, beside Fiammetta Lapparella, stood Angelo. He was laughing with her.

A black, suffocating flood of anguish and despair whelmed over Francesca, and burst through the last frail bulwark of her taut-strung nerves. She sprang forward hoarse and white and screaming "*Traditore, Traditore,*" shaken with dry, angry sobs, in pain beyond all tears. Her pile of work fell down upon the pavement, and the men at George Geanakopulos' laughed and hooted at her as it fell.

She ran across the street. She ran up the steps of the house. At the door Canovina met her with his fierce face gleaming hard in rage. He had a knife. And with that knife he meant

simply to terrify Francesca, to threaten her, to prevent her from entering the house, from reaching Fiammetta Lapparella. But Francesca snatched it wildly from him with both hands. She drove it frantically into his chest and he sank underneath the stab, with a sharp, straining, sobbing gasp.

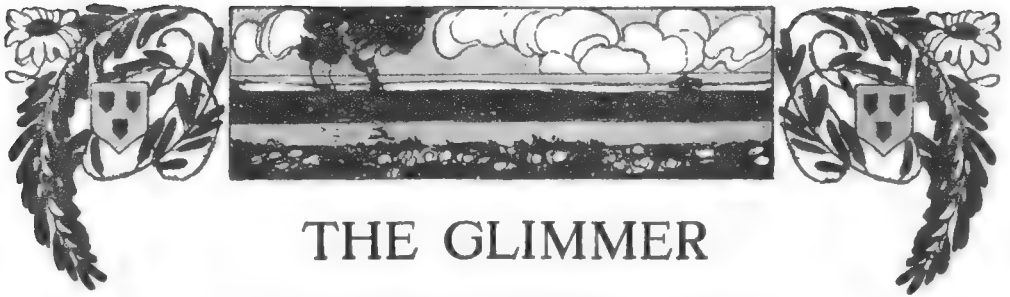
The neighbors came up screaming and gesticulating and pushed her away. The doctor came. The police came. She only stared dully at them, weeping and asking for the children; and the children were brought and stood scared and pale around her, clinging helplessly to her skirts, until Mariana Bruno told the police she would keep them for the night, and led them away.

But the baby Francesca took with her in the covered patrol-wagon, with the police sitting on each side, and Canovina's body lying on a stretcher in the aisle. And as they clattered over the streets, while she tried to hush the baby, she would stroke Canovina's hand and look, in agony, wildly and timidly, into his silent face.

The Canovina children were sent to the County Buildings, as a public charge. Their mother was condemned to twenty years' imprisonment for manslaughter.

In a brief item of the news of the enormous, strange Illinois city, ten thousand more worthless creatures—people whose lives had contained perhaps not a third as much real effort, real fortitude, real virtue as Francesca Canovina's—read with a complacent sense of the wickedness of foreigners, the short and simple annals of her fate.





THE GLIMMER

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

Illustrations by Emlen McConnell

THOSE who have been to Haddock Harbor with the summer colony remember, of course, Miss Evelyn Du Fresne's cottage on the banks of the Tide River. It has so pleasant an outlook across the eddying waters toward the soft greens and browns of the salt marshes, and toward the grays and yellows of the wind-swept, rock-ridden coast land beyond. To be sure, it is only in a sea breeze that one can hear the sound of the surf on the beach, below there, but old gnarled apple trees and coarse ferns, and a spring which feeds a native orchid bed in the little, sweet-odored swamp, are all near at hand. The cottage, too, is made with heavy, concrete walls and red tile floors, and the interior is lined with plaster as clean and white as fine linen, against which old mahogany furniture looks very well; in the hottest midday it is cool within.

As every one knows, this dwelling reflects the appearance and personality of its owner. She herself has the same coolness and quietness, and many forget, in admiration for the gentle atmosphere which she carries about her, that she is one of the foremost sculptors of her time, who, still enlivened with youth, yet seems to have mastered the constancy of old age.

For a woman ranked as first of women in her art, she is free from the expected show of artistic temperament, unless it is urged that she at times does her work feverishly, as if for the moment driven by some unnatural, spiritual force. She has always remained sympathetic, but unmarried. Still beautiful, her mouth is a trifle hardened; each month a few more gray strands appear in her dark hair, but each month her figure is as tall and

graceful, as perfect as ever. The strongest sign of insincerity to be found in her character is in the fact that she arranges all objects and designs about her with a cruel passion for pureness and severity of art.

Those who have been irritated, upon first meeting her, by Miss DuFresne's direct, confident manner, have only to remember that she has carved out her own life with her own endeavor, just as in her studio she molds, for four or five thousand dollars, the head of some self-satisfied man or woman who may pay the price.

The day that Dixon Brent, famed for his great wealth, came to see her, she had been sitting in a nook of the cottage entrance for several hours in the afternoon. The summer studio, built out from the cottage itself, was filled with a disorder of buckets, cloths, sheets of profile sketches, molding sticks, photographs; and on a center table, all by itself, propped up so that the light would fall upon it, was an old daguerreotype mounted in a black rubber case upon red plush. The lazy, silent, summer afternoon and a failure to twist a real personality into the large clay model had combined to drive her out of doors. With a sipping of iced tea she dreamed the hours away, unhappy because, after all, the very thing which her brain would have upon the modeled face would not define itself for her hand to place there.

The chorus of locusts, amidst the stretch of high wheat tops and belated daisy blossoms, finally lapsed into the squeak of the turnstile at the end of the lane. She looked up to see the man standing there. He was waiting for a little boy, clad in purple-

shadowed white, whose pink, bare leg was swung over the turnstile in an attempt to ride upon it as on a merry-go-round. The youngster, with laughter, finally climbed down, reached up for his father's stout hand, and so, together, the two came up the path.

Dixon Brent's voice was trained to a deep, confident ring, without tenderness. He simply announced himself to Miss DuFresne, who held out her hand to him, expressing no surprise at the sound of his name.

"I have come a long way," he said, "to my old home. The last time was fifteen years ago, but I had heard that my father's portrait was being sculptured for the Seminary. It made an added interest. And I have brought my son."

The woman looked across at him as he moved back into the wicker chair, and, reaching out, put her forearm over the slight shoulders of the boy who stood beside her. He looked up and smiled silently as he perched himself on the chair arm.

"On the whole," said the great business man awkwardly, "there is something ridiculous about this return to the old place. I was just looking at that inlet across the river yonder. Do they ever go after crabs there now?"

Miss DuFresne shook her head.

"I used to," said he almost sheepishly, and hurried to add: "We got here last night, and I stayed in the village rather than go down to the beach. When I grew up here, the beach was only the edge of the land where the people went with ox teams for loads of sea moss. The village, however, is much the same as it used to be, and in the evening it is delightful. I took a long walk last night. I believe the people here, with their lights in the houses early in the evening—the fresh air—the lack of complication—I believe they are happier."

"Oh, yes," said Miss DuFresne, pressing her lips together, "they are."

"I came to see the—my father's portrait," said he. "When I heard that the boys and girls at the Seminary, after all this time—twenty years after his death—had voluntarily contributed the money for it—I cannot tell you. I was touched, you understand." He leaned forward over the straw hat that rested on his knees.

"I should say that Dr. Brent's personality was wonderfully permanent," answered the artist, nodding her head.

"I offered, of course, to pay any expense

necessary to have the best work possible," he said.

Miss DuFresne smiled again. "Well," said she, "perhaps I should explain that I went to the Seminary. I was one of those who remembered him, a little hazily, to be sure. But the study of his life—the ideal that it represents—interested me afresh. It is an informal secret between myself and the board of trustees that I am to have the privilege of making the portrait without charge."

"Oh," said Brent, "I did not know. Then that explains their answer to my letter." He rubbed his knees.

"Before we go into the studio will you have tea?" asked Miss DuFresne easily, and nodded to the white-haired maid who had appeared in the doorway.

"Yes," she said, apparently addressing the little boy, who had climbed up on the stone seat. "I was much interested in this portrait bust, Mr. Brent. The older I grow, the more admiration I have for quiet service and the persistent, growing love of service. The people with infinite steadiness of purpose and patience are rare enough. And the really lovely human character, and the really strong man, is that one who patiently loves others, not hysterically, but with his life work."

"My father always had a good, hearty laugh. He was a fighter, too, in spirit," Brent added hastily, as if afraid that the artist had forgotten the value of virile qualities.

She smiled back at his anxiety, a little piqued, perhaps, that he should suppose that in her entirely free and experienced life she had not learned the difference between watered milk and old wine. But a moment later she recalled that he was only a successful business man—a sort of fruit-laden vine without grace of foliage, and forgave his dullness.

"Dr. Brent had flavor," she said, adjusting her words to her listener, and he relapsed into his chair, satisfied.

"On Sundays," she pursued immediately, "I used to go to the church—the one that the lightning burned—to hear him preach. My family were all farmers—my father was an immigrant, you know—settled up the state, and in those days I had little plaid calico frocks that were so stiff with starch that I could scarcely let my legs dangle down from the old, red-covered seats in the

Seminary pew. All of us were very orthodox, but my father had a habit of putting his arm around my mother and saying, 'There's no poison in Dr. Brent, Amelie.' Oh, his reputation went all over the state—slowly, quietly. But it was not as a preacher or candidate for governor or master of the State Seminary that he was remembered."

"Just as a man," interrupted Dixon Brent with gruff earnestness, setting down his tea cup.

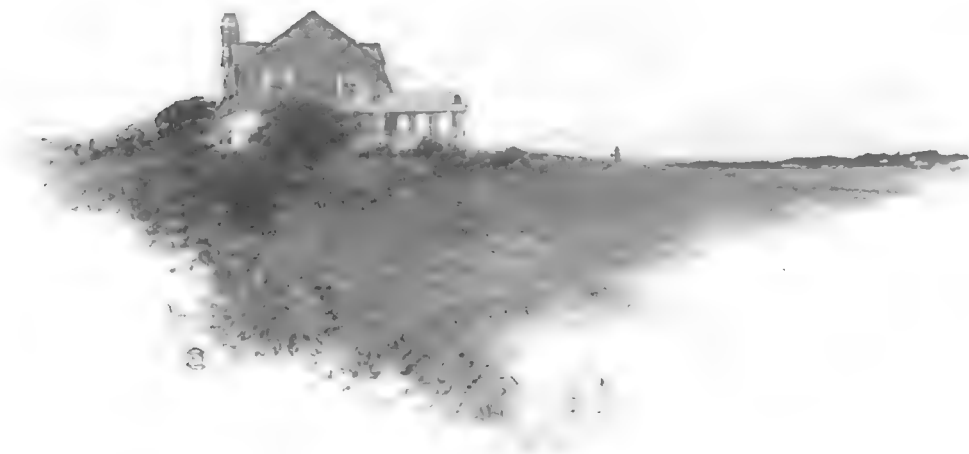
Miss DuFresne nodded. "But I do not remember you," she went on. "You must have gone off to college before my coming.

The man looked about him again at the cottage walls and the vines. His eyes glistened with pleasure. He pointed eastward with his finger as if he had picked out the very spot where this advice was given.

"Well, well," said he with pride. "This is all news to me—about your beginning, and so brilliant a career. Well, well!"

The little boy had galloped down the slope after an elusive butterfly which he sought to capture; his father watched him for a moment and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair toward the bald spot.

"I am very sorry I was not more in-



AN OUTLOOK TOWARD THE GRAYS AND YELLOWS OF THE WIND-SWEPT,
ROCK-RIDDEN COAST LAND BEYOND.

And no one knew that I was educated here until I told them." She looked thoughtfully at the hard lines in the face of the successful son of the old doctor. "They thought that I built this place just because I liked the view, perhaps. But really it was right out in that field there that your father first told me how fine it was to be an artist, and I was only a little girl trying to sketch the river. I remember he said that it was satisfactory to be able to augment the beauty in the world and the appreciation of beauty, but that a great artist must also be like a soldier, obedient and patient and brave and, like all great soldiers, pure in heart and kind."

fluenced by him myself," he said wistfully. "I think I must have missed the richness of association of father and son. That is my only boy, too," he went on with a gesture. "It is unfortunate that I am so old. When he is twenty I will be an old man, even if I live. I have made many mistakes—" He seemed to indicate that he had a philosophy which he would like to be able to teach his son, yet he left his sentence unfinished.

"I want to see the bust of my father," he announced simply. "I came from Chicago—all the way—that is, I would be pleased if I might."

Miss DuFresne frowned. "It is one of

the vexations of portraiture," said she, with her mind upon her failure, "that the more one wishes to do well, the more elusive success becomes."

"You are not pleased?"

She shook her head solemnly.

"Well," sighed Brent, knowing nothing further to say. He wiped his forehead with his large handkerchief and called to his little son, who ran up toward them, catching the daisy heads between his fingers.

She led the two through the dark hall to the studio, and at the door they stood a moment, half awed by the greater light and the disorder of the room, while Miss DuFresne walked slowly toward the draped bust and drew from it the covering.

"Oh!" said the boy in a shrill key.

For the mass of molded clay became on the instant the dominating object in the room. Larger than life, the features contained an extraordinary strength. In the face of the model, in the poise of the head, in the expanse of forehead there seemed to be a suggestion of endless patience and harnessed power. Any one would have said, indeed all have said, that this was a marvelous portrait.

It startled Brent a little. He dropped his arms. For many minutes he confronted the clay face that gazed into his, without making a motion, without uttering a word. As with all men who are a trifle fat, his emotion made its presence known only by his heavy breathing.

Miss DuFresne spoke first. "And yet," she said impatiently, "I have missed some great, essential note."

"I do not know," he answered without looking toward her, "I do not know—yet."

He passed his hand across his forehead. "Do I look like him?" he asked softly. "Just a little?" He seemed to be begging for an affirmative; he searched her expression for encouragement. The little boy seemed to comprehend the pathetic desire of the older man, for he reached up again and caught the latter's hand. "I am a great believer in strength of heredity. I should look like him a little, I should think."

Miss DuFresne smiled sympathetically. She felt an unusual embarrassment. The successful man of industry beside her showed on his hardened features much of loveless strife and old, fierce desire. A touch of refinement played beneath, but, after all, the immediate pursuit of selfishness had left his

expression trained to the commonplace mold. The difference between the living head and the head of clay—between the father and the son—was the astounding dramatic fact, at the moment, obvious. Miss DuFresne could only smile painfully.

Brent did not say more. He plucked with his stout fingers at the collar of his little son's coat. Miss DuFresne saw, as he glanced at the floor, that the corners of his hard mouth had drooped into an expression of bitterness and disappointment.

"We have led different kinds of lives," he said finally and with reluctance. "Perhaps it is a little late to comment upon it," he went on. "I realize."

The artist picked a little lump of clay from the table, squeezed it, and threw it back into a pan.

"I wish I looked a little like him—my father," he said again. Then he added hastily, "It is a wonderful portrait."

She looked up at him, and then raised both hands with her active fingers toward the model. "But there is something not there," she said impatiently. "Can't you see? I've worked for days. I can't grasp it. I know what it is, and yet——"

"What is it?" asked Brent awkwardly. "Can't I help? What is it? I begin to see——"

"Oh, I hardly know," she exclaimed impatiently, with a show of her purely feminine nature, "I can't say. Perhaps it's love of men."

"Love of men?" asked Brent.

"Yes, something rare—a life of it. That's what I want. I want this portrait to *say* it—strong, red-blooded love of men, like Lincoln's, Mr. Brent—like your father's."

The other nodded; he shifted his feet, and a moment later he moved back to sit down in the big oak settle in the studio's corner. The lad's little hand was still in his; he drew the slight form into the curve of his arm and, leaning forward, silently, he gazed with wide eyes across the room.

Suddenly he caught his own flesh and blood into his arms fiercely, as if it would escape him. He ran his awkward fingers through the little boy's moist, disordered hair. "Men, Bobby," he whispered so low that it was barely audible to Miss DuFresne. "Serve them, my son. Don't forget! Love of men!"

The woman caught the little, peaceful smile that was left upon his mouth. The



"A GREAT ARTIST MUST BE LIKE A GREAT SOLDIER, OBEDIENT, AND PATIENT AND BRAVE



"OH, LOOK, FATHER!—LOOK NOW!"

light of the late summer afternoon that came from the western window made it clear to her, and with a little gasp of surprise she stepped to the bust and, with all the deftness of hand acquired by infinite toil and love of

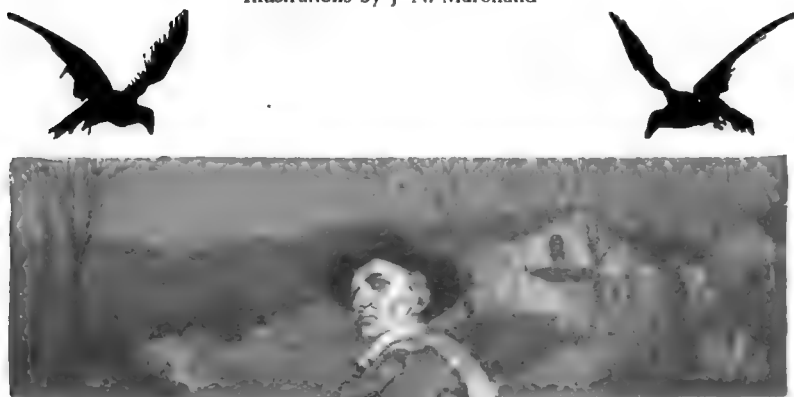
her labor, she put upon the plaster face the last stroke of her work that ever went into this well-known portrait.

"Oh, look, 'father!' cried the little son. "Look at that man now!"

THE EYES OF THE TWO JEREMIAHS

By ERNEST POOLE

Illustrations by J. N. Marchand



UP in the New Hampshire mountains, on the first sparkling, still October nights, Jack Frost uses his nippers with a fresh, triumphant vim. And as Jeremiah Senior climbed the crooked path up one of his steep little bowldery fields, he moved with the springy gait of a man whose ears are in peril. He entered the snug, low farmhouse, tingling, slammed the door, dumped his packages on the table, went briskly across to the kitchen stove; and there, as the warmth stole up his spine, over his broad, rugged face crept a look of deep satisfaction. He grunted softly, rubbing his hands slowly over the leg of his trousers.

He was a short, middle-aged man, with heavy, square shoulders, his head bent slightly forward by habit, his brown face wrinkled at forty-five. But whether from his nose, which was huge, or the droop to the corners of his lips, or the humorous lines on either side of his shrewd gray eyes,

Jeremiah looked undeniably youthful—most of all when he glanced at his son.

For Jeremiah Junior looked old, old as the hills outside. His lank frame was sprawled at full length on a chair by the lamp. Their supper, which he had been cooking, had seemingly slipped from his thoughts. A New York evening paper (one of the day before) lay on the table before him; and, as he pored over its thrilling descriptions of murders and weddings, horse races, divorces, and new millionaires, his sallow features tightened in a hungry, thoughtful scowl.

To and fro in the little low kitchen, invisible like so many spirits, drifted savory odors of coffee, of bacon and eggs. And as he busied himself at the stove, the great nose of Jeremiah the elder seemed to expand with good humor. From time to time he shot a quizzical glance at the Dreamer;

and, far from being discouraged by the continued silence, his cheerfulness seemed to gather and rise, till, finally, after a series of pokes down into a sizzling mass of potatoes, he turned his head and chuckled.

"Say—Jerry," he drawled, "I dropped in at Dave's this evenin'."

"Dropped in?" In the voice of the Dreamer lurked a fine sarcasm. "I thought you was *runnin'* Dave's store."

"Um," said Jeremiah complacently. "As I was sayin', I hed dropped in, an' the night mail hed arrived, an' I was sortin' it fer him, when Ezra Martin came in with a little pint jug; said he wanted it filled with molasses. Wall, Dave took the jug back into the store-room. But while he was fillin' it, he must hev got took sudden—by one of them hallucinations of his'n. Because when he come back—with the thing filled—he charged old Ezra *fer a quart*." Jeremiah chuckled again. "Ezra, he looked down at it fer quite a while—till he'd got all over the shock. An' then he said—in that slow, tuckered-out voice of his'n:

"'Tain't so much that I mind payin' fer it. . . . But think of the strain on that durned little jug.'"

There was a pause.

"Kind of good fer Ezra, wa'n't it?"

"Kind of," murmured the Dreamer.

His father looked at him in utter disgust, shrugged his shoulders, went on with his cooking. When supper was ready he looked again, and saw the frown on young Jerry's face slowly darken. He knew what was coming, and scowled.

He went to the window and stood looking down into the valley. Above and around loomed the mountains, making great sweeping curves and peaks against the starlit sky. A frosty half moon hung over the opposite ridge. And far below was a straggling line of yellow lights, clustering thick in the center round "Dave's," the general store. The wits of the village said Jerry knew more about goods and prices than did Dave himself. He knew, besides, about every farm, could give you its value offhand. And in politics he was a prophet. Twice he had gone as a delegate to the Republican State Convention. But in spite of these avocations, through the long summers he worked from daylight to dark on his farm; he took two agricultural journals, studied them closely, and it was he more than any one else who had introduced the up-to-

date methods and implements that had done so much for the valley.

Now as he looked down into it all, he drew a quick, angry breath and turned slowly back to the table. "Wall," he said grimly, "let's see what eatin' kin do."

The meal began in silence. Jerry the elder ate with a relish, only now and then eyeing his son. Some minutes passed. Then Jerry Junior laid down his knife.

"Dad," he began explosively, "there ain't any use talkin'! I've got to go, an' that's all there is to it!"

"Go where?"

"You know where."

Old Jerry glared up: "You mean New York? Hevn't I told you a million times that it ain't no place fer a boy like you? . . . You're slow! . . . An' New York ain't!"

"Am I?" The thick lip of Jerry Junior tried hard to curl. "How d' you know what I am, till I get half a chance? I want half a chance, that's what I want! What d' *you* know of New York? Ever been thar?"

"No," growled his dad, "nor I don't want to."

"Why?"

"Because, Mister Smart Elick, when a man's as pleased with a place as I be with this, he'd be a durned fool to change!"

"Hu!" cried Jerry Junior. "But how about me? Am I pleased—when every blamed feller in town is lightin' out fer the cities?"

"That's so," said his father grimly. "That's jest what they be, all rushin' into the cities, makin' it harder each year fer any feller like you to do anythin' thar except bust. All lightin' out *from the farms*. *Leavin' the chances all to you, if you hev half an eye to see 'em*."

"A farm's an all-fired big thing," remarked the Dreamer in sardonic tones.

"Big enough to feed eighty millions."

"An' then thar's Dave's. *That* ain't a place to forgit."

"You bet it ain't," said old Jerry. "That's a thing the Wall Street crowd is jest beginnin' to notice."

"An' fer fun," young Jerry continued, glancing down at his paper, into the dazzling eyes of a bold, bad *divorcée*, "we kin go to a 'sugarin' off'—an' eat maple sugar an' mebbe laugh once or twice—at the pleasin' idea that sooner or later we've gotter git

hitched fer life to one of them bumpkin gals."

Old Jerry rose slowly. "Jest the same as I was to yer mother," he said. His voice was low. He bit his lips hard.

"Wall, son," he said slowly. "Mebbe you air right. Go down to New York an' have a try. *An' after that, you an' me kin talk bizness.*"

The evening passed in gloomy silence, young Jerry's eyes uneasily fixed on his paper, the eyes of his father searching sternly the latest news in his journal. Now and then he crinkled the paper and smote it wrathfully back.

But the next day, when his son, with a dawning sense of the mighty chances at last within reach, began clumsily to pack up his clothes and belongings, humming the same tune over and over, old Jerry watched him from time to time. He began making gruff suggestions, and soon the two men were moving about in bewildered fashion, picking up garments and throwing them down. Jeremiah thought hungrily of his wife. She had been a wonderful packer. His face suddenly softened, as he remembered what she had said in the last few days of her life. Young Jerry had been her idol.

"Say," said his father suddenly, "what ye packin' *them* things fer?" Young Jerry was piling in *summer clothes*.

"Why not?" he asked over his shoulder.

Old Jerry's face wrinkled. He said nothing.

When he had seen his son off the next morning, he drove slowly back to the farm. All day he was busy, for work had piled up from the day before. But when evening came, when the supper was cooked and eaten, and the night chores were done, he picked up the newspaper from New York, and sat reading it late into the night.

It was the same the next evening.

"The feller hain't attracted much notice as yet," he commented grimly. Then again he thought of his wife. "Pshaw!" he cried. "I'll give him jest two weeks more before he puts fer hum!"

After a pause he picked up the paper again, and plunged into its teeming life. A sensational murder trial, the latest raid on a pool room, Wall Street items in heavy type—all were luridly set forth. His scowl deepened.

"Jest about two weeks," he muttered.

Ten days dragged slowly by. Still no word from "the feller."

One week later, in a cheap boarding-house

down on the lower west side of Manhattan, the lank form of Jerry the younger might have been seen, filling half his bedroom. In the meager warmth of an odorous little oil stove, he sat with his bony arms on the table, his face puckered up.

"This town," he wrote, "is so blamed full of chances that a man wants to go slow." He stopped and chewed his pencil. "So as to get started right," he added. He glared at the wall paper, fixed his eyes on one of the many beaming pink pigs there depicted. "How kin a man *be expected* to think," he muttered, "with a thing like that starin' at him? Durn the thing!"

He *had* gone slow. He had wandered about for miles and miles, getting blurred impressions of trolleys and crowds, long lines of department store windows, skyscrapers, Wall Street, the Stock Exchange. Chances, indeed, by the million! But in two weeks his funds had run low. In deepening uneasiness he had applied for a job wherever a sign caught his eye. And as, one by one, the quick shrewd glances and prompt refusals had come like so many cold water dashes, in sheer desperation he had at last eagerly seized a chance to work for a corner green grocer at six dollars a week. And the vision of chances had suddenly narrowed to one monotonous job, his mind held forever by such petty subjects as cabbages, apples, potatoes, and lard. The women who came in to buy were slow, tiresome, haggling over a nickel. Outside, in every clang of a trolley, in every rumbling wagon, in every newsboy's piercing cry, he could feel the chances passing. As he thought of it now, his face puckered again.

"I have a fine job as a starter," he wrote, "in the grocery business." He held his pencil poised, but nothing more came. Again his eyes turned to the beaming pig, and it made him think of the pork at supper. Tough, tough as an old greased boot. And the faces round the table! As he thought of them, over his own freckled features played a light, ironic smile. For he knew the world. In those first days of happy anticipations, he had stalked with dignity up and down Broadway. What dresses, what hats, what jewels, what eyes! About every block he had heard a voice that made him want to get "hitched fer life." In the late afternoon, as the lights flashed out, he had had glimpses into hotels, cafés, cabs, automobiles; and romance had burned deep into his soul! . . . All gone now. Only pork and a pie—what a pie!

And two long rows of faces. What faces, too! . . . He yawned.

"I am getting settled fine," he wrote. "I am seeing life! You will have to make up your mind it is New York for me for the rest of my life!—Your loving son—Jerry."

He folded the letter into an envelope, scrawled the name and address, then settled back wearily into his chair, and scowled again at the pig, and yawned—and yawned.

At the same hour, in a room just five blocks away, a room furnished almost precisely the same, except that in place of the pigs were flaunting clusters of lilacs, Jeremiah the elder dipped pen in ink and began to write, with a wicked grin:

"Dear Son: Here I be—still up at the farm. Nothing particular has happened. The mountains ain't moved any. Quiet old fellers, they don't talk much, least of all the lop-sided one. But somehow——"

He stopped, turned his head, then ran to the window, threw it up, and leaned out. Down the street, rumbling, hissing, and belching black smoke, the siren shrieking its warning, the white horses on a full gallop, a fire engine came rushing, swaying, lurching, the helmeted men hanging on for dear life, the horses snorting and plunging as they went by. Jerry watched them excitedly till they rounded a corner some ten blocks away. "Too fur," he muttered regretfully. He resumed his seat.

"But somehow," he wrote, "to a man who hates noise, these old mountain fellers are kind of satisfying in the way of chums. Sarah and her two pups is busy snoring on the floor. The old clock ticks slower and louder each minute. And I'm getting so sleepy I can't hardly hold up my head." This passage he read over triumphantly.

"I was down at Dave's before supper," he continued. "The old place looks about as usual." A fond smile crept over his face. "It might seem small shucks to you theatre dudes—our yarns kind of dull—our village gossip not over-exciting." Again he paused. The fond smile died in a puzzled frown.

"What else *did* we talk about—up at Dave's?" he pondered. All at once he noticed the newspaper on the table beside him. It was crumpled and torn; on the margins were various jottings and figures in pencil. His face cleared.

"When we figger out politics up at Dave's," he wrote, "you fellers might chuckle and think how small they be—and what big political games a man can watch down in the city."

He turned slowly, staring across at the paper, and his mind was caught by a sudden idea. He reached over, seized it, scratched down a few additional figures on the margin. Then he resumed his writing:

"But up here we country Rubes have a feeling that after all is said and done, it is us that is running the country—with oursleepy talks at Dave's. It is us that feeds the country. You city fellers are only the teeth—and false teeth at that—not the kind America had when young. You can write all you want about city life—but if it's the same to you I'll stay on the farm. And it won't be long—mark my words—before you will be back yerself."

Into Jeremiah's eyes crept a startled look. "You bet I'll stay on the farm," he muttered.

"As no one else up here in the village is writing you," he concluded, "and I s'pose you're homesick now and again, you can count on your dad to write you right along. Well, son, good night. I can't keep awake any longer. I'm going to shut up the house."

"Your affectionate Father—Jeremiah."

He began a fresh sheet:

"DEAR DAVE: Kindly mail enclosed letter to Jerry as planned. Keep your old mouth shut tight about me. Some one of the neighbors might write him. I have one eye on the boy all the time—though of course he don't know it. Had a talk with his boarding-house lady this afternoon. He has a job and hates it. What did I tell you? He'll be through soon. As for me, I've had enough. I'm just hanging round to watch the finish of the campaign. Politicians down here is queer critters. I met two Tammany fellers last night after a street corner meeting—and they told some yarns. I'll save 'em for you. Keep your eye on that hired man of mine and see he don't eat up the barn."

"Faithfully,

"JERRY."

He leaned back with a deep sigh of relief.

"Um—um." He looked at his watch. "Might hev a look or two round before bed," he muttered. A few moments later his double letter was mailed at the corner, and he strolled down toward Jerry Junior's. As he approached, he crossed the street and drew cautiously into the shadow.

"That's his room," he thought. "Light out. In bed already, eh! He must be havin' a reg'lar lark—from the letters he writes." His mirthful expression suddenly softened. "Never mind, son, you'll be back on the farm before you know it. Back with me," he added. Again that startled expression appeared. "Jest a look or two round," he



'TAIN'T SO MUCH THAT I MIND PAYIN' FUR IT. . . . BUT THINK OF THE STRAIN ON THAT
DURNED LITTLE JUG.

muttered, and went briskly on down the street.

It was one of those nights in the last week of the campaign, when both political parties

are shouting their last at the public. Before he had covered two blocks, he came on a crowd at a corner, jostling close round a wagon, in the flaring light of a torch. And

for the next two hours, as he wandered about and listened and watched, the gray eyes of Jeremiah fairly glittered with delight.

Through the boarding-house district, down into the Italian tenement region, where swarthy faces by the tens of thousands could be numbered, women with earrings and gay flowered kerchiefs, *bambinos* rolling from under his feet, guitars thrumming, deep resonant voices singing, and a chattering roar of voices—all in the foreign tongue. He crossed the Bowery, wondering what street it was, went up a side street as narrow and dark as a mountain gorge, and entered the greatest of all the world's ghettos.

The speech was a guttural Yiddish now. Long rows of push carts lined the curbs, each with its torch throwing dancing lights and shadows. Here were coats and pants and apples and grapes, corsets, hats, lamps, candy, and brooms, pots and pans, gilt-framed chromos, books, pencils, pickles, and second-hand shoes. There seemed to be miles of things to buy, and millions of people to buy them. Again he listened to street-wagon speeches, understanding not a word. An excited socialist orator held him spell-bound, from time to time nodding vigorous approval.

"Say," he demanded abruptly, "be you a policeman?"

"I be," said that smiling official.

"Then show me a place where I kin cool off! My mind has quit! I want to git cool—an' think—jest to see if I kin!"

The officer laughed. "Follow this street down," he said, "an' yez can jump into the river."

"Thank ee!"

Ten minutes later, out on the end of an East River dock, he sat on a coil of rope, looking up into the sky. Up there a mighty black arch swept across the heavens. Tiny twinkling trolleys were endlessly crawling across; far below in the river, bright lighted ferries were plying; tugs puffed by, dragging barges; all around him rose giant silhouettes of masts and spars and funnels. And as the rough smell of the ocean stole into his nostrils, thrilling sea stories rose up in his mind. He sat motionless for nearly an hour.

"Thunder," he muttered. "What's the use tryin'? I'm goin' to bed!" And he started back into the city. "Nice job I'll hev," he thought, "findin' the way."

But again he stopped and listened. At first he could not believe his ears. "Great

guns!" he whispered uneasily. "Be I goin' *clean* out of my mind?"

From the immense dark building which covered half the block before him, came a perfect bedlam of sounds, sounds so familiar that Jerry stood rooted to the spot. He drew a long, quivering breath, and walked forward with grim resolution. The noises grew louder. Cackles, squawkings, cheepings, furious crowings, chortlings, goblins, by hundreds and by thousands they beat upon his ears. He strode across the street to a doorway.

A dim, narrow passage stretched away back into the depths of the building. The walls were a mass of wooden cells, seven tiers high from ceiling to floor. And out of these prisons, feathers came fluttering, yellow legs came scratching wildly, red-tufted heads kept poking, eyes of hens and roosters glared indignantly up and down.

And now the eyes of Jeremiah had suddenly changed. No more confusion. They were bright and shrewd, making swift calculations. From passage to passage he walked, glancing from right to left. When stopped by the gruff, startled voice of a watchman, he at once explained his interest, and in five minutes they were friends. The man answered readily all Jerry's questions. The questions came in rapid succession.

"Say," asked the man at last, with a grin, "you goin' into the business?" There was a long pause.

"No," drawled Jerry, "I'm goin' to bed."

It was one o'clock when he reached his room. "Fifty thousand a day," he whispered. "Um—um." And with this enigmatical comment he fell asleep.

The next day he made careful inquiries, and on the following morning long before daylight he was up and dressed, and had found his way to Washington Market, close by. The rush hour of business had just begun. A harsh, low hum of voices rose from every side. Wagons of every size and kind, from hotels, cafés, and retail shops, were here in a hopeless tangle. For over an hour Jeremiah roamed in and out, among crates and barrels and boxes and bags of apples, oranges, grapefruit, lemons, cabbages, lettuce, potatoes and beets, spinach, celery, cranberries, beans, peas, butter, cheeses of every known kind—long lanes of eatables come from all over the land.

And, as he watched, into his eyes came that intent look of the evening before. He took

out pencil and paper, and began to jot down prices. The business abating, he fell into conversation with men in the various booths. He was there all the morning and afternoon. He returned before dawn the next day. Vividly in his mind rose a panorama, repictured scenes, that he had gathered in his tramps up and down Manhattan Island. The whole bewildering, clamoring city seemed crystallizing before his eyes. Four millions of people who had to eat three times every day! The problem gripped his mind!

He went to other markets, to two of the greatest milk stations, and again to the house of cackles and squawks. Milk, butter, and cheese; eggs, chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese; vegetables, apples—he traced them all back, up the long winding roads of trade to the farms whence they came. Each agent, each middleman on the way was carefully noted, with the profit he made. And the eyes of Jeremiah gleamed and twinkled with interest.

"I'm finding out," he wrote to Dave, "what a blamed little share us Rubes are getting. When I have found out enough I'll come back home. Some say there is an election campaign going on this week in the city. I don't know. I ain't had time to notice. The figures I have will surprise you."

All this time he had kept a vigilant eye on his son. Each day he dropped in at the house where young Jerry boarded. The landlady here, a meager, dim-eyed individual, had been surprised and delighted by a gift, a jar of apple butter. She had entered with grim vivacity into the secret, and gave detailed reports each day. She took him up to young Jerry's bedroom, down to the basement dining-room, and up again to the dingy parlor. Jeremiah eyed them all with deep satisfaction.

"Tough," he murmured, "tough as an old sow's ear!" The lady turned sharply.

"What was it you said?" she asked anxiously. "Ain't it satisfact'ry?"

"Madam," replied Jerry warmly, "it's the very place I'd hev picked out fer him myself!"

Time and again, in the late afternoon, Jeremiah peered from the darkness into the store, surveying his son's operations in "business." Now he would shake with silent mirth. But again, as he noted a look more dismal than the rest, "Shucks," he would mutter. "Durned hard sleddin', eh, son? An' you *hev* got grit, more'n I would hev expected. Um—um. I'll hev to look into this business of his."

He continued his investigations. Having traced the provisions from the big markets back to the farms, he now turned to the other side and watched the retail venders. Day after day he roamed over the city, surveying the shops. His eye, accustomed to judging a farm at a glance, soon grew as practiced here.

"Shiftless," he would comment, looking into a window. "That crittur might jest as well be in bed." And again: "Now *this* feller is smart! . . . Or his wife is!" And he would carefully take in the details, the window arrangements, the neatness and order, the up-to-date "fixin's" and signs. Often he would go inside, make some small purchase (a new bribe for young Jerry's landlady), enter into genial conversation, and pick up points on prices.

One bright November morning, not far from his place of abode, he came on a shop that filled him with keen admiration. For a full ten minutes he gazed in.

"Dutch," he remarked. "Dutch of the finest breed!" The window was pompous, snug, and neat. In pyramids, columns, and long festoons, the apples, the cabbages, oranges, lemons, the lettuce, the celery, cranberries, beans, the fresh dewy butter, the cheeses, the very pickles—great jovial wet ones—all shone forth in a way that went straight to his vitals. He jerked out his watch. Dinner was still two hours off!

He began to note down the prices. Glancing up, he saw the stout Dutchman inside eyeing him in indignant suspicion. He entered, smiling.

"Been havin' a look," he began, "at the thriftiest store in the deestriect."

"So?" said the Dutchman glumly.

"You see," explained Jerry. "I run one myself—up in New Hampshire. An', if you don't mind, I'm mighty interested to pick up some p'int about yours."

The Dutchman's face cleared. He began to answer the questions. And, pleased by the sharp attention, the rising enthusiasm of his listener, he went about the shop proudly explaining its every detail.

Jeremiah came back that afternoon, and again the next day and the next. He made many purchases, often lunching at home on apples, crackers, and cheese. The other shops were dropped out; he concentrated on this. And little by little, as acquaintance warmed into friendship, Jeremiah began to assume, in part at least, the position he had

filled for so many years up at Dave's general store.

With cautious tact he gave certain suggestions, hints he had gathered from shops all over the city. And the picture he drew of the long procession of produce from farm to market, from market to store, made the Dutchman eye him with slowly deepening fascination and liking.

"Seems a pity, don't it now?" Jerry would say. "Between you an' the farmer, a half dozen fellers all reachin' in to rake out their share."

And at this, his new friend would plunge hands deep into trousers, his face wrapped in profound meditation. Only now and then, at such moments, he would watch Jerry shrewdly out of one eye.

"You stay in de city a long time," he said abruptly, at last. "Vot scheme you got? Here am I—und dere are de farmers. Vot you want to do mit us?"

"Wall," drawled Jeremiah. "so long as you ask me, I don't mind sayin' that, if I was runnin' a store, I'd send up to a friend of mine, an' I'd git sample copies of eggs an' chickens—milk, butter an' cheese, apples, mebbe a turkey or two, an' a few sech things as maple sugar an' syrup, apple butter an' hum-made White Mountain root beer. I'd git these samples an' try 'em on. Mebbe I'd find I was wrong. Mebbe thar *ain't* ten thousand boys an' gals from the country boardin' right in this deestricht. But mebbe thar be. I know of one." He chuckled. "An' I know jest how tarnation hungry he's gettin'. Mebbe I'd find my samples cheap enough so I could shave the prices a leetle an' at the same time increase my own profits. Anyhow, I'd get 'em an' try 'em, an' see how they took."

The Dutchman was leaning forward now. "Get 'em!" he said emphatically.

After that came careful figuring, then long letters to Dave. The "sample copies" arrived in due course. And the public scented the freshness and bought. Orders came in pellmell for more.

Slowly, in the back room, the two men went over the figures. And when the snug profits beamed up beyond even the shadow of a doubt, Jeremiah heaved a long sigh, and tipped his chair back against the wall.

"That," he remarked sententiously, "is what I'd do if I was runnin' a store." He looked his companion squarely in the eyes, then looked down. Suddenly he scowled.

The Dutchman thought hard. "You got me," he cried with a twinkle. "Dose samples, I can't get 'em already alone! I need you! Vot you vant? You be mein pardner here—or you go home and be mein pardner dere?"

Jerry looked up slowly, still scowling. "That's jest the trouble," he said. "I can't make up my mind." And again he plunged into his thoughts. A sudden idea made him brighten.

"Why, look here," he said briskly, "what's the use of botherin' to decide, till we git the scheme worked out?"

The stout one stared. "Ain't it, already?" he asked. Into the eyes of Jeremiah leaped a look of glad anticipation.

"No, sir, it ain't!" he cried. "I've been watchin' this town like a cat—an' I hev just the ghost of an' inklin' into its way of sellin' things! *Gettin'* the things is easy. We'll figger out a reg'lar schedule of supplies we want, send it up to my friend Dave, an' tell him to git himself ready in case we should double our order ten times over. That's the *easy* part. You leave the rest to me! In about three days I'll bring you a man—" his eyes kindled—"a man who'll take you clean off yer feet, send you flutterin' up as on angels' wings—even you!"

To discover this forcible creature, Jeremiah spent three solid days and nights. Up and down Broadway, thronged now with the Thanksgiving holiday crowds, by day and by night he wandered, absorbed, his eyes roving hungrily round him. On the fourth day he came back triumphant, bringing his man—a thin, hard-headed youngster who beamed on the world with assurance almost uncanny. He talked. He moved quickly about the shop, he raked the White Mountain scheme fore and aft, seized upon it, took them to the sidewalk, and there, pointing to the windows, talked on with a vim that made Oscar the Dutchman puff and glare with amazement.

For a full hour Oscar held back. But at last, when Jerry offered to take half the risk, his new partner gave in. And instantly, as though charged with ideas to the bursting point, the thin youngster again poured them forth. More figuring, much hard discussion, and at last the bargain was struck.

Thanksgiving Day drew near.

One evening, as the street began to blacken with the human thousands swarming from work to their homes, over the store of Oscar the Teuton flashed out into the night an arch,

to be seen from blocks away, announcing in huge sparkling letters of light:

"The White Mountain Home Market."

Moment by moment, the crowd thickened in front of the store, until by half past five o'clock they had become an elbowing mob. From time to time, as he worked, Jerry shot glances out at the faces.

"Dutchman," he cried, "if half them faces ain't thinkin' of hum, you kin throw me in with the pickles!"

The eyes gazed hungrily in. In the window, embowered in apples and turkeys and cheeses and eggs, was a great cardboard structure some ten feet high. Over the top was marked in red letters, "Our Thanksgiving Time-table." And underneath, the name of an eatable heading each column, was a time record of the trip, from the farms of "Silas Hodge," "Old Bill Giles," and a dozen other mountaineers, by wagon down to "Dave's," by truck from "Dave's" to the station, by fast express to the city, and hence by wagons here. Portraits of the farmers, the galloping steeds, the rushing train, all were here in vivid tones. And underneath was this challenge:

"IF YE DON'T BELIEVE IT—GOLDURN YE, COME IN!"

And they came. All that evening until ten o'clock, the next evening till eleven, in they thronged. Through the immense boarding-house district the rumor spread. And in the tumultuous little shop, while the perspiring Oscar lumbered to and fro, Jeremiah sprang briskly this way and that, over boxes and crates and in between barrels; and as he handed out eatables large and small, from turkeys and chickens to tiny pots of apple butter and creamy cheese, he talked of "hum" and shook hands and made friends at a rate that was simply amazing. The shrewd, thin, advertising agent, who had come down to see the result of his work, threw off his coat and jumped in to help.

"You chaps," he declared, "are in business now for the rest of your lives!"

"That won't be long," said Jerry, grimly, surveying the panting Oscar; "that is, it won't if we can't get help. How'd *you* like a job?" he demanded.

"My nerves," said the other, "ain't strong enough. And anyhow I'm too quick.

You're too quick yourself. The whole business is running at a speed that'll kill you both. What you want just now is a whale of a country kid who'll yawn and move slow—to anchor you down."

He threw a quick glance at the window. "There's your man!" he cried suddenly.

Jerry looked and fairly exploded with joy.

"I'd forgot *that* feller was livin'!" he shouted. "You bet he's the man!"

And the next moment, dazzled, eyes bulging, his jaws all agape, the huge form of Jeremiah the Dreamer was pushed and dragged into the store. He looked down at his father, speechless, swallowing slowly, licking his lips.

"Wall, I'll be eternally blowed," he stammered at last. "What in thunder air *you* doin' *here*?" The short Jerry grinned:

"Jest dropped in at Dave's," he drawled, "I mean Oscar's—to give a little advice. Look here!" His manner abruptly changed. "I've been watchin' you, son. That's why I come to New York. An' the trouble with you is that where you be *you ain't got half a chance*. Now it jest happens that me an' my pardner here air needin' a feller jest like you. Don't stand starin'! Get off your coat, go back in thar, an' split open them two barrels! When that's done, dump the apples into them baskets an' see that the best-lookin' ones stay on top! . . . Gee Hosiphat, what a slow crittur you air!" For young Jerry still stood licking his lips. "What *more* d'you want to know?" snapped his father.

"I want to know," said the other slowly, "what on airth *you're* doin' *here*."

Old Jerry's face grew red. "Now look," he cried, "look hard—'cause in New York time can't be wasted! I'm here, ain't I? You kin see me, can't you, right here in the flesh an' pants an' shoes! An' *here* means the market business in New York! An' here I'm a-goin' to stay—with you! *Now* do you git it?"

"You mean," said the staggered giant, "you ain't goin' back to the farm?"

"No, I ain't!"

Son drew a quick breath: "Why ain't ye?"

Jeremiah the elder shot an impatient glance out into the faces that crowded the sparkling city street.

"Because, Mister Smart Elick," he cried, "when a man's as pleased with a place as I be with this, he'd be a durned fool to change!"

THE PLAYERS

STRANGE and wonderful is the guesswork of those who select plays for our entertainment and enlightenment! The record of this season's early productions makes one marvel at it afresh. For failures were many and dire; in New York alone they cost the managers \$150,000. And yet even a superficial study of these early offerings reveals that they never had the slightest chance of success, that their failure was practically inevitable. Why, then, was this money so blithely ventured?

The losers take refuge in the time-honored cry: "Nobody knows what the public will like!" But this, like a good many other generalizations accepted as truth, is for the most part not true. It is easier for the manager to place the blame on the public than to shoulder it himself. But, as a matter of fact, though the public is wrong reasonably often, it is seldom hard to understand why it likes a bad play or—a thing that happens very rarely—refuses to support a good one. Of course, it is impossible to determine with any degree of certainty what will please. Any one who had that gift could command a huge income. But it is far less difficult to be sure of what will *not* meet with a popular response, and so to obviate failure.

Long ago I came to the conclusion that the average producing manager is governed by two influences in the selection of plays: personal prejudice, and precedent. If his prejudices happen to harmonize with those of the public—which change constantly, by the way—he is sure of success. If they don't, he accuses the public of bad judgment. Such a thing as a careful, intelligent study of the public that pays is unknown in the theatrical world.

Experienced playwrights, moreover, are more familiar with the managerial prejudices than with those of the public, and frequently make concessions to get a production. This may explain a considerable number of failures. But even the cleverest of playwrights, men who are in a position to dictate, make what seems an inexcusable

percentage of blunders, unless one may suppose that they prefer to please themselves and take chances on the public's appreciation.

An interesting instance of how theatrical people fail in not studying their public is afforded by George Broadhurst's two recent plays. A couple of years ago Mr. Broadhurst came forth with "The Man of the Hour," which made a great success. It was constructed along old-fashioned lines, with modern dialogue. It had a highly conventional and tiresome hero and heroine, who preached, without inspiration, about civic righteousness. The success of the play was attributed to its political quality, its timeliness, its appeal to the conscience of the people. As a matter of fact, its success was in large part owing to two finely drawn characters—strong bosses—who were continually clashing and who had humor as well as strength.

Then Mr. Broadhurst turned from politics to finance as a theme, and wrote "The Dollar Mark." It was produced by a stock company in Los Angeles and ran for eleven weeks—a kind of success that has no precedent so far as I can recall.

After this achievement, manager and author looked upon "The Dollar Mark" as better than "The Man of the Hour." An extravagantly lavish New York production was made. And it fell flat. "The Dollar Mark" had all the weaknesses of its predecessor and none of its elements of strength. It rioted in fine, wordy speeches about honesty and business morality, all carefully done up in packages and labeled so there could be no mistake, and thrown into the lap of the audience. The struggle between the honest young man and the head of the trust was mostly cheap talk-punk and platitudes. There was, to be sure, one really dramatic scene, in which the hero quietly convinces the captain of industry that he will be shot if he doesn't hustle the hero to New York. You see, Vice wanted to keep Virtue floating around Long Island Sound long enough to

give Vice opportunity to ruin Virtue in Wall Street. It is a fine scene, with a thrill in it. But one good scene will not make a play any more than a smash of cymbals and bass drum will make a band concert. The only definite favorable memories I carried away from "The Dollar Mark" were of this scene and the beautiful voice of Robert Warwick, who struggled valiantly but ineffectually with the hero rôle.

Now, a few years ago, when we were first stirred over frenzied finance, "The Dollar Mark" would have been a success, despite its bombast. But since then the theme has been worked over and over again, and the fine speeches seemed very familiar. The fact is that the New York audience, though it is no more intelligent than audiences elsewhere, is a little better educated in plays for the simple reason that it has seen more of them. And about the first result of this education is the recognition of claptrap. When Los Angeles, and other cities where "The Dollar Mark" will undoubtedly prove popular, have heard as much buncombe along the same lines as has been inflicted upon New York, the stump speech drama will not have much of a chance.

The fate which met "The Sins of Society" is another illustration of the fact that metropolitan taste is especially discriminating. An English melodrama, which won success in London because of its appeal to class prejudice, it had little to commend it in America except the splendor of its scenic effects, its costuming, and its massing of people. This spectacle value, indeed, made it highly successful in Chicago for three months. But New York, used to many kinds of pageants which it costs nothing to see, has come to demand something more of the stage.

The "Flag Lieutenant," which had a run of nearly a year in London, also met with flat failure in New York. We have outgrown that kind of melodrama. As a play it was stupid, and we simply cannot become enthusiastic over English patriotism. But there was acclaim for the acting of Bruce McRae, who has long been leading man with Ethel Barrymore. His comedy was delicious.

Much exploitation accompanied the production of "The Melting Pot." Theodore Roosevelt, carried away by the purpose of the author rather than by his accomplishment, had paid glowing tribute to its greatness. This purpose of Mr. Zangwill's was to show how thoroughly the Hebrew becomes

Americanized. He thought more of exalting our expression of democracy and liberty than of anything else. It is an idea that offers opportunity for tremendously powerful and effective drama; but Mr. Zangwill didn't take advantage of it. He constructed a flimsy framework and attempted to hold it together with Noble Sentiments and Patriotism, beautifully expressed. He omitted the one absolute essential of a play—action, without which, so far as I can recall, no drama has ever succeeded.

But it must be remembered that, in the dramatic sense at least, mere physical activity is not action. Very often certain situations, highly dramatic in themselves, delay the action of the play because they do not carry forward the central idea or the story. On the other hand, tremendous drama may develop when the characters are perfectly quiet. The psychological action—by which I mean that process by which the audience is made to think and feel as do the characters, with an insight into the consequences of behavior—this is by far the most effective of all and the most difficult to ensure. Yet when the idea of psychological action is sprung on the manager man, he hits the ceiling with a bump. If he happens to be very polite, he says he is a practical person and hasn't time to listen to any "high brow" rot like that.

Now "The Melting Pot," being quite deficient in action, isn't a play at all, but a mild and not very interesting story, laden with fine writing and arranged in play form. It tells of a young Jewish musician, infatuated with the sense of freedom in this country, who falls in love with a settlement worker, the daughter of a Russian who commanded the troops that massacred the composer's relatives in Kishinev. Plainly, much dependence was placed upon the play's appealing to the six hundred thousand Hebrews in New York; but they didn't seem to be much impressed. The hero is a dreamy genius—the kind of person that I fancy is the most tiresome on earth to live with. Certainly on the stage this type is invariably disappointing.

Walker Whiteside, who won distinction as a tragedian, plays *Quixano* in a poetic way, with the most exquisite reading of the lines; but the character is too abstract to be real, too good to be true. Chrystal Herne, as the heroine, is also up in the clouds most of the time. John Blair again proves that, as an actor, he is the finest example of the human automaton directed by a high intelligence.

The only really lovable human being in the play is the German orchestra leader, played by Henry Vogel, who is a joy beyond words.

In the latter part of last season another play intended to appeal to the great Hebrew population of New York was put on, and it accomplished its object. In "The House Next Door," J. E. Dodson gave a remarkably fine character study of a selfish, useless, irascible, and altogether despicable English nobleman who tried to make pride cover all his abominable qualities. He was contrasted with a really fine and noble Jew, a man who came up from nothing, and in whom all the generous virtues were exemplified. He was the real hero, and it was perfectly plain why "The House Next Door" appealed more to the Jewish people than did "The Melting Pot."

The extraordinary value of action in a play is proved afresh by "Arsene Lupin," a translated French melodrama. It has absolutely nothing else to commend it, technically, ethically, or morally, though it has the advantage of a popular theme—the warfare between law and crime. It is the story of a picturesque, sentimental thief who passes for a duke, with a great detective camping on his trail. But we are compelled to take the greatness of the crook and the Hawkshaw on faith, for neither shows the slightest real capacity. From the very beginning, however, the audience feels that these two men are thinking and working day and night to outwit each other—that's where you get the psychological action—and when they come together there is always an exciting dramatic clash.

William Courtenay plays the thief very gracefully, and with much dash and charm, and he looks very beautiful, but still sufficiently masculine. Sidney Herbert is as obvious as the real detective in the big New York hotel. But there is genuine acting in "Arsene Lupin," though Beverley Sitgreaves is the only player who gives the illusion of being French in this purely French play. She simulates the curious walk and carriage of the peasant, and she represents convincingly a servant personally honest who is absolutely devoted to her criminal master.

A play by Thompson Buchanan, called "The Intruder," illustrates another phase of this complex problem of what will fail and what may succeed. It has action and humor, but the chief characters are people one dislikes if one doesn't hate them, and there-

fore it is impossible to arouse any interest in what they do. This feeling of resentment is provoked in the very beginning, and so the play, which has a theme and a story interesting enough to insure success, went down to dire failure. If the bogus duke in "Arsene Lupin" had been as objectionable as the principal characters in "The Intruder," the French play would have been as pronounced a failure. But he is made a particularly likable chap, and one feels that his crookedness is separable from the real man.

Robert Edeson gave up his trade-mark as a player of American rôles to appear in "A Noble Spaniard," the name given by W. Somerset Maugham to his adaptation of a French comedy, the action of which takes place in the middle of the last century. It is mildly amusing but painfully thin, turning on mistaken identity for its humor, and worth while only as a character study and because of the acting, which is truly admirable. Robert Edeson never did anything so well as the fiery *Duke of Hermanos*, who is prepared to kill a whole family to win an English widow with whom he has fallen in love. Mr. Edeson plays with such spirit, such convincing characterization, such humor, and such charm that he practically carries the whole farce, with the assistance of the admirable Rose Coghlan, who can make almost any rôle appear distinguished.

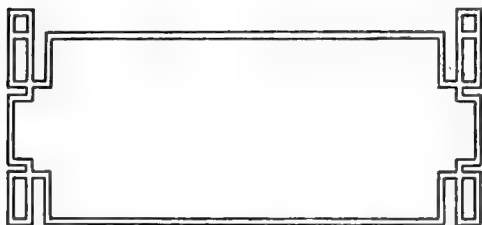
"Such a Little Queen," by Channing Pollock, is filled with the nicest kind of gooeey sentiment, making it a delicious saccharine morsel—in case you happen to like sweet things. There is much real humor, too. Moreover, it is one of the most perfectly acted plays seen in a long time. When Jessie Ralph comes on the stage as the Irish servant, one is startled to perceive a real characterization, instead of the usual character, and surprised to find her much funnier than the ordinary stage creature of the kind. After that startling novelty one expects good playing. And one gets it: Elsie Ferguson, as *Anna Victoria*, and her prime minister, played by George W. Barnum, win the audience at once.

You see, they are real rulers of a little European state, who, though exiled in a Harlem flat, and so miserably poor that they must go to work, still preserve much of the formality of a court; and the contrasts are joyously funny, with a little undercurrent of pathos. Frank Gillmore, as *King Stephen, of Bosnia*, to whom *Queen Anna* had been betrothed for reasons



Photograph by Sarony.

BILLIE BURKE AS JACQUELINE IN "LOVE WATCHES."



Photograph by Frank C. Bangs.

H. B. WARNER IN "THESE ARE MY PEOPLE," A SEQUEL TO "THE SQUAW MAN."

of state, and who is also an exile, is remarkably fine, giving a real characterization. Ralph Stuart acts splendidly the part of the pork packer for whom the royal personages work, and who wants the king for a son-in-law, while his junior partner wants to marry the queen. Perhaps there is a little too much sentiment for purely masculine taste, and once or twice it does degenerate into sentimentality; but the comedy is so delightfully absurd, so fresh and naive, for the most part, that few can resist its charm.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" was the first big success of the season. It's a farce, a real farce, with a great idea behind it, and tragedy lurking in the offing. Adapted by Leo Ditrichstein from the German, it really seems to



Photograph by Walsinger.

DUSTIN FARNUM IN "CAMEO KIRBY."

belong to this country, because of the cleverness of the characterization. David Belasco probably had a great deal to do with that. His genius finds no greater expression than in the unerring certainty with which he selects players to fit different rôles.

The scene is laid in a suburban town, and the action turns upon the discovery that most of the marriages are illegal. The husbands gladly embrace their liberty, and the wives seem helpless until one of their number, played by Anne Sutherland, organizes a strike. It's rollicking, good-natured fun from beginning to end. People sit back and laugh until they are tired. And all the while there is the feeling of truth in the background, giving

the farce a real dignity. It has substance, something that makes audiences think and talk about it after they leave the theatre. The lack of this quality explains why so many comedies that seem to please audiences have no great success.

A clean, wholesome, joyously funny comedy is "The Fortune Hunter," which introduces John Barrymore as a star. It doesn't make any pretense at being more than amusing, but nevertheless it has solid values. And it has flesh and blood people, even if most of them are highly conventional—the tried and true types of rural drama. The hero is more original—the university-bred youth who, finding his wealth departed, has to earn a living and fails miserably. A friend



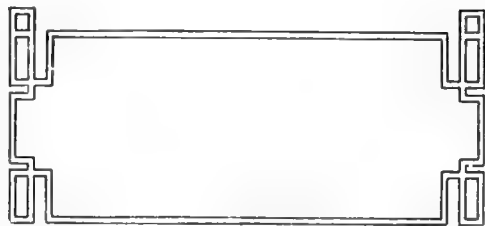
Photograph by White.

ROBERT EDSON AND GERTRUDE COGHLAN IN
"THE NOBLE SPANIARD."

carefully outlines a scheme for him to go to a country town and marry the richest girl. It works, too, but in the meantime the fortune hunter has wrought out his own salvation by helping some one else. And also he falls in love. That's the kind of a play we all like—a play that keeps us laughing and chuckling, while at the same time people do something that is worth while. Anybody who can dramatize the milk of human kindness is sure of success.

The youngest Barrymore is a remarkably clever comedian. He seems to have needed no special training at all. But then he had an unusually rich inheritance, and an un-

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Photograph by Alsham Studio.

GRACE FILKINS AS MRS. ELIZABETH
KILLIGREW, OR "BETSY," IN "AN
AMERICAN WIDOW."

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Photograph by Sarony.

DORIS KEANE AS SONIA IN
"ARSENE LUPIN."

conscious training in his own family. It is noticeable that, while he has a very distinct individuality of his own, he has little mannerisms which suggest his mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, or his uncle, John Drew, and even his grandmother, Mrs. John Drew.

Three members of the family Drew—one always thinks of the Barrymore children as Drews—were starring on Broadway at the same time. Ethel Barrymore was playing elsewhere. Had the fourth member, Lionel, not given up the stage to study art in Paris, he would likely have been a star, too, by this time, for he is the best actor of them all.

John Drew has a French farce, adapted with extraordinary skill by Gladys Unger, under the name of "Inconstant George." All the original wickedness has been removed, and most of the fun remains, which is very unusual. The character is one of those light, inconsequential butterfly men, vastly amusing, but of no use whatever. He simply can't help making love to every pretty woman he meets, and the complications arouse no end of laughter. The lines are subtly brilliant at times, and the action is so swift that it requires keen listening and quick thinking to get all their significance. *George* is the kind of character that John Drew plays better than any one else on the American stage, and he throws himself into this rôle with an enthusiasm that he doesn't always display.

Sidney Drew, who is a half-brother of George Drew, and has many of the family characteristics, one of which is unquestionably a gift for acting, plays a farce, "Billy," which was formerly a vaudeville sketch. It has been elaborated into three acts by Mr. Drew's wife, under the name of George Cameron. This expansion is a notable achievement, for there is no question of its success in making people laugh.

Real comic opera seems to be coming into its own again. Already this season there have been presented in New York two operas that are the equal of "The Merry Widow" and "The Waltz Dream."

To begin with, both "The Love Cure" and "The Chocolate Soldier" have real plots, plots that have been tried and proved. The former is a "David Garrick" reversed, while the latter is a musical version of "Arms and the Man." Both come by way of Germany.

Oliver Herford adapted "The Love Cure," but, despite the fact that the scenes are laid in New York, the whole spirit of the per-



Photograph by Moffett Studio.

MARIE DORO AS CARLOTTA IN "THE MORALS OF MARCUS."



Photograph by Hall.

Copyright by Charles Frohman.

JOHN DREW AS GEORGE BULLIN, MARY BOLAND AS MICHELINE
IN "INCONSTANT GEORGE."

formance is distinctly German. Mr. Herford has written bright lines—although his humor doesn't sparkle on the stage as much as elsewhere—and he has kept them within the bounds of good taste. Usually when a musical comedy is adapted for the American stage, it is outrageously vulgarized. The music, too, is all melody, bright and cheerful and good. And there isn't any low comedian. Charles J. Ross, long associated with burlesque, proves himself an actor first and a comedian afterward. His finish, his poise, his byplay, the sureness with which he scores points, and his dignity, with all his fun-making, quite surprised even his most loyal friends. Then there is Elsie Bowen, who has charm and can sing, really sing, without the airs of a prima donna.

Those who know enough about the subject to make distinctions say that "The Chocolate Soldier" is almost *opéra comique*, although the managers call it *opéra bouffe*. The music is splendid, so full of melody that every note is a delight. Oscar Strauss, the composer, is the son of the man who was known as "the waltz king," and it would seem that he may outstrip his father. As for the book, Stanislaus Stange made the English version, adapting the original German book that was taken from George Bernard Shaw's comedy; and a great deal of the original remains.

In the cast, Ida Brooks Hunt suggests a grand opera singer, so fine is her voice and her knowledge of how to use it. Then there is the impish Edith Bradford, who not only can sing delightfully but is a real actress as well. William Pruette, who used to be a grand opera singer and who stands first among light opera baritones, and George Tallman, an earnest tenor, complete a remarkably strong quartet. J. E. Gardner sings a little, and plays the leading rôle in a funny, ladylike way, befitting a "chocolate soldier." But, after all, it is the music that ravishes audiences.



Photograph by White.

HEDWIG REICHER IN "ON THE EVE."

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE NATURE OF PHYSICAL LIFE

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL D.

Author of "Brain and Personality," "What is Physical Life?" etc.

Physician to the Roosevelt Hospital; Consulting Physician to the New York State Manhattan Hospital for the Insane; formerly Professor of the Practice of Medicine and Diseases of the Nervous System, New York University Medical College; Ex-President of the New York Academy of Medicine, etc.

BY physical life we mean the only kind of such life with which we are acquainted, namely, life on this earth. By the nature of earthly physical life we mean its native or innate disposition. But bacteria are forms of physical life, and it may seem strange to speak of a bacterium's disposition. We speak of a dog's or of a man's disposition correctly enough, but to ascribe such a thing to a microscopic living dot sounds absurd. Biology, however, takes its subject all in one view when it recognizes the principle of continuity running through the whole kingdom of life. Regarded thus, these living protozoa and bacteria, in the effects of their relations to each other and to other forms of life, are quite in line with scorpions or snakes. It is only in the slow course of development that we find the original antagonism of all forms of life to one another taking on the element of conscious intention.

That element came in naturally, *not* unnaturally, when a nervous system was developed. But biology has nothing to do with intention, and hence it affirms it to be a pity that we do not abhor the tubercle bacillus more than the worst viper, for then we should be more quick to do to him what living forms so steadily do to one another, namely, kill him.

We often hear Calvinism objected to because it solemnly affirms the total and congenital depravity of the human race, and hence logically implies the damnation of infants. But in all this the strictest Calvinist is verily sweetness and light compared with the scientific biologist in his verdict about

the nature of all earthly life from its beginning till now. The biologist is anything but a prophet of smooth things to his generation, for he proves that the basic principle of earthly life is Enmity. Hence life on this earth is universally insecure, and always has been so.

This all-pervading enmity particularly appears in the great unicellular kingdom, which is the oldest and fiercest destroyer of all. Not only must all multicellular forms, including ourselves, succumb at last to its implacable hostility, but unceasing war goes on between the members of the kingdom itself. Nothing so prevents the attempted safe isolation by the bacteriologist of some unicellular form as its invasion by a multitude of other bacteria which eat his chosen kind up.

So when we ourselves are threatened by the pestilence which walketh in darkness, we now thank Science for telling us that this pestilence is a living enemy, and not, as we always thought, a poisonous gas or bad air, and that what we should do is to make a deadly attack on this enemy with the vitally acting forces of hygiene—because hygiene disinfects, not by physical but by living agencies which kill the foe. In other words, it is a battle of life scientifically enlisted against life which is making Panama salubrious by destroying the microorganisms that alone make tropical lands unhealthy.

But as most persons never see microorganisms, leaving such things to doctors or microscopists, so they can scarcely associate the thought of enmity with this great invisible world any more than with the injurious effects of a cold wind or of a hot sun.

Hence we will turn to the visible or multicellular forms of life. Here we find that whenever an insect pest attacks our fruit trees or crops, our best recourse is to search for its own living enemy and then to enlist this enemy's valuable services; and if it is not native to our country, we will not allow any tariff to hamper the importation of such a potent ally in our war.

Or we may use this illustration: Suppose we take a walk through the fields on a fine June morning to admire the beauties of Nature. What are those delicate gossamer things which we see on all sides stretching between the wild flowers? At the bottom of each of them is a watchful member of that amiable family, the Arachnidae, or the spiders. Now the Arachnidae are wonderful illustrations of our subject for variety, as they number no less than ten thousand species, most of which have their own—and often astonishingly ingenious—contrivance for entrapping their living prey. In fact, any one who makes a special study of the Arachnidae is likely to conclude that this is indeed a world of traps. Nor is he in this far wrong.

OUR SERPENT ENEMIES

As to our own particular enemies, we need not refer to the venomous centipedes, scorpions, and serpents as illustrations, because they cause but an insignificant fraction of the positive evil in animate Nature. Yet, in passing, we may note that Sir Joseph Fayrer, in his great work on the Thanatophidia, or the deadly serpents of India, asserts that more than twenty-two thousand human beings are killed annually by snake bites in British India (that is, not including the native states), which is more than the deaths caused by all wild beasts put together. Moreover, the sea snakes in Indian waters are all very venomous, while, serpent-fashion, they conceal themselves most effectually in the water by being so near its color that they are difficult of detection.

From such special forms of innate enmity we return to the general aspect of the subject as it is illustrated in the life of the sea. Few persons who have not made it their special study have any conception how vast that living world is. As the sea covers three fifths of the surface of the globe, its fauna is similarly greater than the living forms on land. When a naturalist inspects a little pool not larger than a billiard table which is

filled by the splashing waves on the rocky shore of the Mediterranean, he finds it teeming with more varied and busy forms of life than can be found in a square mile of ordinary land. But in all that living marine world there is not a trace of goodness! All fishes are murderers and cannibals, and as in fresh water big trout relish eating small trout, so, in the wider waters of the ocean, woe to the small fry when a larger father or brother catches sight of them! Moreover, no one who from a ship's side sees some moving thing far down in the water can escape shuddering at the thought of falling into those cold depths himself.

SEA CANNIBALS

Science, however, has boldly penetrated these dark, still abysses and finds that they abound with life. But such life! Worse than the great octopus which swims nearer the surface, many of the abysmal forms have large, movable jaws with rows of teeth all pointing backward, making escape impossible when once any creature is caught by them. The scientists on the *Challenger* were once puzzled to make out what a thing was which came up in their trawl, until it proved to be a fish caught by a smaller fish who was swallowing its larger brother by gradually pulling itself glove fashion over its victim by means of barbed teeth—somewhat like a child being slowly swallowed alive by a large, expanding toad. In those black depths some forms have phosphorescent lights not unlike burglars' dark lanterns, with which to hunt their prey. In comparison with such living things sharks are preferable, for they at least disport themselves where free breezes blow and the sun shines. Only among those animals which originally used to tread the solid earth and then took to the sea, like the whale, seal, and walrus, is there a sign of any falling off in all-devouring selfishness; these are mammals, and hence show affection for their young. But they live where they have to encounter the hideous swordfish, or their own relative who has been transformed into the cruel grampus, and so must fight for life.

On the other hand, any shell affords food for thought; because what does a shell always mean? A shell is nothing less than an elaborate hiding place constructed by an animal, into which it can retire for the saving of its life from living foes. But scores of those enemies then provide themselves with drills,

awls, and similar contrivances, which bore holes into the shells, through which the unhappy recluses are gradually sucked out. It is thus that the starfishes rob the oyster-man's beds before he can himself rake the molluscs up to present his customers with these toothsome things on the half shell. The only revenge the oysters can then take on their human enemies is by cultivating in their cool beds on Long Island Sound the typhoid bacillus, to be swallowed by the human epicure when he takes the oysters raw, and give him a deadly fever in consequence.

But great strata of the earth's crust are largely made up of shells, all testifying that for their once living makers this was indeed the world of the enemy. In fact, unfeeling Nature says to all creatures, If you would live on this earth, you must either fight, run, or hide; and it is in obedience to this last injunction that all shells are constructed. These are not notes of peace, for peace is unknown where King Hunger's mandates must be obeyed, else he will inflict untold torture. For thirst there is lifeless water in abundance, but ifly what is or has been living will make food. I heard a naval officer describe how he learned really to sympathize with the ravening wolf, when, in Greenland, he and his dogs were nearly famished until they and he savagely rushed together at the still standing musk ox which he had shot. Small thought then did he have of how a gentleman should take his meal.

NATURE'S MASSACRES

This consuming element was certainly no afterthought or modification of the original intent lying back of the realm of physical life. Geology's telling records offer no theme for a poet's song about a golden age in the past, but instead pictures of the most undesirable living things imaginable, whether for looks or for deportment. Thus, take Professor Osborn's remarkable restorations of a pair of Trachodons who lived in the Cretaceous period, as they can be seen in the New York Museum of Natural History. By the side of his most uncomely companion, who is cropping swamp herbage, stands the Trachodon, stretching his long neck to the length of seventeen feet or more to watch lest a giant Tyrannosaurus rush out and rend them limb from limb. In short, Nature's great resource for keeping down surplus population by well-equipped carnivora is much the same as a

regulated plan of massacre, or what the Russians, according to their old principles, call a pogrom for limiting the number of Jews.

As we rise in the scale of being, cruelty is added to killing—and cruelty for its own sake, because the spectacle of suffering and death becomes so enjoyable as to constitute sport. There is no fun in fishing if the fish when hooked comes up like a dead stick; we like the bass and salmon that rise, fighting, to our bogus flies. How long the cat plays with the mouse or bird which it has caught ere it finally kills it! So when a terrier has caught a rat, what a spectacle of exuberant spirits he shows as he runs back and forth tossing his victim in the air! Among the birds of prey what can be worse than the infernal American butcher bird or shrike, which impales little birds alive on thorns?

MODERN FORMS OF CRUELTY

But the worst of all for pleasure in cruelty has been man himself, particularly when he inflicts death upon his fellow man, because he then knows that his victim's suffering is the greatest of all suffering. For centuries the Romans went daily with their families to be entertained by gladiators killing each other, and Julius Cæsar's munificence was praised because once he furnished at his own expense fifteen hundred gladiators, for the vast crowd of onlookers to revel in the sight.

Nor will it do for some apologists to say that these are pathological illustrations of human nature which have passed away, leaving only, among some Latin peoples, the bull-ring and the cockpit, because these apologies are false. In our own way we show just the same alleged pathological element still. Instead of killing in gladiatorial entertainments we kill men now for national glory or domination. What are those wonderful peace-makers, the *Dreadnoughts*, or the kindly-meant submarines for? What original element in human nature was it which called for a three day's celebration by New Yorkers to make an adequate manifestation upon the arrival of the admiral who had drowned so many Spaniards without himself losing a man? Are we congenitally better than the Romans because we kill differently?

Some writers on so-called Natural Theology, like James Martineau, minimizing these evils in human nature as something which man will yet outgrow, try to show that the rest of the living world is really all right.

Vigorously repudiating the dismal conclusion of the biologist that enmity is the basic and original law of this world, they maintain that this planet is, after all, a very good planet for every kind of creature to live in. How much enjoyment it affords, how thankful we are, to read their enumeration of the good things which animals find in life compared with its evils, till a large balance remains in favor of a benevolent Creator! One might almost infer that the various victims of birds and beasts of prey rather like the way they are put to death.

But, to use a medical comparison, the steps of such logic resemble the uncertain gait of a man with locomotor ataxia, and suggest the sarcastic question of Job to his orthodox friends, which so impressed Kant—"Will ye be partisans of God?" Such clear-headed biologists as Darwin and Huxley at one time in their lives became atheists from their wide knowledge of the real truth about the kingdom of life as a scene of endless mortal strife, in which the weak go to the wall.

MAN, THE KING

No wonder this so sickened the gentle spirit of Gautama Buddha that he thought all conscious life must be evil, and therefore longed for Nirvana's eternal quiet, with no consciousness there forevermore. The Buddhist's heaviest punishment, therefore, for deadly sin is that his soul shall survive and enter into a filthy pig or migrate into a starving dog. In truth, no candid mind can rest satisfied with any attempts to minimize the existence of positive evil in this physical world. Still more futile is it to dispose of the problem by denying its existence.

A different aspect of this grave subject presents itself when we adequately appreciate the significance of the greatest event in the history of life on this earth. That event was the coming into this terrible world of that prince of peace, *Homo Sapiens*. By his wisdom and not by muscle he became king over all. Soon he began to remove animals from their native wild state and domesticated them in such numbers that the earth now has more flocks of sheep and goats, more herds of cattle, more horses and camels, and well-cared-for fowls, than ever it had before. All acknowledge his dominion as one of right, and so it is, because those who submit to him are much better off than they were in a state of nature. As to those creatures who will

not submit but will stay wild, their plain destiny is to survive here only in menageries.

This is illustrated even in the free-flying birds. It is only about the house of the farmer, in his orchards and meadows, that little birds build their nests and sing joyously, because they know that their cruel enemies dare not come where man makes his abode. No bird which secludes itself in a dense forest has a decent note compared with the merry song sparrow, the bluebird, the lark, and the warbling bobolink.

THE FRIEND OF MAN

One result also is that man has a dear friend on earth, whose name I always feel like writing with a capital letter—the Dog—originally first cousin of the wolf and second cousin of the hyena. It is not for protection nor from fear that he seeks man's companionship, but from pure affection. Dogs have often died from grief at the death of their master. One of Landseer's masterpieces is a painting representing the grief-stricken expression of two dogs when they recognized the portrait of the departed child of their owner. I would give much if I had the portrait by another Landseer of the face of a noble St. Bernard dog, giving his expression as once he looked at me. The spirits of a high-bred dog always droop if his master fails to notice him. But is all this prophetic? Can there be another coming world of life, whose varied forms will move and act only according to a principle the very opposite of Enmity?

BRIDGES BUILT BY MIND

This universal dominion here man owes to the mind in him which teaches him wisdom, that mind which is itself wholly non-material. For that mind works best when it works without anything which is material. It is then that a human mind shows how it can create out of nothing visible those great material marvels which afterward appear on earth. He who created the bridge across the Firth of Forth, and he likewise who created the Brooklyn Bridge, did not, while doing so, need to handle a piece of either iron or stone, for those tremendous structures existed down in their smallest detail in the *minds* of those men when as yet "there was none of them." Likewise the scientist, when he speaks of molecules, atoms, and ions, is

more sure of their existence than of anything which his bodily senses report—no molecule, nor atom, nor ion ever has been seen, heard, smelt, tasted, or handled.

But there is a profound reason for Man's exceptional relation to all living Nature, which is this, that Man is unknown to biology because he is so far above it. All that biology knows is the animal *homo*, about whom it explains so much that many are deceived into supposing that *Homo Sapiens* can also be explained by it, whereas he is wholly unaccountable and inexplicable by biology, with no hint of his coming anywhere in the long series of animals ending with the apes. How could geology, for example, foreshadow an earthly being who can turn into a true menial servant that which in Nature causes thunder to peal so grandly, and bid it warm and light his bedroom, cook and wash for him, and carry his messages to the ends of this earth faster than it can revolve or the sun travel through space? He also who can talk across oceans with nothing which can be seen or handled, by means of that Something which pervades all space, is simply above Nature and truly supernatural, because he is not like anything which Nature ever has seen or known. Man is greater than the ether, because the user is greater than the thing used; and there can be no doubt that eventually he will make the ether obey him as implicitly as now he makes electricity obey him.

MAN—THE ONLY MYSTERY

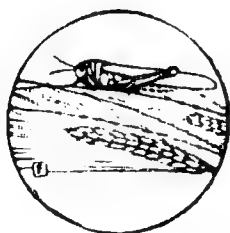
There is not a secret in Nature, except himself and what he is, which he will not, unaided, find out sooner or later, and then do with as he likes. Talk of his being of material origin who is now sharply cross-questioning matter itself about what it is, and eliciting the answer that it is nothing but vibrations, which he calls electrons, and which he will yet cause to dance to his will! Man is destined to be the only wonder left in this world, because by his discoveries he

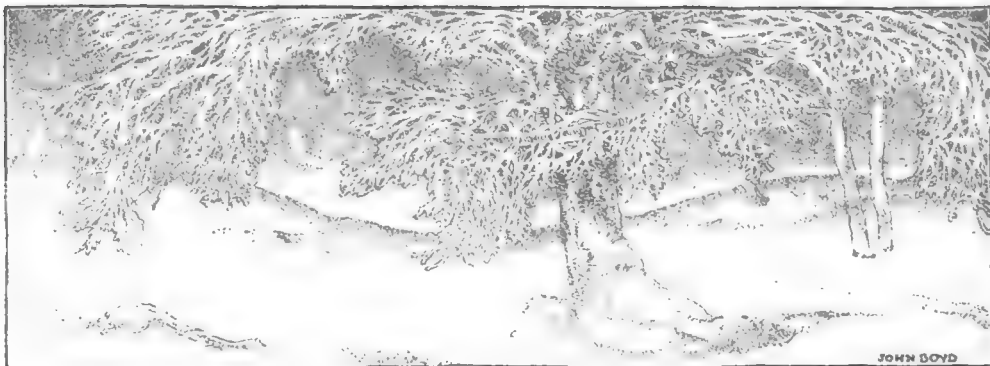
soon makes all Nature's wonders commonplace. Who wonders now at that miracle, wireless telephony? Hence, though he may yet likewise explain all the other mysteries of Nature, he will himself remain unaccountable except as a witness to the unseen reality of realities—Mind.

THE ROOT OF EVIL

It is this transcendence above Nature which suggests the explanation of the evil in the natural world from its remote beginning till now. The entrapping spider, the subtle serpent, the ferocious beast, and every cruel animal are but weak counterparts of what man can be and has been. It was fitting, therefore, that originally he should belong to a world which should foreshadow him in so many ways as the Natural Man of the earth earthy in nature and in spirit. But at last Man appears as *Homo Sapiens*, the prince of peace in a warring world. What is that wisdom which made him so and endowed him with all rule? It lies in that exclusively human power which can resist the gratification of immediate natural impulse for the sake of a distant good. Man alone, therefore, can be really *educated*, and again educated. To a being so endowed there is no limit to his rising from a lower level to a higher. But education is always slow and often grievous, as the schoolboy knows when told to study and not play. If, instead, he will play, sorrow awaits him in after years, because he will then be too deficient in knowledge and the power which comes by education to get his living except by the cheap animal labor of his muscles.

But as with the individual, so with the race. A progressive training which bears all the signs of ancient Purpose is slowly educating the human world not to yield, as of old, to self-assertion, that cause of all evil in heaven as well as on earth, but to prefer instead to obey the divine law of self-control and self-sacrifice.





TO SNOW

By HELEN HUNTINGTON

STRANGE divinity of snow
Eager other worlds to know,
Spotless spirit, not of earth,
What wild power invoked thy birth?

Wind-blown from the clouds on high,
Alien from the brooding sky,
Thou descendest, silent, free,
Visitant of mystery.

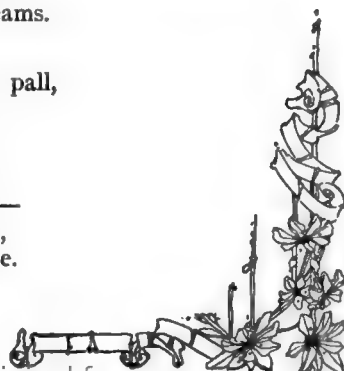
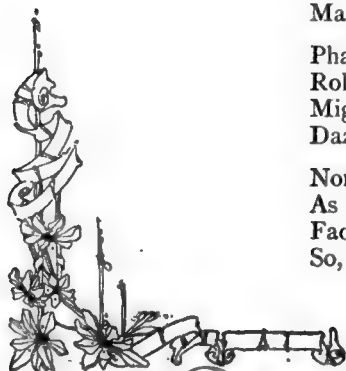
Thou hast known, untouched by bliss,
Radiant dawns with rose-flushed kiss.
Passion of the moons that waned
Left thee pallid but unstained.

From the naked trees down cast,
Stirred within the icy blast,
Subtile shadows, fair, untrue,
Woo thee with ethereal blue.

All the stars to thee have told
Raptures of eternal cold,
All the silent, icebound streams,
Make thee keeper of their dreams.

Phantom victor over all,
Robed in white, transplendent pall,
Mighty in thy shining power,
Dazzling vision of an hour,

None thy mystery may know,
As thou camest thou must go—
Fading god, by earth outworn,
So, in mist, to heaven upborne.





THE SLING-SHOT

By PARKER H. FILLMORE

Illustrations By Rose Cecil O'Neill

JUST look at that prong! Didn't it bake dandy?"

Margery took the sling-shot and examined the prong carefully. Then she sighed.

"I wish you'd fix me up a sling-shot, Willie."

"You! What d' you want with a sling-shot? If you did have one, your mother 'd take it away from you."

"I don't see why my mother 'd have to know anything about it," Margery protested.

"You don't, eh? Don't you suppose the twins would blab on you first thing?"

At mention of themselves, Katherine and Alice appeared from around the side of the house and made straight for the cherry-tree under which Willie Jones and Margery were seated. In a twinkling Willie had the sling-shot hidden, but Katherine was too quick for him.

"What are you two doing?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Nuthin'."

"You are, too! I saw you! You can't fool me! What's that sticking out of your pocket, Willie Jones? I just bet anything it's a sling-shot."

As denial would have been useless, Willie Jones produced the sling-shot with a flourish.

"Of course it's a sling-shot! Any one with sense'd know that."

"Well, you just stop shooting a sling-shot around here, Willie Jones. You'll be breaking windows the first thing *you* know!"

"And putting people's eyes out!" Alice added.

"Then people had better be gettin' out o' the way," Willie Jones retorted, significantly.

But the twins had no thought of departing. Instead, they pulled a garden bench over to a shady spot some distance away but commanding a good view of the cherry-tree. There, ostensibly, they busied themselves with their sewing; but Margery and Willie knew that they were keeping a sharp lookout, prepared, nay, eager to witness one or another of the disasters they had prophesied.

It will be remembered that, up to this, Willie Jones had not discharged his sling-shot once. Now, under the twins' challenging scrutiny, there was nothing for him to do but fill his pocket with pebbles and begin the target practice which they were expecting. As it happened, there were some sparrows on the laundry roof.

"You stop shooting at our house!" Katherine called out emphatically.

"If you break that laundry window, you'll have to pay for it!" Alice added.

"Think I can't hit the third post on that fence?" Willie Jones asked Margery, superbly unconscious of the hostile eyes that were watching.

"See that tin can down near the stable? Bet I can plug it. . . . Want to see me nick that second beanpole?"

At every fresh shot the twins continued to call out the proper warning, determined that, when the disaster came, no one could accuse them of not having done their duty. Beyond the satisfaction of knowing within themselves that they were doing their duty, they got no return for their trouble. Instead of thanking them for their kind advice, Willie Jones and Margery ignored them utterly and continued a reckless career which, if only pursued long enough, would inevitably lead to ruin and disgrace.

But the end was longer in coming than the twins had anticipated, and—a little tired perhaps of waiting—when they heard their friend Gladys Bailey *hoo-hoo* from the street, they were foolish enough to leave their garden bench and stroll out to the front gate. So, afterward, though they might be morally certain as to how the catastrophe took place, they could not speak with quite the assurance of actual eyewitnesses.

"Oh, go on, Willie. Give me a shot."

Margery had begged this more than once, but not until the twins had disappeared would Willie consent. Then, as there was no further necessity for crack shooting, he was willing to let her try.

"Plug away at that sparrer up on the laundry roof," he advised. "Hold the stone this way. Pull back evenly on both rubbers so's you'll fire right in the middle of the prong. Aim so's the stone's on a straight line with the sparrer. Here, let me show you."

Willie Jones closed one eye entirely, squinted the other, held his breath, and took long, careful aim.

"There! Now you try it just the same way."

Margery could do the eye business to perfection. She screwed her face up even tighter than Willie Jones. She held her breath until her little body almost exploded. She took aim long and carefully.

Willie Jones, looking over her shoulder, was saying: "Wait a minute! Now! A little bit over this way. . . . Now a little higher. . . ."

Then, just as Margery let fire, in his excitement to give one final order, Willie jogged her elbow. Instantly there was a crash; that peculiar, sickening crash which is unmistakable. Both marksmen gave one frightened look at the laundry window and fled.

They hadn't a word to say until they were safely over the fence and in the Jones's back yard.

"Jiminy, Margery!" Willie began, reproachfully. "I don't see how you did that."

"How I did it!" Margery repeated, indignantly. "You know very well, Willie Jones, if you hadn't knocked against my arm—"

But Willie Jones did not care to argue on that detail. Instead, he said at once:

"Good thing those old twins weren't there. They'll swear we did it, but what can they prove? They didn't see us."

No, they hadn't seen; but Margery shook her head dolefully. She had reason to know, from many a past experience, the deadly power of circumstantial evidence. However, there was nothing to do but wait. Put off the day of reckoning as long as you can and sometimes an unexpected reprieve comes along. For instance, when you've done something, if, before the time of judgment, one of your brothers or sisters does something ever so much worse, the chances are that you'll get off easy. Not that Margery could depend on those blameless sisters of hers ever to help her out, nor on the astute Henry either. This may, therefore, be an unfortunate example of the principle involved. Nevertheless, the principle itself is sound. Margery was convinced of this, and determined, accordingly, not to appear at home for the rest of the afternoon. Just before dinner she would slip in quietly, unobtrusively, exemplifying in her manner the old adage which affirms that children should not be heard. After that, how much longer judgment could be suspended Margery was uncertain. The Blair father never allowed the dining table to be turned into a court of justice. But, unfortunately, he was away, and the Blair mother, even more unfortunately, was not a very dependable sort of person. She might adhere to her husband's policy, or she might allow the twins to work her up to a frenzy before dessert. You never could tell. However, be that as it might be, there were still three or four hours before dinner—a respite not to be scorned.

"I guess you'd better stay here this afternoon, Margery."

Willie Jones suggested this of his own volition. He, too, must have had some inkling of that principle of conduct upon which Margery expected to act.

"My mother," Willie continued, "is going to send me for some honey, and you can come with me if you want."

"Where to, Willie?"

"To an old lady that everybody calls Mother Fagin."

"Why, Willie!" Margery exclaimed, in surprise. "Will your mother eat her honey! She's as *dirty!*"

"Her honey ain't. It's dandy. Mis' Berry gave us some last night."

"But have you ever seen her house?"

Willie had not.

"Well, just you wait. Of course, though, I'll go with you. I know where it is, too. I went there once a long time ago, with Aunt Allie. Aunt Allie would never let us go again. She says it's dangerous to eat things out o' such a dirty place."

Willie Jones, unimpressed with the danger, said: "Wait a minute and I'll tell my mother I'm ready."

The Jones mother followed Willie out to repeat her instructions.

"You understand, Willie; you're to tell the old woman we want to try a pound of her very best honey. And be careful, dear, not to break the Mason jar. And—*don't lose the twenty cents!*"

Once well started, Willie divided responsibilities by letting Margery carry the Mason jar. He explained to her that he needed his hands free for any little thing that might come up. They loitered along slowly, for a good many little things came up—chippies, cats, dogs, telegraph poles, and various etceteras, one and all of which demanded and received an exhibition of Willie Jones's sling-shotical skill. To Willie's great relief, Margery did not again ask to try. She seemed to realize now that the rôle of appreciative spectator was more truly feminine and therefore better suited to her. Perhaps on some future occasion she might again be tempted to take long, careful aim, but for the present she was willing to carry the Mason jar.

A weatherbeaten little sign reading, "Honey

and Eggs for Sale Here," marked their destination. Mother Fagin lived in a tumble-down old house standing in the midst of an ancient garden and protected from the road by a fence of high palings which, under the crushing weight of years, sagged heavily in many places. The garden had ill-kept paths

bordered by uneven rows of dirty bottles and decorated with old buckets, cracked pitchers, and broken lamp shades, out of which sad looking flowers were struggling to grow. Looking in some directions, one might suppose that the old place had been deserted for ages; but elsewhere one saw touches, weak for the most part and ineffectual, but showing unmistakably that a human hand was still striving to hold back nature's exuberant army of weeds and to prop up the pillars which time and decay were slowly undermining. All in all, it looked what it was—the forlorn habitation of helpless old age.

A heavy rosebush grew across the front door, giving fair notice that entrance to the old house was not there

and had not been this many a day. Margery and Willie looked at it a moment to make sure and then followed the bottled path to a small back porch.

To his first knock Willie Jones got no response.

"Louder," Margery admonished. "She's awful deaf."

So Willie pounded and pounded and finally kicked. Then he peeped in at the window; but the glass was so dim with dust and cobwebs that he could see nothing.

"It's no good," he said, after giving the door another sound kick. "If she can't hear that she must be out. That's all they is about it. Now what shall we do? Wait?"

Willie sat down on the porch step to consider the question, and Margery followed him, somewhat gingerly. The step was as grimy as a step could well be—not with actual mud, but with the ground-in dust and soot of years. Even the small pile of kindling which stood near the door had none of the



SHE HELD HER BREATH UNTIL HER LITTLE BODY ALMOST EXPLODED.

whiteness of freshly cut wood, but was grey and cobwebby like everything else about. Off in one corner was a heap of filthy rags which Margery pointed to without a word.

"Aw, what's the matter with you?" Willie Jones expostulated. "You're too finicky. I guess if you was as old as Mother Fagin you wouldn't mind a little thing like dirt."

He turned resolutely away and began a long distance inspection of the beehives which stood under an ancient row of apple-trees. Suddenly he listened intently.

"Why, Margery, I believe the old lady's got pigeons!"

Margery listened and presently she, too, heard a gentle *kr-r-roo—kr-r-ree*.

"Let's go see 'em," Willie suggested.

"But, Willie, if old Mother Fagin catches us she'll just give it to us. Honest, she will. She's fierce!"

Never having seen the lady in question, Willie Jones was undismayed. "Aw, go on! Can't we watch and if we see her comin' can't we skip?"

Willie Jones insisted, and Margery, against her better judgment, allowed herself to be drawn past the row of beehives down to a small chicken run. There they found the pigeons, a good many of them, fluttering about the loft of the henhouse.

The gate to the run was unlocked, so Willie had no trouble in entering.

"Come on, come on," he repeated more than once, as Margery hesitated at the gate. "Don't be such a scary cat."

"Well, Willie, you can see them just as well from the outside, and, besides, if we get inside and don't hear her coming she'll have us."

But again Willie insisted and again Margery allowed herself to be persuaded. Now the henhouse was built close beside the eastern fence of the run and faced south. The gate to the run was

also on the eastern fence but behind the henhouse. Consequently, when standing in front of the henhouse one could not see the gate. So Margery's pleasure in viewing the pigeons was somewhat marred by the frequent journeys she took to the gate to make sure that no one was coming. Willie Jones, feeling no such anxiety, was able to make a careful inspection of the cotes and to give the pigeons themselves an individual examination.

"Want to see me make 'em fly?" he would ask occasionally. His way of doing this was to fire a shot, to which the pigeons would make instant and noisy protest in a chorus of indignant *kr-r-roos* and a snapping whir of wings. A spectator might suppose, nay, would suppose, that Willie Jones was firing at the pigeons. With a very nice discrimination, he was, in reality, firing near them.

Security breeds carelessness, and Margery, after running around the henhouse some half dozen times, finally seated herself on a box.

"Ain't we been here long enough?" she asked presently.

Willie thought not. Where could they better wait for the old lady's return than right there?



"YOU STOP SHOOTING AT OUR HOUSE."

"If she catches us here," Willie said, enlarging on the thought, "I'll 'splain to her we want some honey and was just a-lookin' round at things."

"But, Willie, she ain't a person you can 'splain things to—she's so old and deaf."

Willie smiled superiorly and Margery got off her box to have another look at the gate. This time, as she turned the corner of the chicken-house, she gave a shrill exclamation and stopped long enough to scream the warning:

"Cheese it, Willie! Cheese it! She's coming!"

Willie Jones, not to be hurried by Margery's womanish fears, took another shot, watched the results, and, when it suited his dignity, started leisurely away. *Too* leisurely, he suddenly realized, at sight of an old woman standing inside the run, fumbling at the gate. Margery, on the outside of the run, was hopping about like a creature possessed.

"Oh, Willie!" she cried, in an agony of alarm. "Why didn't you come when I called you? She's locking the gate! She says she's going to kill you! And then she's going to give you to the policeman! Oh dear, oh dear, isn't there any way for you to get out?"

There didn't seem to be. Scaling the fence—a smooth lath-and-wire fence surmounted by barbed wire—was clearly out of the question. Willie Jones swallowed dryly and approached the old woman, whose back was still toward him.

"Excuse me, Mis' Fagin," he began, in his politest manner, "but my mother wants a pound o' your best honey."

Willie got no reply for, like the adder, deafness turns a heedless ear to politeness, however charming. When the gate was locked and the key safely in her pocket, Mother Fagin turned. The mere sight of her face made Willie Jones jump. She had a great nose that hung down and almost touched a protruding chin of the same shape. In repose, even these exaggerated features might not have been terrifying, but they, or, at any rate the chin, never was in repose. It was constantly in motion, in double motion, up and down and from side to side, like the jaw of a cow chewing its cud. The gray hair hanging in elf locks over the keen old eyes, the man's coat in which the old woman was dressed, the strange twisted stick she carried in one hand—all added to the weirdness of her appearance, and, to Willie Jones's

startled imagination, made her out a veritable witch.

"Excuse me, Mis' Fagin," he said again, "but my mother——"

She, seeing him by this time, began to brandish her stick and make toward him. During the exciting moments that followed, Willie Jones noticed that her jaws never for an instant ceased their chewing. Fascinated, he watched them, and, even at the very height of terror for his own safety, his mind kept going over and over the question—"What in the world do you suppose she's a-chewin'?"

His body, meanwhile, was dancing lightly before her just out of reach of her crooked stick.

"Ha, ha, I've got you this time!" She had a terrible bass voice, the very sound of which made you hop. "So you're the little devil that's been shooting my pigeons, eh? Well, after I'm done with you you won't be shooting them any more! And when I'm done with you I'll go after that little gal on the other side of the fence. Oh, I'll get you both yet! I know you both! I know you well! Old Mother Fagin knows you!"

"We want some *honey*!" Margery screamed at the top of her voice, waving the Mason jar frantically.

"HONEY!" Willie Jones roared, hardly knowing what he said.

"Honey," Mother Fagin repeated, still chewing, chewing, chewing. "You'll spoil my honey for me if I don't let you off, will you? No, my young gentleman, you won't spoil anything. When I'm through with you I'll hand you over to the policeman, and the policeman 'll take you off to the gallows. That's the place for boys who use sling-shots."

All this while she was moving toward him step by step, chewing, chewing, chewing, until Willie Jones was weak with terror. If only she would stop chewing for a moment, he might be able to think. But she never stopped. Step by step she forced him around to the henhouse, and at each step her jaws made a soundless crunch.

"Oh, Willie, be careful!" Margery cried through the fence. "Don't let her corner you!"

Though scarcely able to think for himself, Willie Jones could still act on outside suggestion. In fact, thereafter he did mechanically what Margery directed.

Twice the old woman drove him round the chicken run, and twice almost cornered him.



IN ANOTHER MOMENT SHE WOULD HAVE HIM—

It was like a dreadful nightmare. She didn't move fast, but she was always at it, always threatening to clutch him, and always chewing, chewing, chewing. The chickens, too, squawking wildly and dashing blindly about, did much to confuse him. Under the strain Willie Jones was fast losing his nerve, and Margery saw that if something did not happen quickly, the poor fellow would soon be done for. Distractedly she reviewed the situation. There was but one possible bridge of escape and that a very shaky one. But shake or no shake, Willie Jones would have to try it.

"Listen, Willie. Come over this way toward the chicken-house again."

Willie dodged toward the chicken-house, not because he saw any reason for doing so but because he was told to.

"Now, Willie, quick! Grab that box. . . . Put it in front of the window. . . . Now jump up on the window. Quick now! See if those pigeon perches are solid. Don't you see, if they are you can climb up on them and then pull up to the roof. Hurry, Willie! If only you get to the roof, you can drop

down over the fence on this side! Don't you see?"

Willie got as far as the henhouse window without mishap. There he hesitated.

"It's no good, Margery. I can't make it."

"Get out o' that window, you young devil!"

Mother Fagin was slowly, surely getting to him. Her arm and her stick were up, her chin was moving faster, more fascinatingly than ever. In another moment she would have him and then, the consciousness came over him, she would be *chewing him*.

"Climb up, Willie Jones! Climb! Do you hear me—CLIMB!"

Willie Jones gave one last terrified glance at those quivering jaws and then made a wild jump at the pigeon roosts. He caught them and they held, and he pulled himself up to the roof amid the indignant *kr-r-roos* of the frightened pigeons. After that, to crawl to the back of the roof, hang an instant, then drop to the ground on the safe side of the fence, was the work of a moment.

"Now," Margery cried, "let's run!"

This time Willie did not linger, and off they started as Mother Fagin, seeing what

was happening, raised her voice in a torrent of overwhelming abuse: she knew them both; she would have them yet; within half an hour—she shook her stick—a policeman would be after them. Margery and Willie did not wait to hear her out, but fled up the bottled path and through the rickety gate as though pursued by goblins.

"Oh!" Margery gasped at last. "Can't we rest a minute?"

"Not here," Willie said, with a fearful glance over his shoulder. "Wait till we get to those bushes."

Behind the bushes, Margery dropped down limp and panting.

"Oh, Willie, ain't she turrible? Do you know, I believe she's a real witch!"

"They ain't no such thing as witches," said Willie Jones bravely. Then he took a cautious peep down the road.

"How do you know they ain't? Even if they ain't," Margery concluded, firmly, "I bet she's one."

"Well, all I got to say—we better not hang around here too long. First thing you know she'll nab us."

Margery shuddered. "But listen, Willie. We better not go home the same way."

"Why not?"

"She—she might see us and find out where we live."

Willie nodded gravely.

"So hadn't we better twist around as much as we can so's to fool her, don't you know?"

Yes, on the whole, that would be the safest plan. So they took the longest possible way home and, even so, ran most of the distance and hid many times. Finally, in Willie Jones's back yard, they rested.

"Do you really think she knows us like she says she does?" Margery asked for the fiftieth time. "I don't see how she can, do you, Willie?"

Willie Jones, whose courage by this time was fast rising, declared that of course she didn't. In his opinion she was merely bluffing.

"But, Willie, if she does send a policeman. . . ?"

"I'll hide down in our cellar," Willie decided promptly. "I know a place down there where I bet no one can find me. Where'll you go?"

"I suppose I could hide in the attic. But what if she catches us before we have a chance to hide?"

For a full moment Willie Jones considered

this frightful possibility. Then he spoke:

"I tell you what, Margery, we'll just have to be on the lookout. If a policeman comes into our yard I'll skip over our back fence and give three whistles at your dining-room window. You know the kind. Then, while he's still ringing our doorbell, I'll scoot down our cellar by the outside door. And if he comes to your house first, you jump up on the back fence and give three *hoo-hoos* and I'll know what you mean."

With this understanding the two friends parted.

At dinner, that night, the Jones mother beamed fondly on her son.

"Willie, your father won't be home till late. So you and I will have the evening together. Now, what shall we do?"

Willie Jones, absorbed in his own thoughts, answered at random: "No, thank you, Mamma. I don't want any more."

"Willie! What are you thinking about? You didn't hear a word I said!"

This time Willie listened and then very politely assured his mother that anything she wished to do would please him. That was the proper kind of answer.

"Well, dear, I thought we could read. You know that nice Henty book that we haven't quite finished? But you undress first—put on your pajamas and dressing-gown and then, when we're ready for bed, you can hop right in."

Willie Jones didn't seem enthusiastic over the idea of undressing immediately, but, as his mother was very insistent and as he couldn't explain to her why he preferred his daytime costume, there was nothing for him but to agree. Anyhow, if the worst came to the worst, the dressing-gown would be just as comfortable to hide in, behind the furnace, as anything else.

So after dinner Willie marched upstairs, and the Jones mother, waiting for him, book in hand, smiled happily to herself. Of late they had been seeing too little of each other—she and her boy. An evening like this was just what they needed to reestablish that close intimacy which had once been so dear to her. In the past few months she had had the feeling that her boy was slipping from her. Playmates of his own age were coming to mean more to him than she meant. He got home now, from play and from school, full of thoughts which he kept to himself, never sharing them with her. There had

once been a time when his mind had been as open to her as a printed page—the time when whatever she found there had been placed there by herself. And she had fondly supposed that it was always to be thus. Then, on a certain bit er day, he had shown her her mistake. It was the day he had deliberately lied about a torn collar. Lying was so new to him then that it was not hard for her to get at the truth. But he had learned a good deal since, and so had she. For one thing, she no longer pressed him now upon matters about which he did not care to speak. Far be it from her to force him into lies, and, besides, he was growing too plausible, too glib. So in this, as in many other directions, she was doing her best to adjust herself to the new order of things and to reconcile herself to the thought that she

all right. But don't be forever nagging at him. It's bad enough to be an only child, without that."

And she, understanding that he thought her corrections nagging, tried hard to close her eyes to many a fault which, in the old days, she would have treated as a heinous crime. Yes, every day now there were little things she let pass by. And sometimes, by mistake, she excused the wrong things and took him to task for the trivial ones. It was hard always to know beforehand which were



"HOW LATE AT NIGHT DO THEY ARREST PEOPLE?"

could not expect always to be foremost in her boy's mind.

"Don't worry about nothing," her husband had said to her. "The boy's all right. We can't expect to keep him tied at home all his life. It's necessary for his growth that he get out and learn things for himself. We'll do our best to keep him clean and decent; and the chances are he'll come out

which. She had something to-night to speak about, but if she found him unresponsive she was not going to press the matter. She was not going to have him or any one else feel that she nagged him.

"Now won't we be comfy?" she said, as Willie appeared, a comical little figure in dressing-gown and slippers. It was a gorgeous dressing-gown, with great red and

white collar and striped border. What wasn't collar and border was given up to a riotous firmament of red moons, red half moons, and red stars sailing through a white sky. The girdle was red, with large white tassels. The Jones mother tended, as this shows, toward the odd and fanciful in her son's dress. Willie used to wear what was put on him without comment, but now—another phase of the change that had come over him—he fought and abhorred anything that made him different in appearance from other boys. He had accepted the dressing-gown in the first place in a spirit of compromise, in return for certain concessions which he had insisted upon in the matter of street clothes. Even so, he let it be understood that he thought he was very generous to wear, if only in the privacy of his own home, a thing that made him look like a clown.

Willie seated himself in a low square rocker before his mother and waited.

"There is one thing I want to talk about," the Jones mother began, "before we read. That sling-shot, Willie, that I saw you playing with to-day—I wonder do you realize what a dangerous toy it is? You might break a window the easiest thing in the world, or you might injure some one's eye-sight."

Willie Jones looked up. He remembered suddenly that he had—no, not he, exactly, but that there had been a window broken that very afternoon. Had some one been carrying tales to his mother? But a close scrutiny of her face persuaded him that she had touched upon the subject of windows by pure accident.

"So," his mother continued, "don't you think it would be better to give me that sling-shot?"

"No, Mamma," Willie said, slowly; "I think I'll keep it myself."

There was nothing disrespectful or impudent in his tone. He was merely stating a determination which he felt he had every right to make. It wasn't even a matter for discussion; it was what he was going to do. And his mother was so sure that he would do it that she dared not urge him further.

"But you'll promise me one thing, won't you, Willie?" she begged. "Won't you promise me not to shoot it?"

"No, Mamma," he said, in the same measured tones; "I don't think I ought to promise that. You see I might be tempted to break my promise, and you wouldn't want

me to do that, now would you? But there is one thing I will promise"—he beamed on her brightly—"I promise to be awful careful about windows and people's eyes and things."

The Jones mother had, perforce, to accept this sacrifice as graciously as it was tendered. Then, as there was no more to be said, she opened the Henty book.

They had reached that most interesting point in the story where the youthful hero has obtained by accident and pluck the information which is to determine the morrow's battle. The Jones mother read with force and expression, giving due emphasis to every passage of fine courage and noble patriotism.

"Willie!" she exclaimed, finally. "What do you think of a boy like that?"

On Willie's face there was a rapt, far-away look. His jaws were working curiously. He hesitated a moment before answering, then he said:

"Yes, Mamma, but——"

"But what, Willie?"

"Mamma, do you know what it is old ladies chew?"

The Jones mother stared. "Why, Willie, what put such an idea into your head?"

"Oh, nuthin'. I was just wonderin'."

"Well, my dear"—the Jones mother spoke with axiomatic finality—"whatever it was, remember this: *Ladies* never chew anything."

Willie Jones knew better than that, but, as his mother spoke honestly out of what he must consider her more limited experience in life, he let the subject drop.

"All right, Mamma. And now let's have some more reading."

So the Jones mother, though reluctant to miss the clue which had prompted her son's question, was forced back to the book. She read on and on, striving hard to evince by her own manner the interest which the climax of the story deserved. At last she reached the moment when the Great General put his hand on the youthful hero's head and, in a voice broken with feeling, exclaimed: "My lad, but for you to-morrow had been a sad day for old England!"

The Jones mother again paused expectantly. This time Willie spoke at once.

"Say, Mamma, stop a minute, will you? I want to ask you something."

"Well, dear?"

"How late at night do they arrest people?"



THE BLAIR MOTHER WAS THERE WITH HER ENTIRE BROOD.

The Jones mother closed the Henty book and gave full attention to her son's query. "What in the world do you mean?"

"How late at night do they arrest people?" Willie reiterated. "When—when does the policeman go to bed?"

"Oh, I see what you mean. You mean: How many hours is a policeman on duty? Is that it?"

Willie thought perhaps that was it.

"I think, Willie, that they're on duty eight hours."

By a rapid calculation, Willie discovered that eight hours from twenty-four hours would give him more than enough time for a comfortable night's rest if only he could find out when the policeman's eight hours ended.

"Yes, Mamma, but what time do they leave their beat?"

"Well, Willie, that depends." (Strange, isn't it, how seldom a grown-up is able to make you a direct answer?) "Now, for instance, take the policeman that stands up at our corner. Lately I have seen him in the afternoon and early evening. I think his beat is probably from one o'clock in the afternoon to nine o'clock at night."

That was what Willie wanted to know.

"And, Mamma, after nine o'clock at night, does he go home?"

"I suppose he does," the Jones mother answered, hardly knowing what to say. "At any rate, he's no longer on duty."

"And when he's no longer on duty he don't make any more arrests, does he, Mamma?"

"No, certainly not."

"That means nine o'clock, Mamma?"

"I can't speak positively, Willie, but I think it does."

At that moment Willie Jones was thankful that his mother had taught him to tell time. He could look at the clock and see for himself that it was about half past eight. That meant that he would have to stay on watch but a little while longer. When nine o'clock struck he would be able to go to bed with a free mind. So, after all, they had given old Mother Fagin the slip! After all, the old lady had been bluffing when she said she knew them! If she had known them she would have sent a policeman after them or come herself long before this. Willie Jones gave a deep sigh of relief.

"Willie," his mother said, "what is the

matter with you? You've been so strange all evening—asking such odd questions. What are you thinking about? Come, tell mother."

But before Willie had time to tell, a ring at the front doorbell made him jump in fright. He looked about frantically for a moment and then gasped out:

"I—I—I'm going to bed! I—I—I'm awful tired! And don't let any one come upstairs! You won't, Mamma, will you?"

The Jones mother looked at her son in amazement, but before she could speak he was gone. Twice on the stairs he tripped on his dressing-gown, but even so he got to his room and had his head buried in the covers before his mother had opened the front door. Why, at the moment of peril, he fled upstairs instead of to the cellar as he had planned, he could not have told himself. Instinct, not reason, had guided him.

He waited ages before venturing to uncover an ear. Finally, when he raised his head to listen, he heard his mother coming. Back he fell at once into the pillow, simulating with all his power the deep, regular breathing of heavy slumber.

"Willie! Willie! Wake up! You're not asleep—you know you're not! Mrs. Blair is downstairs and says you broke her laundry window."

Gracious, was that all it was? Willie sat up at once and without a protest accompanied his mother downstairs.

The Blair mother was there with her entire brood—the twins, Henry, and Margery. From appearances, Margery had been in the sweatbox for some hours but was still unconquered. The others were in the background, but she, as a criminal on trial, was standing by her mother. Her little body was tense with defiance, her brows were black, her mouth straight-lipped and thin. She brightened an instant on the advent of her friend and accomplice, and was so far diverted by his costume that, puffing out her cheeks with silent laughter, she pointed her finger and whispered, "Circus!" Willie Jones, in pretended dudgeon, whispered back, "Aw, go on!" Then the Blair mother restored order by saying, sharply, "Margery!"

"Now, Willie," the Jones mother began, "the twins say you broke their laundry window with your sling-shot, and Margery says you didn't. Did you do it?"

Willie turned indignantly on the twins, who were seated side by side on the couch, their arms about each other.

"Do you mean to say you two got the gall to say you seen me break that window?"

"We didn't say we saw you," the twins replied almost in one voice. "But you know yourself you were shooting your sling-shot, and we told you you'd break that very window if you weren't careful. Then when we went out to the gate to talk to Gladys Bailey, somebody broke the window, 'cause it was broken when we got back, and if you didn't, who did?"

"The last time that window was broken," the Blair mother announced, "it cost sixty-five cents."

"If Willie broke the window," Willie's mother remarked, rather icily, "he will be glad to pay for it. But I can't quite see why the twins are so positive Willie broke it if they didn't see him do it. What does Margery say?"

"Margery!" Margery's mother snorted. "I've been struggling with Margery ever since dinner and before, and I can't get a thing out of her. She's a stubborn, naughty child!"

"Margery," the Jones mother asked, "did Willie break that window?"

"No, Mrs. Jones, he didn't."

The Jones mother took a long breath and surveyed the Blair mother and the twins.

"Then," the Blair mother demanded, in sharp staccato tones, "*who—did?*"

Gathering into one glance all the scorn at her command, Margery flung it at her mother and sisters. Then she answered, quietly enough, "I did."

"O—oh!" This for a few seconds was the outraged and reproachful chorus of the Blair mother and the twins. Then the Blair mother found words.

"Oh, what a wicked, ungrateful child you are! Why didn't you tell me that hours ago?"

"Because you didn't ask me."

"Didn't ask you?"

"No, you did not," Margery insisted. "All you and the twins kept saying was, 'Willie Jones did it! You know he did it! Now didn't Willie Jones do it?'"

The Blair mother and the twins looked at each other, dumbfounded and helpless. Perhaps—perhaps that was the form their inquiry had taken.

"And no matter how much any one wanted me to, I wasn't going to say he did it when he didn't," Margery continued, making the most of a good thing. "That'd be telling a lie."

Panoplied in this noble sentiment, Margery faced the world, calm and self-possessed. The Blair mother rose to go.

"I hope you will pardon my mistake, Mrs. Jones, but the twins were so sure——"

The Jones mother could afford to be gracious, but before she had time to say much she herself was interrupted by her son.

"Wait a minute, Mamma. It was my fault that window got broke."

The two mothers paused, and Katherine demanded triumphantly, "Now, Margery Blair, do you hear that?"

"What do you mean, Willie?" the Jones mother asked.

"If those old twins'll keep still a minute, I'll tell you. They're always sticking their oar in our affairs, ain't they, Margery?"

"Well, Willie," his mother urged, "tell us what you mean."

"It was this way," Willie said. "Margery had my sling-shot and was aimin' at a sparrer. Wait a minute. I'll get my sling-shot and show you."

He stumbled upstairs—dressing-gowns are very awkward on the stairs—and in a moment was back with his sling-shot.

"Now, Margery, you aim at the top of that bookcase. We'll pretend that's a sparrer. Just as Margery fires I'm going to knock her elbow, by mistake, you know. Then what does she do? Why, she hits the window, of course. So she tells the truth when she says she broke it. But it was my fault all the same for hitting her elbow. Now, Katherine Blair, what have *you* got to say to *that*?"

No one had anything to say for a moment. Then Henry spoke, briefly, pointedly. It was the only remark he made the whole evening, but not for that reason any the less significant.

"Don't you know," he demanded, in the stern voice a big boy always assumes in addressing a small one, "don't you know you hadn't ought to ever let a girl handle a sling-shot?"

"It seems to me," the Jones mother said, reverting to the original question, "that this divides the blame equally. What do you say, Mrs. Blair, to Willie's bearing half the expense and Margery half?"

"Aw, now, Mamma," Willie Jones entreated, gallantly, "won't you let me take the whole sixty-five cents out of my bank?"

"Of course not," the Blair mother said at once. "Let it be half and half as you sug-

gest, Mrs. Jones. And now that this little tangle is straightened out, we must be going home. It's time for young people to be thinking of bed."

While good nights were being said, Willie got a word in private to Margery.

"Sst, Margery! You needn't watch any more!"

"Watch what, Willie?"

"Why, the policeman, of course!"

"What policeman?"

Willie looked at her in disgust. In the excitement of the other dispute, that of the trivial, the unimportant old laundry window, Margery had actually forgotten.

"Why, Mother Fagin's policeman, of course!" Willie whispered, severely.

"Oh!" Margery recalled that peril with a start. "What did you say about him, Willie?"

Willie pointed to the clock. "See that?"

Yes, Margery did.

"Well, listen here: *It's after nine!*"

Willie's tone was so full of meaning that Margery looked startled.

"So," continued Willie, "they's no more policemen around to-night."

Still Margery did not understand. "Why not?" she asked.

"Margery," Willie whispered, in desperation, "what a dummy you are sometimes! Why not? 'Cause they all go to bed at nine o'clock!"

Margery hadn't time to express her relief at this astonishing but very sensible bit of information before the Jones mother, with great sweetness, said: "Good night, Margery. Come over and see me some afternoon."

The Blair mother, with a cordiality that rang hollow, returned the compliment by saying: "And you must come over and see us, Willie."

So, on the whole, the little affair of the laundry window ended very pleasantly. Thanks to the high moral tone which Margery had taken toward the last, and to the nobility of sentiment which had prompted Willie Jones to assume his just share of guilt, no further fault could possibly be found with those two estimable young persons. Willie Jones, sitting a few moments after the departure of the Blair family and thinking over the adventures of the day, gazed at his sling-shot complacently.

His mother's eyes were likewise fastened on the sling-shot. It was evident she was

hoping that, under the circumstances, he might now think better of the little request she had made earlier in the evening. He was thinking, but about something else, as she discovered when he spoke.

"Say, Mamma, don't you think it's mean the way they're always a-pickin' on her?"

"What do you mean, Willie? Who's picking on any one?"

"Her mother and those old twins—on Margery, I mean. They're always a-doin' it. Why, do you know if they picked on me at home like they do on her, do you know what I'd do?"

The Jones mother was eager to hear.

"Why I—I'd run away!"

For a moment the Jones mother was taken aback. Then she met the situation fairly. Could she force herself to withdraw even her silent disapproval of that sling-shot? Indeed she could! Even at risk of another broken window she was not going to insist on anything that would justify Willie in thinking that he, too, was "picked" on at home. If he must learn by experience, he must. . . . There was an expression in the Jones mother's eye that showed her resolution was taken.

"But, Willie, dear," she said, earnestly, "you must not be afraid to come to me in trouble as you were to-night. I should not have been angry, but should have helped you out the best I could. What else are mothers for? No matter what it's about, you'll come to me frankly the next time, won't you, dear?"

For a moment Willie stared. Then he understood. His mother supposed his excitement all evening had been due to that old laundry window. Huh! All things considered, she might as well keep on thinking so. What was the use in having her worry about things she couldn't understand, anyhow? So he answered, in tones of downright sincerity and gratitude:

"All right, Mamma. Next time I will!"

Presently he yawned. "My, but I'm sleepy. Guess I'll go to bed."

He kissed his mother the way she loved to be kissed, first on one cheek, then on the other, and started off. Suddenly she thought of something and called him back.

"Just a minute, Willie. I forgot to ask you about that honey. Did you get it?"

"No, Mamma, I couldn't get any. Old Mother Fagin wasn't at home. I knocked and kicked and pounded on the door and no one answered. I put the twenty cents back on your bureau."

"In that case," his mother said, "you'd better try again to-morrow afternoon."

Willie Jones's face fell.

"Oh, no, Mamma!" he gasped.

"Why not?"

"It—it wouldn't be good for you, dearest!"

Dearest! He hardly ever called her that now—the name she loved best of all.

"Why wouldn't it be good for me, Willie?"

"Why, because, don't you know, don't you know it—it's so dirty! Why, I—I'd be afraid to have you eat any honey from old Mother Fagin's! The house is so dirty and everything around is so dirty it—it wouldn't be healthy for you! They was the awfulest looking pile of dirty rags you ever saw. Dearest, you won't eat any honey from there, will you?"

His anxiety was so pathetic that the Jones mother, taking him in her arms, kissed him over and over.

"Indeed I won't, Willie, not if you don't want me to. Oh, what a great big boy you're getting to be—taking care of your old mother in this way! It makes me feel very happy," she said, after good nights were again exchanged; "it makes me feel very happy to see how thoughtful you are becoming of the welfare of others."

And Willie Jones, as he stumbled upstairs on his dressing-gown, had that comfortable feeling which comes to a man who has heard himself praised and knows in his own heart that the praise is deserved.





A LITTLE STORY OF REAL LIFE

THE LITTLE DRAB MAN

By Robert Rudd Whiting

Author of
"A Ball of Yarn," etc.

THE Shrimp and the Ferret were glancing through a morning paper in the upstairs room of Sig's place, one Monday afternoon, trying to identify the masterpieces of the day before. In the art of the upper world—painting, music, literature, or sculpture—the greater the production, the more widely heralded is the artist's name. But the landscape artist's meat is the fire-escape artist's poison. In the underworld fame spells failure. It is only the producers of the bungling, botchy work whose names reach the ears of the general public. The creator of your great masterpiece is recognized only by his fellow-artists who are thoroughly familiar with his eccentricities of style, method, and technique.

"Woman Robbed in a Church," read the Ferret.

"Big Annie," muttered the Shrimp.

"Jim's Mary," corrected the Ferret, naming another artist of the same school. "Big Annie's gone west for the exposish."

The other productions reviewed by the press that morning were easy of identification. The old man who was choked and relieved of his watch in Central Park had been done by Bug Buckley—the Bug painted with a broad, daring stroke. The Harlem flat jobs could unhesitatingly be as-

cribed to Spike Shea, and they instantly agreed that it must have been Stump Reilly who had pinched the night watchman's only suit of clothes while he was in bed—the Stump was such a comical fellow in his way!

"Pipe this one," said the Ferret. "'New Clue in Wister Robbery. Police Expect to Make Arrests To-day.'"

He looked up at the Shrimp. The Shrimp gazed innocently back at the Ferret. Then he slowly lowered his right eyelid, and they both grinned.

"Let's see it," he said, taking the paper from the Ferret. After reading with evident amusement the report of the new developments in the Wister case, he was about to toss the paper back when another headline caught his eye.

"Hello, what's this? 'Disturbed by Midnight'—Hell, nutt'n but a fool yarn about a haunted house."

Nevertheless, led on, perhaps, by the fascination which the supernatural has for even the most matter-of-fact of us, the Shrimp glanced through the article before handing the Ferret back his paper.

It was the legend of "the little drab man" who is said to haunt a certain old house "not far from Washington Square." The newspaper was considerate enough not to



THE SHRIMP AND THE FERRET WERE GLANCING THROUGH THE MORNING PAPER.

give the exact address. The owner finds it hard enough to keep his property rented as it is. "Of course there is really nothing in it," the tenants always assure the agent, upon notifying him that they do not intend to renew their lease, "but it's so very difficult to keep servants. Once they hear the absurd stories that circulate around the neighborhood, it is impossible to convince them"—etc., etc., etc.

As the Shrimp sat there, vaguely thinking about it, he had a sudden inspiration. He started to tell the Ferret, but then thought better of it. This was a one-man job. He wasn't throwing his pal, he assured himself. It simply couldn't be made a two-man job.

Later that afternoon, as he threaded his way through the shopping crowds on Sixth Avenue, crossing the street occasionally to avoid some pussy-footed "bull" who knew his "mug," he worked the whole thing out in detail.

Here was a house which was said to be haunted by a wizened little old man with a drab shawl around his shoulders, who prowled about after midnight making weird noises. Well, the Shrimp was certainly wizened and little, he had done considerable midnight house-prowling in the course of his career, while as for the drab shawl and weird noises—that was what made it the opportunity of a lifetime. In most houses visited in the cause of the art of burglary, there is always the danger of being heard, and, being heard, of being seen, and finally, being seen, of being caught. But in this particular house, supposing the people should hear a noise: wouldn't they, panic-stricken and trembling, shrink beneath the bedclothes? Or, supposing the head of the house, being a lion-hearted scoffer at things supernatural, should venture forth from his warm bed to investigate the cause of the strange noises; and supposing he should unexpectedly encounter a *wizened little old man with a drab shawl around his shoulders*!—the thought of it almost curved the Shrimp's straight, thin-lipped mouth into a smile.

Down in that part of New York where the few remaining New Yorkers still live, where queer-looking old ladies and gentlemen are pointed out as the grandnieces and grandnephews of people who ceased being old ladies and old gentlemen many years ago, the Shrimp sought out an old-fashioned bookseller whose shop is littered with books on every subject under the sun and many subjects that are not.

"Psychic stuff?" repeated the proprietor. "Just step in the rear here, son, and we'll see what we can do for you."

"I noticed an account of the 'little drab man' in one of the morning papers," remarked the Shrimp offhandedly, as he was turning over some pages.

"Yes, funny thing, that. It's hard to tell just what to make of it. Now I recollect"—which he proceeded to do, entertainingly and at length.

"Just which house is that?" inquired the Shrimp carelessly. "I've had it pointed out to me, but——"

"Why, you know that row of brick houses just this side of the church there? Well, it's the farthest one—Number 13. Strange coincidence, isn't it?"

The Shrimp could scarcely control his elation. This bit of information was worth many times the seventy-five cents that he cheerfully paid for a paper-covered volume entitled "Mediums"—"In spite of its name, rather well done and very rare," the bookseller assured him with a chuckle. An old-fashioned bookseller will have his old-fashioned joke.

A few minutes later the Shrimp was getting the lay of the land. The church next door to the haunted house had a churchyard. Good. In case the front should offer unusual difficulties, there would be only a high-spiked fence between him and the adjoining row of back yards. But the front of the house did not present any unusual difficulties. Without seeming to look, the Shrimp's practised eyes noted, as he strolled past, that Number 13 was one of a row of similar houses, three story brick, French windows on parlor floor, regulation fasteners, and—Why, he wouldn't even have to scratch the woodwork.

Of course he didn't know the inside of the house, but— Suddenly, as the Shrimp's glance wandered down to the end of the row, he almost cried aloud in delighted astonishment. He had to walk slowly, very slowly, to keep from dancing. They had torn down the last two houses to make way for a modern apartment building, and the plaster and paper were still sticking to the adjoining walls, making a perfect set of burglar's working plans for every other house in the row.

"Hall—dining-room—stairs," mentally noted the Shrimp, following the parallelograms of plaster and paper on the western wall. "Bedroom—bedroom"—my lady's

bedroom, judging by the daintily flowered paper. The Shrimp quickly turned his attention to the opposite wall. The paper of a lady's bedroom is as expressive of her personality as her clothes, as her manner of doing her hair, as the perfumery she permits to cling to her. Anything so intimate should be held sacred. A man who will ruthlessly expose the wall of a lady's bedroom to every vulgar passer-by must be lacking in soul; devoid of temperament. But that is probably why he is a contract- or rather than a poet or a burglar.

Luck followed the Shrimp all afternoon. He succeeded in purchasing a drab shawl at the very first department store he tried, in spite of the salesgirl's assurances that they "ain't wearing drab any more," and that "if it's for a very old lady she would probably like some bright, cheerful color better."

No *débutante* making ready for her first dance could have been more painstaking or more impatient than was the Shrimp that evening. First he examined his revolver. Then he whitened his face, drew the drab shawl around his crunched-up shoulders, and slunk with ghostlike glides toward the mirror. Fine. But no; wasn't his face just the least bit too ghastly? he wondered. Wouldn't it attract attention on the street? He wiped it off and made it up over again. There, that was better. He glanced at the clock. It must have stopped. He went over and listened to it. Good heavens, would the hour for ghosts to walk never come?

He sat down at his table and went over his revolver once more. It was a pretty gun—.38 caliber, with handsomely chased silver mountings and an elaborately engraved presentation plate on the butt. It had been given to him, indirectly of course, by a bunch of British brother officers in India. They had presented it, the engraving on the plate explained, to their colonel, for bravery; but as the poor old duffer had been scared almost to death when he gave it up, the Shrimp could be pardoned for looking upon it more as a tribute to his own bravery.

At last the clock dragged its hands around to starting time. The Shrimp counted upon reaching the haunted house shortly before three. Vitality is at a low ebb in the early



—YOU KNOW THAT ROW OF BRICK HOUSES? WELL,
IT'S THE FARTHEST ONE—NUMBER 13.

morning hours. It is the time when little things look big, faint noises sound loud, and strong men become weak. Of course, there is no reason why the burglar, too, should not be subject to the sapping influence of the hour, but—the Shrimp felt of his gun pocket to make sure that he had forgotten nothing—but bravery never knows the time of day.

His drab shawl was in his suit case. That was the Ferret's idea—taking a suit case in which to pack the swag. It attracted less attention than carrying plunder beneath a loose overcoat, and it gave one a plausible excuse for being on the streets at any unearthly hour; "Day's outing in the country, you see—missed the last train and had to come in on the trolley to Hoboken. Wonder if the 'L' is running this time o' night?—Have to get up to Ninety-fifth Street."

As the Shrimp glanced up at the tower of the church next to Number 13, he felt a tinge of disappointment. Supposing that by some mischance the people of the house should be awakened: while they were still straining their ears to catch any repetition of the sound that had disturbed them, they would hear, he had hoped, loud and terrible in the sur-

rounding stillness—Clong!—Clong!—Clong!—the church clock striking three. The sound of a church clock, he thought, must be very awful to people in a haunted house, particularly when their nerves are all on edge. And now he noted, as he peered up at the dimly outlined tower, that the church had no clock. Not that it really mattered much, of course; it was just that he was a little bit superstitious about his luck changing.

There are enough people proficient in the art of getting into other folks' houses without describing in detail how the Shrimp went about it. Suffice it to say that he was able to accomplish his entry, as he had hoped, without even scratching the paint on the French windows.

Parlor—dining-room—yes, and there was the sideboard just as he had pictured it. He opened his suit case, spread his drab shawl for instant adjustment, and knelt to his work. Nice, simple, old-fashioned locks; they are very saving to the veneer on a handsome mahogany sideboard sometimes.

Women who think that no man can pack a suit case properly should have seen the Shrimp. Swiftly, noiselessly—Listen! What was that?

He stopped and waited expectantly. Nothing.

Dank, clammy sort of atmosphere, he thought. Cozy little place—for a little drab man. Why didn't they air it once in a while? he wondered, as he hesitatingly put down his gun and resumed work.

He hurried. The silver that a smaller sideboard seemingly could not have held was soon snugly stowed away in his suit case. Then, just as he was fastening the straps, he drew back with a start. There it was again. There could be no mistaking it this time. It was as though the sounds he had made in breaking in, having died away, had come back, fainter, more ghostly, to haunt the awful stillness of the place.

His fingers closed convulsively around the gun that somebody had presented to somebody else for bravery—whatever that might be. He threw the drab shawl about him and glided to the hall door. He felt a gust of damp, clammy air, as though a slice of the night itself had slipped in through a quickly opened window. Something inside of him seemed to be shrinking, crumbling away.

He looked. He saw nothing. He listened. He heard nothing. But—but—yes, he saw nothing, he heard nothing, but he *felt* them—

footsteps—he *felt* footsteps, measured and silent, coming up—up—up the basement stairs—up—up— They ceased. He peered, fearful, into the darkness. There, dimly outlined at the top of the stairs, stood—the *little drab man!*

He stood there, motionless, his chin buried in the folds of his shawl, his scornful little eyes boring into the Shrimp's very marrow. The Shrimp seemed powerless in the creature's spell. His fingers slowly relaxed, and his revolver fell to the floor. His shawl slipped from his twitching shoulders. God! Why didn't the thing move?

As if in answer to his thought, the little drab man slowly raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at the trespasser. With a half-stifled scream the Shrimp turned and bolted. Out through the unfastened window by which he had entered, down the steps, into the deserted street, he staggered, scrambled, ran.

On the following afternoon the Shrimp was sipping brandy in the upstairs room of Sig's place. The Ferret entered, and catching sight of his pal, gave him a resounding slap between the shoulders.

The Shrimp started violently and mumbled something.

Instead of going where he was told, the Ferret drew up a chair and seated himself.

"Wotinell's the matter with yer?" he asked, noting the Shrimp's drawn, haggard face. "An' wotcher doin' with that stuff?" jerking his thumb toward the brandy. "I've got a job I wanted you in on. D'ye remember that piece you started to read in the paper yesterday? Some pipe about a haunted house? How a little drab man— Wot's the matter with yer, anyhow?"

The Shrimp's glass had shattered upon the floor.

"Say, I'm sorry ye're all to the bad. I wanted you in on this. Think what a cinch 'twould be. I'd do it alone, only it's got to be a two-man job. One to pack the swag, an' the other to do the spook act."

The Shrimp shuddered and shook his head.

"Wot's eatin' you, Shrimp? You act like you'd just seen a ghost yerself," taunted the Ferret good-naturedly.

"Look a-here, Ferret; listen to me." And then, defiantly, almost savagely, the Shrimp related his whole horrid experience of the night before. The Ferret's face took on an expression of astonishment.



THERE, AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS, STOOD—THE LITTLE DRAB MAN!

"And you think it really was a ghost, then?" he asked incredulously.

"Think so? I tell you I *know* so! Didn't I see him sift right through the banisters while I was standing there?"

The Ferret whistled softly. Then, with a sudden inspiration: "Did you have a gun?"

A wave of shame swept through the Shrimp as he remembered what had become of his gun.

"No," he mumbled confusedly. "No, I didn't have a gun. But——"

"Ah, then that accounts for it," concluded the Ferret, with relief. "You should have had a gun. I'll bet you there ain't any ghost livin' that'll stand up before a good, healthy,

everyday gun. Next time you go— Here, I've got an extra one right here. Keep it. You're welcome to it."

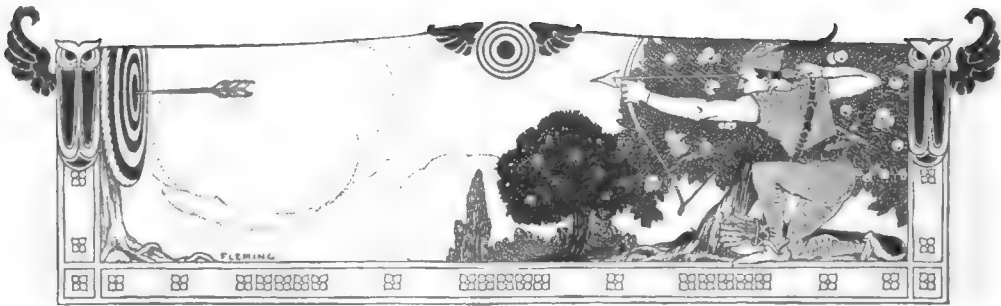
He drew a revolver from his pocket and slid it across the table.

The Shrimp stared at it with round-eyed amazement.

It was a pretty gun—.38 caliber, with handsomely chased silver mountings, and an elaborately engraved plate on the butt showing that it had been presented for bravery to——

"And if you do decide to try it again," the Ferret was generously telling him, "I've got an extra drab shawl that I picked up the other night—for practically nothing."





STRAIGHT TALK

WANTS TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY OF THE COMMON GOOD

There is something about that man Lindsey's story that reminds me I have fighting blood in my veins. The very futility of the struggle he is up against makes me want to ally myself with him in some way—in any way that will give him any satisfaction.

I don't mean that I consider the cause hopeless in the long run, but it is all too inextricably mixed with the great folly of allowing industrial feudalism to override our alleged political democracy, to admit of solution by individuals—be they all as honest and as clear-thinking as Judge Lindsey—unless they can organize in a body the like of which has never been seen in this country in my generation.

If there is anything that gives me a pain deep down in my insides it is "resolootin'," after the manner of ordinary assemblies. And every organization that I have ever seen has been a clearing house for third-rate horn toolers.

But, all this to the contrary notwithstanding, if an advertising man in Chicago can be shown any way that he can ally himself to some purpose with Ben Lindsey of Denver and push his game along, I am that man. For pretty near forty years, while he has been *fighting* I have been *shuffling*, first on one foot and then on the other, and now I would like to "get in the game."

I know absolutely that conditions in Chicago and Illinois are just as damnably rotten as they are in Denver and Colorado and New York and San Francisco and in all the broad country between, and for the same reason.

Tom Lawson, Lincoln Steffens, and Ben Lindsey have voiced what every American of average intelligence knows. Call it the "Beast," or the "System," or the "Interests," or what you please, "conscienceless corporate power" is working along the same lines everywhere. We

all have good friends, I suppose, all wound up in its sucker arms.

But I am optimist enough to believe that there are a good many million men in this country to-day who are more than tired of passive non-resistance and are in favor of fighting in the open if they can be given a chance. Let me know if there is anything of the kind in sight.

The "Minute Men" and the "Free Soilers" shot off something besides their *mouths*. And one man that is spoiling for a fight is O. M. H.

READ THIS

I have read the first instalment of Judge Lindsey's story with more interest than I can tell you. You have read the whole of it, and, therefore, you can imagine how I felt when I met Lindsey last October, in the midst of what seemed a perfectly hopeless political campaign. Both the Democratic and Republican parties had turned him down, and he had just announced his intention of running independently. I met a little group of his supporters at the meeting he had called—numbering not more than twenty men in all. He had apparently no support but this, and no means of publicity, and he did not think that his votes would be counted even if they were cast. I sat in his little study with him until the early hours of the morning, and he told me with trembling lips of his long struggle, and of the failure that now seemed imminent. It was a most terrible and agonizing thing; it made a man long for a million voices, to cry out the shame of it to the people.

And now the million voices have been found! I can see from the first chapter that you are going to get it right; and I predict that it will be the most moving appeal for political and social justice that has ever been published in our country. We agitators try to open the eyes of the people, but

our own personalities get in the way; we become angry and bitter, and we repel people in spite of the truth of our words. But here is a man whom nobody can hate—a man, the most loving and gentle who has ever risen to prominence in the political life of America. He has seen the thing from top to bottom, and seen it with his own eyes. And when his story has been laid before the people, there will be no organ of privilege in the whole country that will dare deny it is the truth. My sincerest congratulations, and more power to you.

And by the way, did ever a human being tell a story of courage and devotion more stirring than that story of the Gunnison Tunnel? The defenders of privilege tell us that if you establish economic justice, you will do away with "incentive." I wonder how much money incentive those two government engineers had; probably a salary of \$4,000 or \$5,000, and beyond that nothing save the applause of their fellow men, and the satisfaction of knowing that they had opened up a land upon which 25,000 people might live in plenty forever after. Apparently it has not occurred to any one that each of them should be rewarded with \$100,000,000, so that they might build palaces and establish their descendants in luxury. I wonder if any of our oil or steel or coal kings could come forward and state that he personally has ever dared or suffered for the benefit of the community as have these two humble engineers! I wonder if any of the descendants of our former "captains of industry" ever expects to undertake such a feat for the benefit of the community which maintains him in princely state. Suppose you invite some of them to come forward and tell about it!

Battle Creek, Mich.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

FICTION THAT UPLIFTS

I cannot refrain from telling you how much I have enjoyed the little story "The Family" in your magazine for October.

I do not know when I have read anything which has so touched me and helped me. I feel that I am a better woman for having read it. I realize more fully the Fatherhood of God and the near relationship of all my fellow men. I think this must be the experience of any one who reads the story.

The author has told the story so vividly, tenderly, and sympathetically, that I think no one could fail to be impressed by it. I have read and re-read it. I want to keep it by me, so when the lessons it teaches fade from memory I may go over it again. I wish it might be printed in booklet form. I can think of so many friends to whom I should like to give it for Christmas.

It seems to me that a story with such beautiful lessons so beautifully told must have a mission. I want to thank you for it and I thank the

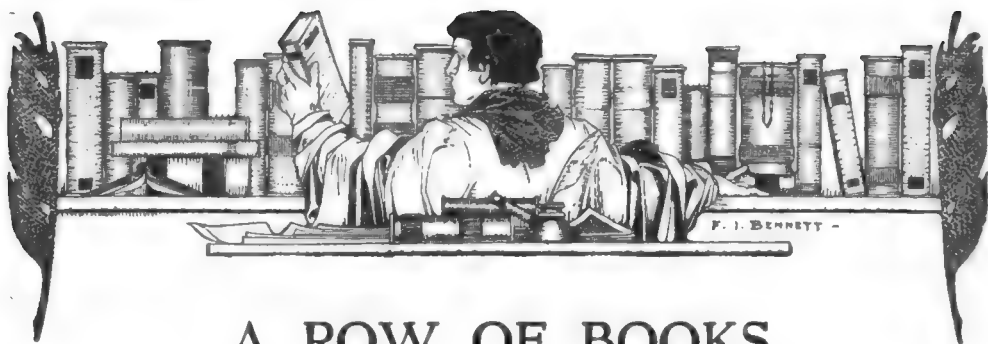
author. We cannot, in our busy lives, be reminded too often that "*all ye are brethren.*"
Epping, N. H. C. S. T.

CONSUMPTIVES' PARADISE

As upward of sixty letters relative to Quito, Ecuador, as a resort for consumptives, have been sent me, I cannot do more than write a general answer.

Quito may best be reached from Guayaquil, the seaport of Ecuador, by the Guayaquil and Quito Railway, which joins the two cities; it is about 250 miles in length. It has offices in New York. There is also a line of steamers from New Orleans to Colon, Panama, run by the United Fruit Company, and a line from San Francisco to Panama and thence to Guayaquil, connecting at Panama City with the lines from New York and New Orleans. The population of Quito is about 100,000. The people are very polite, and would doubtless treat consumptives well, as they boast that consumption cannot exist in their city. The highest classes are well educated and of most polished manners. They are descended from the best blood of old Spain, and are still spoken of as "the noble families." The hotels and restaurants are good. Furnished rooms can be had in abundance at reasonable rates. The climate is cool enough for the ordinary winter clothing of the United States to be worn all the year through; frost is very rare, and too light to affect vegetation. A peculiarity of Quito, due to its location in an elevated valley surrounded by lofty peaks, is its exemption from the long dry season which prevails to within a few miles of its bounds. In fact, few days pass without a violent downpour, lasting an hour or so, after which the sun shines out on a well-washed city. The market for meat, fruits, and vegetables is excellent, and the prices are moderate. The most expensive item in housekeeping is fuel for cooking; none is used for warming the houses. Spanish is the language of the whites and *cholos*, or cross of whites and Indians, also of the native Indians who live in and about cities and lines of travel; but all the other Indians speak the language of their fathers of the days of the Incas. Quito is lit by electricity generated by water power, has seventy-two churches, all Roman Catholic, many convents, monasteries, etc., excellent schools and colleges. Its claim relative to consumptives is based on the delightful, invigorating, equable climate, on its mildness at an altitude nowhere else accessible, as it lies on the equator, the Spanish word for which is Ecuador. The city itself is well worth a visit, irrespective of the search for health. From time to time, at long intervals, earthquakes have occurred, but the houses are built for the emergency.

Biloxi, Miss. (MRS.) KATE LEE FERGUSON.



A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

MR. JUSTUS MILES FORMAN, after several seasons of experiment with more savage pets, has returned, as the French would put it, to his mutttons. He has, that is to say, reverted in "Jason" (Harper) to that especial department of romance—the glorification of youth, which is his true literary vocation. For Mr. Forman, in addition to a very lively sense of the joys of that ageless condition, has developed to a high degree of efficiency the habit of invoking inspiration by self-hypnosis. He can upon occasion—and does upon many occasions, if the internal evidence of his writings is to be trusted—intoxicate himself with the spirit of youth in order the more glowingly to transcribe it. And a series of such transcriptions is the chief attraction of his new novel. For the rest, it is a story of Parisian adventure, somewhat careless in its joinery, and kept below the plane of, say, his "Tommy Carteret," by the fondness for melodramatics that Mr. Forman has brought back from his acquaintance with "Buchanan's Wife" and from his encounter with "The Stumbling Block." But it is raised above the level of the common fiction of sensational adventure, in just so far as it embodies its author's enthusiastic appreciation of being young.

But there is another of the recent books in which this same spirit, the joyousness of irresponsible youth, conscious of power and laughing in the face of sterner things, is at once more delightfully and more understandingly expressed. This is E. Temple Thurston's "The City of Beautiful Nonsense" (Dodd, Mead). And if

at first blush, we are inclined to wonder that the author of so serious-minded a study as "The Apple of Eden" should show himself so appreciative of the humor and beauty of life's illusions, we have only to remind ourselves that true humor lies in a sense of contrast, and that the deepest sympathy springs from the broadest knowledge. It must not, however, be inferred from this statement that Mr. Thurston's enjoyable tale is without blemish or beyond criticism. On the contrary, it shares with most flares of laughing and idyllic inspiration the fault of failing to maintain its own mood to the end—as if, so to say, the wind had dropped bit by bit and the oars had to be got out at the last to make harbor. But it is the part of wisdom, especially in the matter of current literature, rather to thank God for good breezes while they blow, than to mutter counsels of perfection to the calms that follow.

Attention has recently been called to the emergence of American fiction from what the writer called the "Cabbage Garden" phase of its development. That is to say, the gradual abandonment of our constant exploitation of local types and local atmospheres for the treatment of national, or broadly human, types and themes. There is, one hopes, no question as to the justice of this observation, nor as to the fact that it implies a long-delayed broadening of our artistic consciousness. Nor, for the matter of that, does there seem to be any real reason to despair of our ultimately achieving, also, that delicacy of artistic design and the command of

artistic technique that to-day draw so disheartening a line of demarcation between the bulk of English fiction and the majority of even our best novels. But at the same time we must not allow ourselves to despise the ladder by which we are climbing. Not only has it been in the Cabbage Garden fiction of local interpretations that our general average has come nearest to perfecting itself; but it has been precisely by devoting ourselves for a generation to a literary geographical survey of the nation that we have established a basis for a national fiction. And the survey is not yet complete. Take, for instance, Mr. Rowland Thomas's volume of cabbages from the Philippines, "The Little Gods" (Little, Brown). Here, if you will, are local types and local atmosphere; and here is intensive, as opposed to extensive cultivation. But the Philippines are become a part of our national whole, as they are, too, a part of our human whole; and it is exactly upon points of hidden kinship, instead of upon points of local difference, that Mr. Thomas lays both his dramatic and his artistic emphasis. In short, he not only ministers to our enjoyment with these stories, but he broadens our sympathies and deepens our understanding. And it will not be time wholly to give up cabbages until they cease to serve us in this manner.

I am sure that no scattered confraternity of sporting gents could, a decade ago, have welcomed with gladder anticipation the announcement of a match, catch-as-catch-can, best-three-out-of-five falls, between Lewis "the Strangler" and the invincible Jap, than that with which the lovers of a literary set-to to-day will welcome the publication by Gilbert K. Chesterton of a volume of critical commentary on "George Bernard Shaw" (Lane). Nor, indeed, is the analogy an inept one. For Mr. Chesterton is not only, as his anonymous biographer of last season pointed out so convincingly, a congenital scrapper, but his method (if very far removed from catch-as-catch-can license) is neither more nor less than an intellectual Jiu-Jitsu. Mr. Chesterton never overwhelms an antagonist with the brute force of crude argument; he invariably induces him to furnish the strength needed for the breaking of his own bones. And hence, Mr. Shaw being no tyro at this game himself, when we have read Mr. Chesterton's preliminary statement, "Most people either say that they agree with Bernard Shaw or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who ever understood him and I do not agree with him," we open the book with all our sporting instincts keyed to expectancy. And the event fully justifies our hopes. Of course, since the principle of Jiu-Jitsu is to yield where resistance is expected, and to oppose where yielding is taken

for granted, the book is full of surprises. Therein lies much of its enjoyability. Mr. Chesterton agrees with Shaw where the public has taken him least seriously, and most vehemently denies those claims that the public has long allowed. But he leaves us with a clearer and, one feels, a juster knowledge of "G. B. S." than we ever had before, and, incidentally, with an equally clarified notion of "G. K. C.'s" brilliant but not infallible intelligence.

One of the newest of the new books—"The Southerner. A Novel. Being the Autobiography of Nicholas Worth" (Doubleday, Page)—is likely to prove rather stimulating reading to many Americans, and, at the same time, rather to surprise them by so proving. And both of these facts would seem to concern us. Why, one is moved to ask oneself, does the author's title—"The Southerner"—seem to preclude his having anything new to say? And wherein does the body of his book contradict this inference? And first we must ask ourselves the old question, "What's in a name?" and remind ourselves that the true answer is, "Its associations." For many books have come out of the South in recent years—books of loving and often lovely memories, bathed in a light that never shone, even on Dixie; books of sensational, but sometimes dramatic, problem-mongering; books of contemporary and occasionally interpretative realism. But all of them, either in subject, or in plot, or in treatment, made deliberate claim, and conscious capital, of sectionalism. In short, distinctively Southern fiction has been representative Cabbage Garden fiction; and while some writers grew large cabbages and some small, there has been no rotation of crops, and the soil has become exhausted. But the present writer, whoever he may be, and whether he be novelist, or autobiographer, or mingler of these two forms of imaginative writing, is, quite unaffectedly, a man with a message. He stands in the garden, but he speaks to the nation. And what he says is worth hearing.

Mr. William Allen White's somewhat formidable novel, "A Certain Rich Man" (Macmillan), is, one imagines, a story that many Americans will wish to read during the coming months. We have, it seems, fallen into the habit of requiring, and hence of getting, at least once during the year, a seriously undertaken fictional opinion upon the condition of our public pulse, the state of our moral health, or the chances of our ethical development. These fictional reports, or diagnoses, are not often, let us note in passing, all that might, even reasonably, be asked of them from an artistic point of view.

Perhaps this is because, as yet, we are rather given to telling ourselves that we care more for what a man has to say than for how he says it. But, for all that, they are, in all honesty, seriously offered and seriously accepted. Last year Mr. Herrick submitted the report. So far this season Mr. White is the foremost applicant for the honor. His chosen subject is the growth of the grim business-is-business philosophy, so long looked upon by us as a natural order, and the source and nature of the apparently sudden reversal of public opinion that has recently supervened. He asks us to follow with him the fortunes of a small boy whose conscious career began in Kansas in the '50's and who fought his way to the forefront of the financial battle line of the last decade. It is a deliberate, genially expansive narrative, following lines of least resistance and going off on frequent artistic tangents. Yet it is essentially human and unquestionably readable; and, if we are likely soon to forget it as fiction, we are equally likely to retain some consciousness of its historical significance.

An artist of my acquaintance is fond of telling—to his own much-enjoyed mortification—of how one day, happening to have set up his easel near an upland farmhouse, he was joined by a boy, who, after standing behind him for some time and silently watching his work, finally exclaimed, "Say, mister, did that field *have* to be painted?" And the painter owned up that the question rather staggered him. Now our friend Mr. David Graham Phillips has written a novel, "The Hungry Heart" (Appleton), in regard to which a great many open-minded and earnest people are going to ask just this question. Only—and the distinction is a pregnant one—Mr. Phillips, unlike the painter, would undoubtedly reply with the utmost conviction, "Yes, it *has* to be painted, and painted again, and painted again, until we, whom the reality so intimately concerns, come little by little not only to comprehend but to accept." For "The Hungry Heart" is a study—startlingly frank, disturbingly clear-sighted, and unquestionably cleanly-minded—of the clash between the conventional theory and the actual facts of sex relationship. And hence it is a part of an intellectual movement that many honestly deprecate and that many vehemently condemn, but that none of us can control. For the motive power of this movement is not derived from individuals but from the times. It is a mass movement, and its objective point is truth. A generation ago it forced us, against our training and in spite of our acquired sense of sacrilege, to examine the foundations of faith. To-day it is forcing us, against our desires and in spite of our acquired sense of propriety, to examine the foundations

of sentiment. Mr. Phillips's book is at once an interesting piece of fiction and a trenchant dissection of some of our most dearly loved self-deceptions. And it is a work that can be read with profit—one is almost inclined to say that *should* be read—by any who are old enough to be able, and honest enough to dare, to seek the truest meanings of life by teaching themselves to look life unblinkingly in the face.

OTHER BOOKS

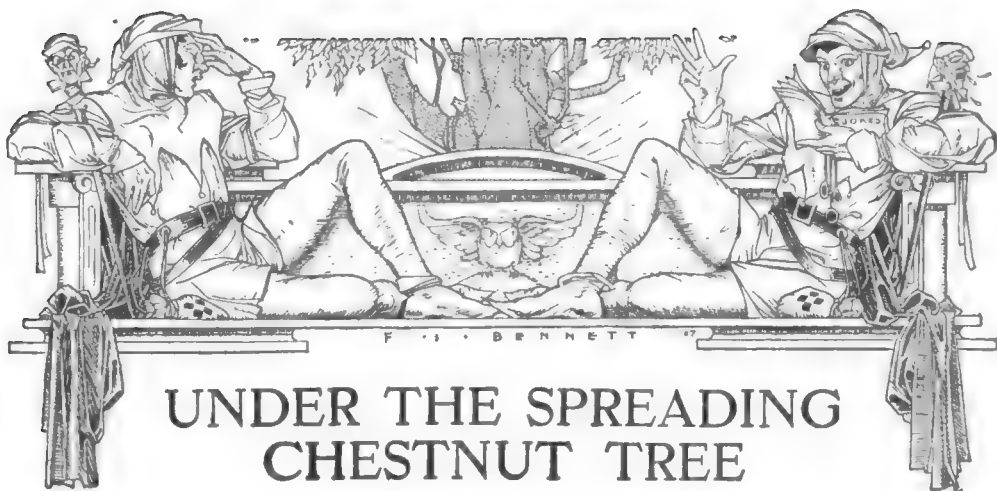
"Green Ginger" (Stokes). A volume of humorous—and at times farcical—tales gathered from the Sussex countryside by Arthur Morrison, whose "Cunning Murrell" has already made us acquainted with some of the characters here again encountered. There is buffoonery in them, and horseplay, and shrewd native wit—wit in action, as some one has said of practical jokes; but these belong, not to the writer, but to the peasant type that he very enjoyably places before us.

"Social Life at Rome" (Macmillan), by W. Warde Fowler. A study of the actual conditions, modes of living, and habits of thought, of the various grades of the Roman population during the latter years of the Republic. The author's source of information is chiefly private correspondence—letters to and from Cicero and his contemporaries—that have happened to come down to us; and he has used his meager material to most interesting advantage.

"The Pilgrim's March" (Holt). A novel by H. H. Bashford, in which a young gentleman of artistic temperament falls among Puritans and works out his own salvation under difficulties. A modest story of some character that, like many excellent people, manages to present an agreeable face without the aid of any notable features.

"Mourning for Lincoln" (Winston). A small volume in which Frank W. Z. Barrett has sought to picture for us something of the contemporary consternation and grief that swept the country after Lincoln's death. In its essence a compilation, it is in form and intent a tribute and comes logically at the last of the many Lincoln publications of this centenary year.

"Little Sister Snow" (Century). A Japanese story by Frances Little, the author of "The Lady of the Decoration," which repeats, in a new and rather wistfully alluring version, the oft-told tale first given an Oriental setting in "Madame Chrysanthème." It is a mere thistle-down of sentiment. But it floats, and our eye follows it.



UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A LITTLE girl on the train to Pittsburg was chewing gum. Not only that, but she insisted on pulling it out in long strings and letting it fall back into her mouth again.

"Mabel!" said her mother in a horrified whisper. "Mabel, don't do that. Chew your gum like a little lady."

The lecturer raised his voice with emphatic confidence. "I venture to assert," he said, "that there isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.

Two Irishmen, bent on robbery, held up a passing Scotchman. After a long, fierce fight, in which the Scotchman almost had the better of it, they succeeded in conquering him. A thorough search of his clothes disclosed one lone five-cent piece.

"Troth, Pat," said Mike disgustedly, "if he'd had tin cints instead of a nickel he'd have murdered the two of us!"

Mark Twain's Mississippi steamboat that had to stop every time it whistled, has its counterpart in a little single-track roller line near

Plymouth, Mass. This line runs two cars in summer and one in winter. A passenger last summer, noticing that the car ran very slowly except at rare intervals, when it would spurt ahead for a moment or two was greatly puzzled.

"What makes these sudden bursts of speed?" he asked the motorman.

"Oh," grinned the motorman, "that comes when the car at the other end of the line stops for passengers."

The golden-haired song bird had just bowed to her audience when a man rushed frantically upon the stage and cried:

"Is there a physician in the house?"

A young man in the third row, blushing with embarrassment, arose.

"Say, Doc," asked the man on the stage, with a jerk of his thumb toward the singer, "ain't she a beaut?"

At an important state function in London, blue tickets were issued to persons of high rank, admitting them to that part of the hall reserved for members of the royal family. Less distinguished guests were given white tickets. Through some mistake, an important public man received a blue card while his wife received a white one.

When the couple reached the audience chamber, there began to be trouble, inasmuch as the lady firmly declined to be separated from her

husband. An aide endeavored to reason with her, pointing out the dreadful consequences that would follow a mingling of blue and white.

"How absurd!" exclaimed the lady. "What do you take us for—a Seidlitz powder?"

She was permitted to enter with her husband.

"Women are vainer than men," said Miss Frances Kellar, of the Women's Municipal League of New York, to a group of reporters. "There are a thousand proofs that this is so. Why, the necktie of the handsomest of you gentlemen is even now up the back of his collar.

There were six men present, and each of them involuntarily felt at the back of his neck.

A witness in a railroad case at Fort Worth, asked to tell in his own way how the accident happened, said:

"Well, Ole and I was walking down the track, and I heard a whistle, and I got off the track, and the train went by, and I got back on the track, and I didn't see Ole; but I walked along, and pretty soon I seen Ole's hat, and I walked on, and seen one of Ole's legs, and then I seen one of Ole's arms, and then another leg, and then over one side Ole's head, and I says, 'My God! Something must happen to Ole!'"

Great Britain may be behind in aerial navigation, but in other respects she seems to be far in the lead. For example: the experiments reported in a London paper of crossing carrier pigeons with parrots in the hope of getting verbal messages through the enemy's lines.

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by a kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a kaiser is a stream of hot water springin' up an' disturbin' the earth."

Toward the close of a recent lawsuit in Massachusetts, the wife of an eminent Harvard professor arose and with a flaming face timidly addressed the court.

"Your Honor," said she, "if I told you I had made an error in my testimony, would it vitiate all I have said?"

Instantly the lawyers for each side stirred themselves in excitement, while His Honor gravely regarded her.

"Well, madam," said the Court, after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What was it, please?"

"Why, you see," answered the lady, more and more red and embarrassed, "I told the clerk I was thirty-eight. I was so flustered, you know, that when he asked my age I inadvertently gave him my bust measurement."

The house committee of a New York club recently received this unique complaint:

"I have the honor to inform you that I lunched at the club this afternoon and had as my guests three gentlemen, all well-known *gourmets*. Among other things an omelet was served. It contained only three flies. As an old member of the club, jealous of its reputation, I naturally found this very embarrassing, as, in order to make an equitable division of the omelet, it was necessary either to divide a fly—a nice bit of carving, as you must concede—or forego a fly myself. I beg to suggest that in the future, when an omelet is served for four persons, it should be either with (a) four flies, or (b) no flies at all."

A colored man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate.

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door.

"Yassuh," she replied between sobs.

"I want to see the remains."

"I is de remains," she answered proudly.

It was prohibition country. As soon as the train pulled up, a seedy little man with a covered basket on his arm hurried to the open windows of the smoker and exhibited a quart bottle filled with rich, dark liquid.

"Want to buy some nice cold tea?" he asked, with just the suspicion of a wink.

Two thirsty-looking cattlemen brightened visibly, and each paid a dollar for a bottle.

"Wait until you get outer the station before you take a drink," the little man cautioned them. "I don't want'er get in trouble."

He found three other customers before the train pulled out, in each case repeating his warning.

"You seem to be doing a pretty good business," remarked a man who had watched it all. "But I don't see why you'd run any more risk of getting in trouble if they took a drink before the train started."

"Ye don't, hey? Well, what them bottles had in 'em, pardner, was real cold tea."

Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

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RAY BROWN, *Art Director*

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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

SOME of you will have read in your newspaper about the close alliance recently made between EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and the *Delineator*. In line with our habit, followed from the beginning of our ownership of EVERYBODY'S, we shall tell you just why the alliance was made, just what it means. You are entitled to know. Your interest and support have made EVERYBODY'S what it is.

With your help we have made EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE a real power. A fighting engine for the common good with which the forces of evil in our national life must reckon. Incidentally, with your help we have made EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE the most widely bought and read standard-sized magazine in the world, selling at fifteen cents a copy. Advertisers have shown their appreciation of this fact in giving EVERYBODY'S by far the largest share of their patronage. Everybody's has the widest circulation, the largest income from advertising, and makes the most money.

If this is so—and it is so—why do we choose the moment when we are at the very zenith of our power and our prosperity to form an alliance with another company and run a chance of lessening that power and that prosperity? Ah, but suppose we run a chance of increasing that power and that prosperity—what then?

Frankly, we are more concerned to increase the power than the prosperity. We are more concerned to make of EVERYBODY'S a more effective engine for the common good than we are to make more money; but, strangely enough, the more we try to do for the common good, the more money we seem to make. The more we give, the more

we have. We spent fifty thousand dollars in two months advertising Judge Lindsey's story. We didn't expect to get twenty of it back. We rather hoped we shouldn't. We wanted to spend some of our money for the cause. But it looks now as if every dollar is coming back, and more. What are you going to do when it just won't stay away?

But you are interested to hear why we made this alliance. We will make it as clear to you as it is to us; and, we hope, as convincing, for we are depending on you to take the same interest in us that you always have taken. We must have your confidence and support if we are to go on to greater efficiency.

The Butterick Company, makers of Butterick patterns (ask your wife), and publishers of the *Delineator* and other magazines, was capitalized for twelve millions. The Ridgway Company, publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, for one million. The Butterick Company issued three millions new stock, exchanging three shares of Butterick for one of Ridgway's, and making the capital of the allied companies fifteen millions. That is what we did; but it isn't why.

ONE HOUSE—MANY MAGAZINES

The tendency of periodical publishing is away from one magazine published by one house, and toward many magazines published by one house. You may have remarked it. It means that the magazine business is going through exactly the same evolution as other businesses.

When this evolution is completed, the publishing business will be conducted on such different lines that the one-magazine house

will be at an immense disadvantage. Economies and increased efficiency in buying, in manufacture, in selling magazines, in advertising, and in developing new magazine readers, will make it well-nigh impossible for the one-magazine house, except in very special fields, to live. Every publisher knows that these economies and this increased efficiency are possible; and when Americans know a thing is possible, it is their habit to do it without delay. Realizing this situation, we got no pleasure in contemplating ourselves ten years from now taking the dust (literal) of our wiser contemporaries. We have grown accustomed to being up with the leaders. We like it, and we know ourselves well enough to know that we shall not like it any less ten years from now. There you have the moving motive for the alliance. Other motives were involved, but that was the fundamental one: To lay a foundation so broad and deep that no changes in the methods of publishing can stir EVERYBODY'S from its great work.

Is there any possibility that EVERYBODY'S usefulness will be impaired by the alliance? Quite the contrary. The president of The Butterick Company furnished the capital with which to buy EVERYBODY'S from John Wanamaker, has been a director of The Ridgway Company from the first, was the second largest stockholder, and has assisted materially to its success by his advice and suggestions. It was at his suggestion that we arranged with Mr. Lawson for the most remarkable series of articles ever published, revealing to the country the very inside workings of the System, and leading to many reforms. Mr. Russell also began with us on a series suggested by the president of The Butterick Company. Many other effective articles have been suggested by him.

OUR NEW RUNNING MATE

The *Delineator*, in its field, stands for the same ideals that EVERYBODY'S stands for. The problems are different. The two magazines complement each other perfectly, and each will be better, stronger, more efficient, for the other. Each magazine will continue to be published by the same men as heretofore. Each will preserve its editorial individuality, its personality. Whatever economies and added efficiency are secured will not affect the magazines, except to make them better, stronger, more individual. We

shall be glad to answer any questions that occur to you.

The other motives we referred to are personal. Heretofore, the relations between the managers of the two companies have been pleasant and profitable, and not without some victories for the common good. The new alliance is especially gratifying for personal reasons, and promises added profits and larger victories for the cause. Will you give us Godspeed?

A GROWING CUSTOM

Some years ago we suggested the idea to our readers that a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S would make a very pretty Christmas gift, and one that would be valued out of all proportion to the expense involved. Many people give books at Christmas time, but comparatively few of the book-givers realize that EVERYBODY'S is so much bigger than a book. Not only is it a pleasant reminder, every month, of kindly thought, but it also brings to the recipient, before the year is out, 1,728 pages of first-class reading matter, an equivalent of about twelve dollar-and-a-half novels.

In each case where the magazine is intended as a Christmas gift, we fill out and send with the first number a Christmas card bearing the giver's name. This year the Christmas card is from a beautiful painting by the well-known artist, Miss Eugénie Wireman. No simple present you could send is so sure of giving such a satisfying amount of both immediate and lasting pleasure as a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S, with this greeting. In order not to deface the painting, we enclose a separate card, which carries the announcement of your gift as follows:

M_____

REQUESTS

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY TO ANNOUNCE
THAT
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE
WILL BE SENT TO YOU FOR ONE YEAR
COMMENCING WITH
THE FIRST ISSUE OF THE COMING YEAR

THE PUBLISHERS
WISH TO JOIN THE DONOR IN THE HOPE THAT YOU
WILL RECEIVE FROM EVERY NUMBER THE
SAME ENJOYMENT THAT PROMPTED
THE GIFT

To _____ Original from _____
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Why, Instead of Petitioning for Justice, Do The Women Now Demand It?

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No. 6

Everybody's Magazine

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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We've Read Your Letters

And This is What They Show

A certain wholesale Millinery House in Chicago used three pages in EVERYBODY'S advertising section to illustrate its spring hats.

Very effective models of good advertising those cumulative pages of Gage Brothers & Co. were,—with two or three illustrations of fascinating headgear and a very brief invitation to write for "a booklet of some forty drawings of new spring styles, like those shown on this page."

The "positions" given to these advertisements were right in the middle of the advertising section, half a hundred pages away from the editorial "reading matter."

What happened?

No fewer than **Eighteen Hundred and Forty-six** women readers of EVERYBODY'S wrote inquiring letters to this millinery house.

That was a larger number of inquiries than had been produced by any other general maga-

zine and only less than by two of the exclusively women's magazines of the largest circulation.

This remarkable result shows two things:

First, that "special position" doesn't count much provided the copy is strong and the magazine is right;

Second, that women in multitudes see the advertisements in EVERYBODY'S Magazine, and respond to them when they strike their taste, as freely as they do in their own class-publications.

When, months afterwards, we learned of these Eighteen Hundred and Forty-six inquiries, we begged to see the letters. Only five hundred and eighteen of them could at that time be found. But those were well worth our reading.

They came from every state and territory in America as well as from our Island possessions and from all parts of the world. While the old Anglo-Saxon names predominated, there was a

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TIFFANY & CO.

Holiday Announcement

Many Christmas selections, already made and being held for future delivery, prompt Tiffany & Co. to remind intending purchasers that they will greatly further their own interests and convenience by placing their orders as early as possible. Every department is now complete with a new stock of this season's latest manufactures and importations, including many choice and attractive articles which will not be duplicated

Tiffany & Co.'s out-of-town service is an important branch of their business, intended to serve purchasers in all parts of the world. Through the facilities of an efficient Correspondence Department, the entire holiday stock is as accessible to Christmas buyers living at a distance as to those able to make their selections in person. Goods will be sent on approval to persons known to the house or to those who will make themselves known by satisfactory references

The 1910 Tiffany Blue Book is a compact catalogue, without illustrations, containing over 760 pages of concise descriptions, with prices, of the stock of jewelry, silverware, watches, clocks, bronzes, etc. This book is a helpful guide to purchasers and will be found to suggest many appropriate gifts of moderate price as well as more expensive pieces. The Blue Book will be mailed upon request

Tiffany & Co. always welcome a comparison of prices

Fifth Avenue & 37th Street New York

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proportional mixture of the names of the newer nationalities which now make the American Nation,—Scandinavian, Russian, German, French, Italian, and Spanish,—all were there along with the ancient names of Massachusetts Bay and the Old Dominion.

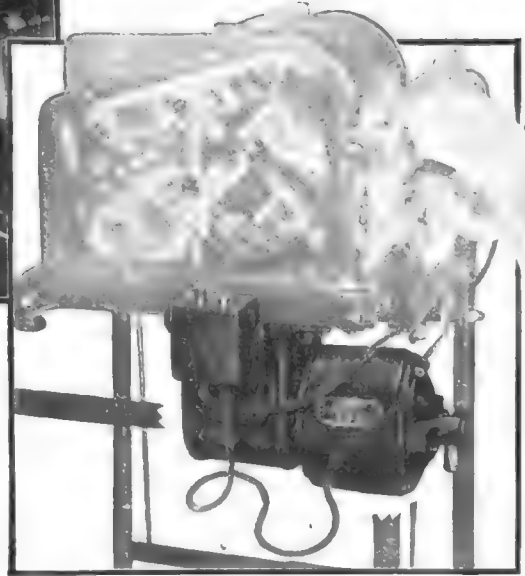
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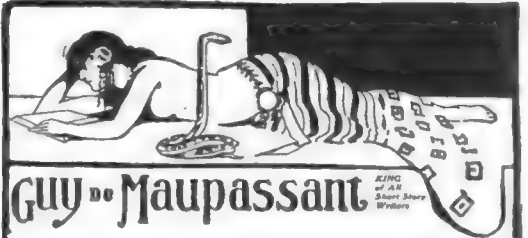
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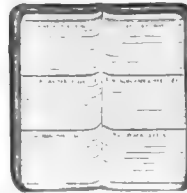
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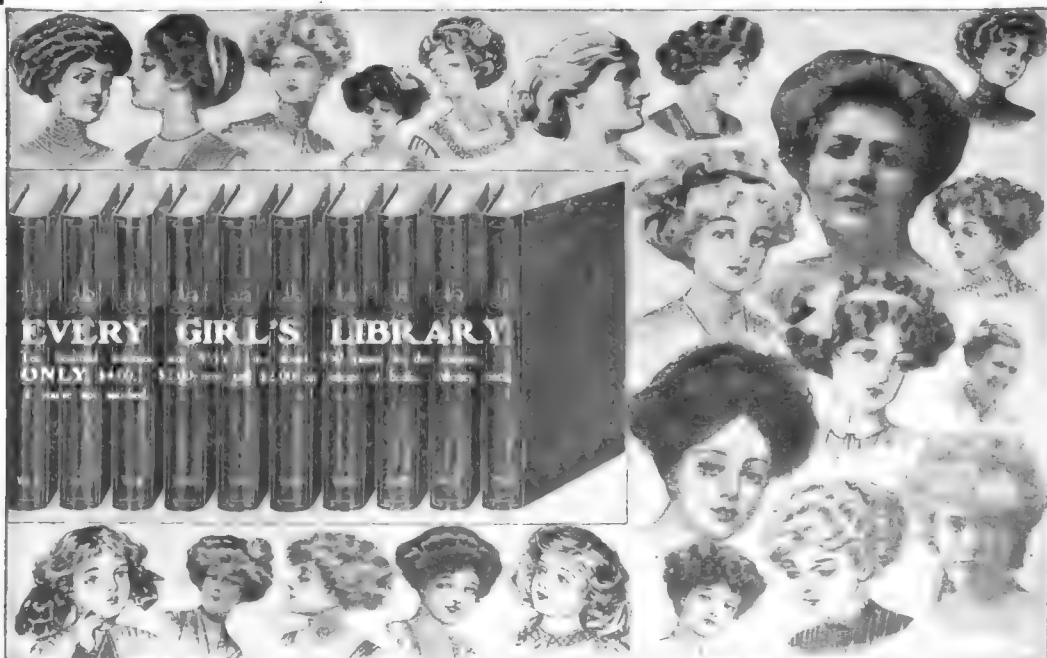
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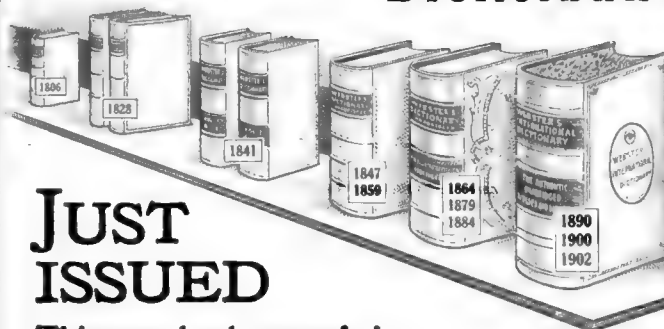
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The January



There are features and stories in the next Everybody's so big that they need room even to be talked about; but the forthcoming instalment of **"The Beast and the Jungle"** sweeps everything else before it—a great, fine, human thing that will make you rage, gnash your teeth, laugh, cry, howl for vengeance, shout for joy. It's going to tear you all to pieces, this next instalment of **Judge Lindsey's** autobiography—make up your mind to that. And in the end it will fill you with a new, profound sense of responsibility that you cannot escape.

There is nothing in romance or on the stage that equals it in moving power and excitement. Before your eyes the sore of rotten municipal politics eats into the heart of the community. Before your eyes an honest fighting man lays bare his soul—in triumph and in defeat. You will sympathize in Judge Lindsey's innocent joy when honors come to him, and in his humiliation when he finds them only a bribe. You will realize with a thrill what quick, sure intelligence, what

lightning-like action, along with devotion and courage, it takes to make a successful reformer. Above all, you will cheer for the victories snatched from defeat by the women and the children, that the "Little Judge" might continue his work.

After you have finished this part of Judge Lindsey's autobiography, it will be many hours before you will want to read another line of anything. But you'll come back to the magazine, of course, for you know it will be very much worth while even without the Titanic feature.

"The Blind Revolutionist" is Ernest Poole's title for Steel. He shows how Steel has changed the world, and he admits that most of it has been for the good—which is considerable for a radical.

"American Breakfast Foods" is by Eugene Wood, the greatest living authority on the subject, who feels that the cereal is destined to flourish forever. It's as full of wisdom as it is of humor.

Everybody's



"The Insurgents" is another illuminating chapter on the tariff fight. **Henry B. Needham** is a remarkable reporter, for he makes the tariff as interesting as it is important. Senators LaFollette, Beveridge, and Clapp, and Representative Murdock give the evidence for the plaintiffs.

"Christ Crucified" is a great poem by **Ella Wheeler Wilcox**, one of the most helpful and therefore one of the most useful and powerful women in America. It is illustrated by reproductions in color from remarkable paintings by Sigismond de Ivanowski. It will make you think and feel.

"Who Killed Cock Robin?"—by **Franklin Clarkin**—tells of the slaughter of birds to deck women who never think of what their finery costs apart from money. Also it gives pot hunters "what for."

FICTION

William Baulin has another of his swift-moving love-on-horseback stories of the South

American pampas. **"La Bella Mercedes"** is perhaps the best of the many we have published.

Lloyd Osbourne joyously and truthfully satirizes a familiar phase of American life in **"The Great Five Cent Case."**

Anna Alice Chapin has a beautiful Christmas story called **"The Street Musicians,"** which will make you choke and laugh, brush away the tears and smile—all at once. It is true to the spirit of Christmas.

Joseph C. Lincoln, in **"The Way of Business,"** shows the invidious means taken by the automobile to invade Cape Cod—Cape Cod, sacred to the immortal catboat.

Robert Dunn has a rattling good story of the enlisted man of the navy in **"The Real Atlantis."**

Bessie R. Hoover's story is called **"A Rejected Uplift."** It's about Pa Flickinger's folks, and it doesn't need another word said about it, except that it's perhaps a little better even than the others—if that be possible.



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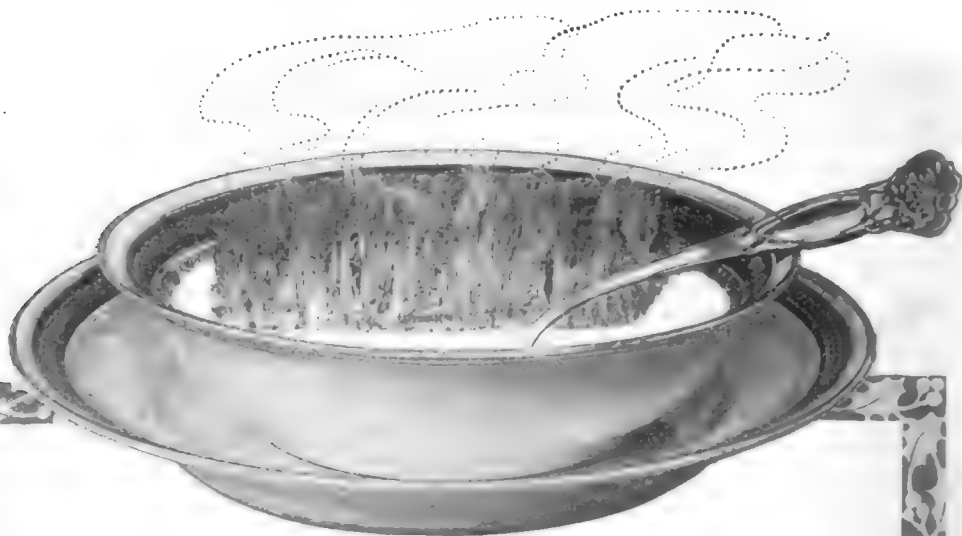
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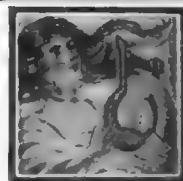
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[See next page]

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"After I was well started," he writes, "Liszt began to get excited. He made audible suggestions, inciting me to more enthusiasm in my playing, and occasionally he would push me gently off the chair and sit down at the piano and play a phrase or two himself by way of illustration. He gradually got me worked up to such a pitch of enthusiasm that I put all the grit that was in me into my playing.

"I found at this first lesson that he was very fond of strong accents in order to mark off periods and phrases, and he talked so much about strong accentuation that one might have supposed that he would abuse it, but he never did."

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Victrola

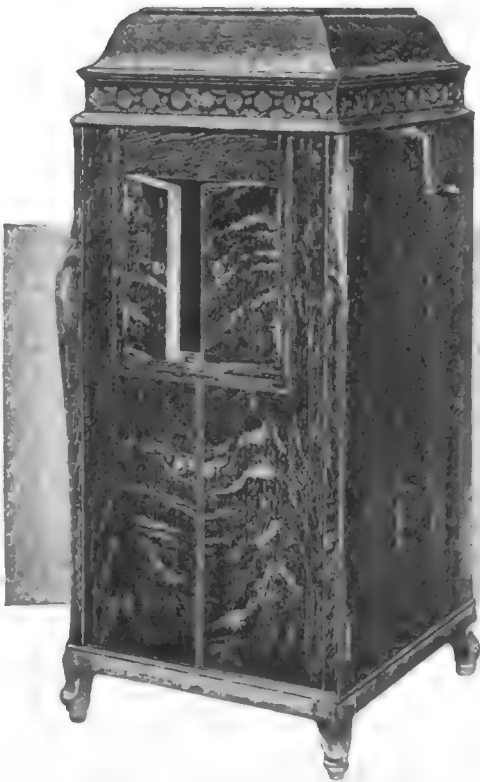


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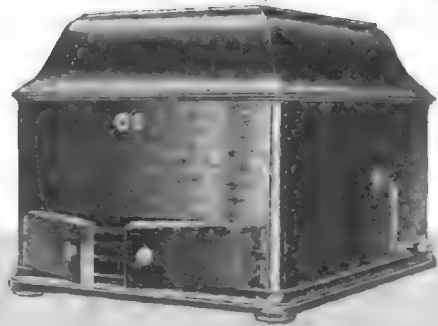
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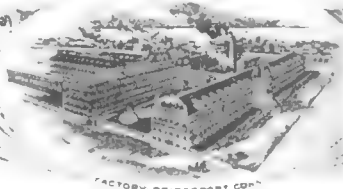
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But I can coax the cook for mine
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The Howard Watch

THE finest compliment you can pay a man is to give him a HOWARD watch.

It shows that in your opinion the best is not too good for him.

It classes him among men with whom punctuality and exactness are a principle—as a HOWARD sort of man.

He knows the HOWARD is the finest practical timepiece in the world. He appreciates your decision as to quality.

He values the HOWARD for its associations—as the chosen timepiece

of the men who have done the big things in this Nation for three generations.

Moreover, it is an intimate sort of gift; something that is always with him and which must often suggest the giver.

A HOWARD watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at \$35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at \$150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Drop us a postal card, Dept C, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

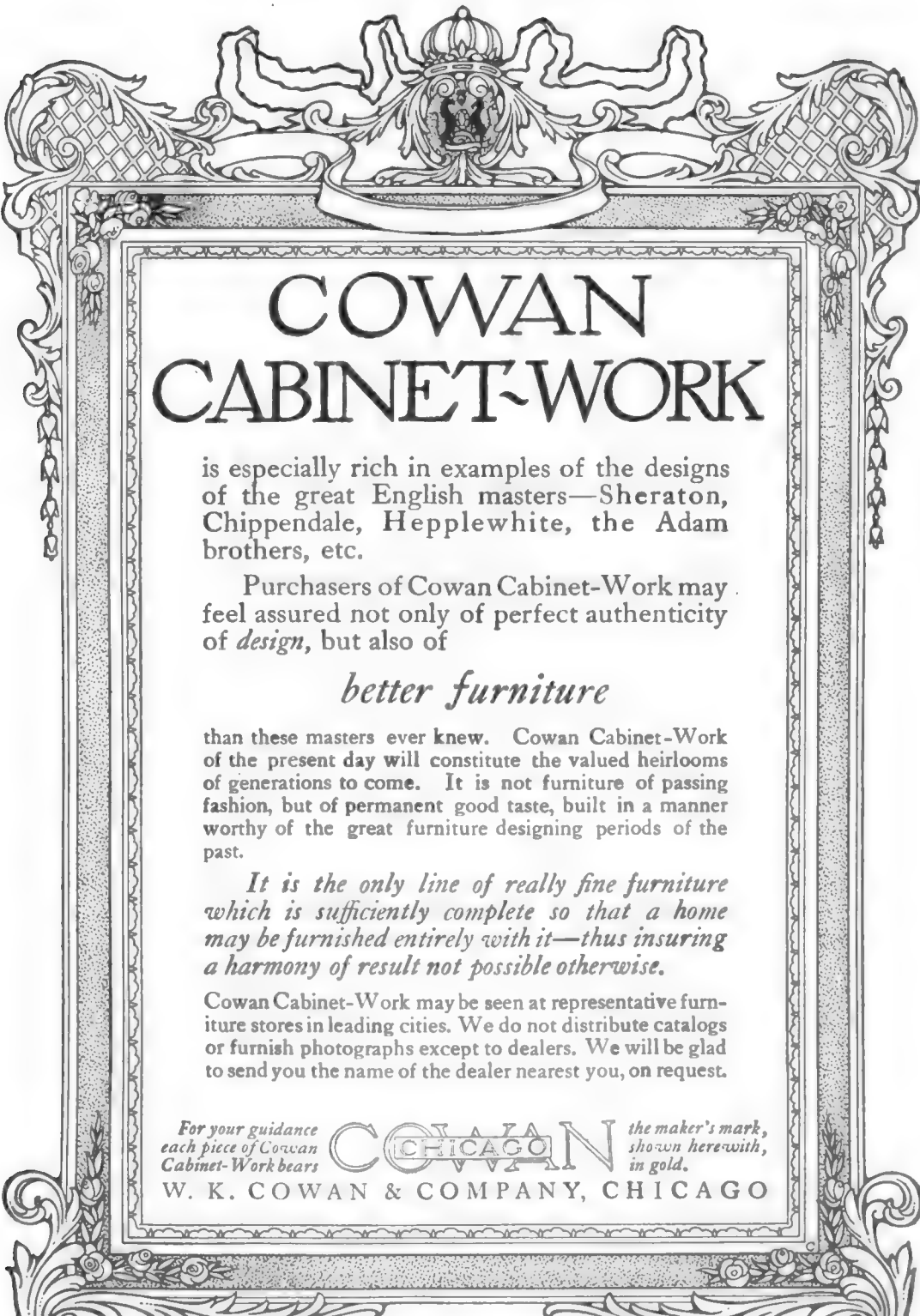
E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

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Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

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COWAN CABINET-WORK

is especially rich in examples of the designs of the great English masters—Sheraton, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, the Adam brothers, etc.

Purchasers of Cowan Cabinet-Work may feel assured not only of perfect authenticity of *design*, but also of

better furniture

than these masters ever knew. Cowan Cabinet-Work of the present day will constitute the valued heirlooms of generations to come. It is not furniture of passing fashion, but of permanent good taste, built in a manner worthy of the great furniture designing periods of the past.

It is the only line of really fine furniture which is sufficiently complete so that a home may be furnished entirely with it—thus insuring a harmony of result not possible otherwise.

Cowan Cabinet-Work may be seen at representative furniture stores in leading cities. We do not distribute catalogs or furnish photographs except to dealers. We will be glad to send you the name of the dealer nearest you, on request.

For your guidance
each piece of Cowan
Cabinet-Work bears

COWAN
CHICAGO

the maker's mark,
shown herewith,
in gold.

W. K. COWAN & COMPANY, CHICAGO

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN

Avoid substitutes.
Look for the
Globe trade-mark.

A Christmas Reminder

Simple and good as Waterman's Ideals are they make the best and most useful gifts that you can select for your friends or relatives. We emphasize the trade-mark to assist you in buying: it characterizes the only pen that is carefully made from the finest materials. The prices run from \$2.50 for the handsomely finished plain style up to as much as you fancy to pay for the richly gold or silver mounted styles. Whatever you pay our unconditional guarantee covers the pen. Gold Pens to suit every hand are exchangeable.

From Dealers Everywhere. Illustrated Booklet on Request.

L. E. Waterman Co., 173 Broadway, N. Y.

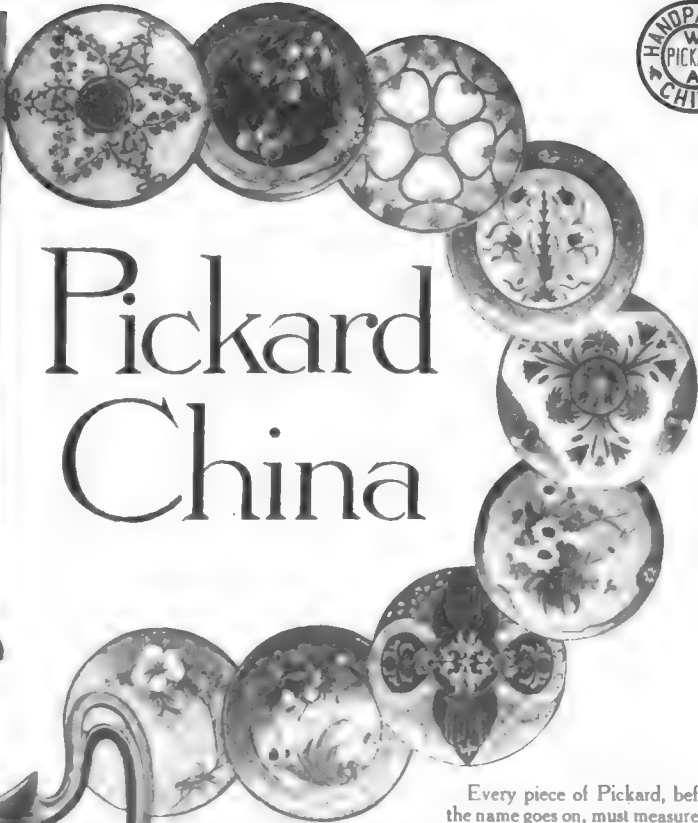
Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Oakland, Montreal, London, Paris, Mexico.

No. 12 \$2.50
No. 13 3.50
No. 14 4.00
No. 15 5.00
No. 16 6.00
In Gift Boxes.
Clip on Cap
25c. extra.

Sterling Silver
Filtigree
No. 412 \$5.00
No. 414 7.00
No. 415 8.50
In Gift Boxes.
Sterling
Clip on Cap
50c. extra.

THIS TRADE MARK
ON EVERY PIECE.

Pickard China



Every piece of Pickard, before the name goes on, must measure up to the Pickard standard. It must be worthy of a place on any collector's shelf for its decoration alone. Added to this is its value as china—a useful dish or set, or a beautiful ornament in the home.

For wedding, holiday or gift purposes, Pickard is peculiarly satisfying to both giver and receiver, because it expresses genuine art in useful form, the best of its kind in the world.

Individual Decoration, Monograms, Crests, etc., to order. Let us develop your own ideas.

Over a thousand of our best establishments sell Pickard. Prices always reasonable.

Our new Brochure in 3 colors faithfully reproduces a large number of beautiful specimens of our work.

Write for it today. Address Dept. E.

THE PICKARD STUDIOS
RAVENSWOOD CHICAGO





Trinidad Lake, showing asphalt dug for Genasco Ready Roofing.

Genasco Ready Roofing

Made of real Trinidad Lake asphalt—the water-proofing made by Nature. It has resisted storms for hundreds of years. Oughtn't that to be good for roofs?

It makes Genasco last longer than any other roofing of any other substance.

Write for samples and the Good Roof Guide Book. Mineral and smooth surface. Insist on Genasco—the roofing with a thirty-two-million-dollar guarantee. Look for the hemisphere trademark.



THE BARBER ASPHALT PAVING COMPANY

Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.

PHILADELPHIA

New York

San Francisco

Chicago

In all the World

There's no Catsup like

Snider's

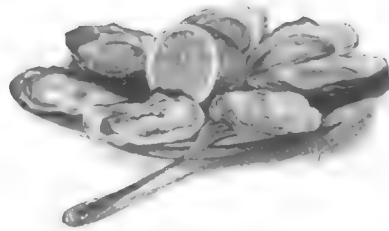
Made after an old-fashion "Kitchen Recipe" from ripe tomatoes, sound and red to the core.

Absolutely free from chemical preservatives or artificial coloring.

So good and deliciously flavoured that it has won its own way since the first bottle was made—

"It's the Process"

Get a bottle from Grocer and try an
Oyster Cocktail



Recipe

Two tablespoonfuls **Snider Catsup**, one teaspoonful finely grated horseradish, a pinch of salt, and Cayenne pepper to taste.

Snider Tomato Catsup and all Snider products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World.

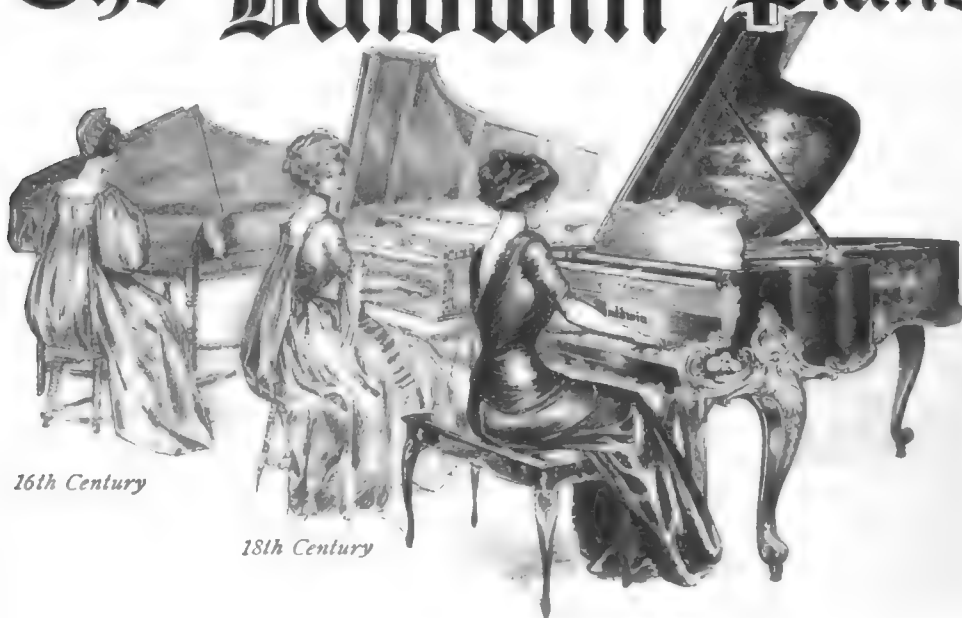
Upon receipt of 2 **Snider Pork & Beans** labels, we will send you one of our beautiful 50-piece jig-saw Picture Puzzles.

Address Dept. 26.

The T. A. Snider Preserve Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.



The Baldwin Piano



16th Century

18th Century

"Over the keyboard of the past will come Perfection"

—LISZT.

After cycles of change the piano conquers the world—

Going back no further than Queen Elizabeth's spinet, it has taken four hundred years to develop, out of the limited mandolin-like instruments which Mozart and Scarlatti, Bach and Beethoven played, that mine of musical resource,

The Baldwin Piano

Here—at one's ten fingers—is all the piano has known, all the masters have dreamed.

Instead of the plaintive "bebung" (the melancholy vibration of the "plucked" clavier, loved of old composers) the modern Baldwin reveals an emotional content of unimagined beauty.

Instead of the colorless glitter of the harpsichord—*immediate* precursor of the piano—a tone of a million hues and limitless range.

In technical mastery, in the possibility for shades upon shades of expression, and in *extent*, the tone of the Baldwin typifies a climax to all piano-building that will remain memorable in the history of music.

The Baldwin Piano may be heard anywhere in the United States. A line to the nearest agent will bring the catalogue and full information.

The Baldwin Company

142 W. Fourth Street
CINCINNATI

Chicago
262 Wabash Ave.
Indianapolis
18 N. Penn'a St.

New York
8 E. 34th Street
Louisville
425 S. Fourth Ave.

St. Louis
1013 Olive Street
Boston
40 Huntington Ave.

San Francisco
310 Sutter Street
Denver
1626 California St.

Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1909



COPYRIGHT 1909 ED. V. PRICE & CO.

While other combinations have increased prices to the consumer, our remarkable purchasing power, modern labor-saving equipment and skilled tailors have combined to

lower prices on fine custom-tailored clothes.

No need for you to wear ready-made garments, or pay \$50 to \$75 to small tailors, when we can give you quality clothes, beautifully tailored to your measure, as you want them, for

————— \$25 to \$40 —————

F. V. Price & Co.

*Largest tailors in the world
of
GOOD made-to-order clothes*

Price Building

Chicago

Have our local representative show you our handsome Woolens, and take your measure. If you don't know him, ask us.



James Tyler & Sons, Architects

This Picture of a House Made of Concrete

is not a convincing argument as to why you should use Atlas Portland Cement, but it shows one architectural possibility of the use of concrete, while a study of our literature, and an interview with engineers posted on cement quality, will soon convince any fair-minded man that the only material from which to build his house, whether it is a city dwelling, a country home, a cottage or a bungalow, is concrete, and that the only cement to use in making that concrete is Atlas Portland Cement.

Why? Because the success of concrete construction depends on the quality of cement used, because Atlas has that quality which

produces good concrete, because Atlas is standard, uniform and pure; because Atlas is made from the correct cement producing material, because Atlas is produced in plants having the largest output in the world. Atlas is the brand bought by the Government for the Panama Canal.

Write for any or all of these books:

Concrete Construction about the Home and on the Farm	Free
Concrete Houses and Cottages	
Vol. I. Large Houses	\$1.00
Vol. II. Small Houses	1.00
Concrete in Highway Construction	1.00
Reinforced Concrete in Factory Construction (delivery charge)	.10
Concrete in Railroad Construction	1.00
Concrete Cottages	Free
Concrete Country Residences (Out of Print)	2.00



NONE JUST AS GOOD

If your dealer cannot supply you with Atlas, write to

THE ATLAS PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY, DEPT. 54, 30 BROAD ST., NEW YORK

Largest output of any cement company in the world. Over 50,000 barrels per day

The STEINWAY

Five-Foot-Ten-Inch

MINIATURE GRAND PIANO

*The
Smallest
Grand
That's
Safe to
Buy*

This Miniature Grand is proving a constant and increasing source of wonderment and delight to all musicians and music lovers. Scientific experiments and acoustical researches have determined the exact size, namely, *five feet ten inches*, necessary to reproduce the remarkable attributes and qualities of our larger Grand Pianos. Any Grand under this size crosses the danger line, as it cannot yield a tonal result superior to that of the discarded Square or the present Upright Piano.

The full, rich and sweet tone of the Steinway Miniature Grand and its dainty appearance are already giving the utmost satisfaction to thousands of purchasers, and we recommend a thorough examination and trial of this unique instrument to anybody desirous of possessing a Grand Piano, but who does not wish to exceed the investment of \$800 in a Piano Purchase.

MINIATURE GRAND
EBONIZED CASE
PRICE \$800

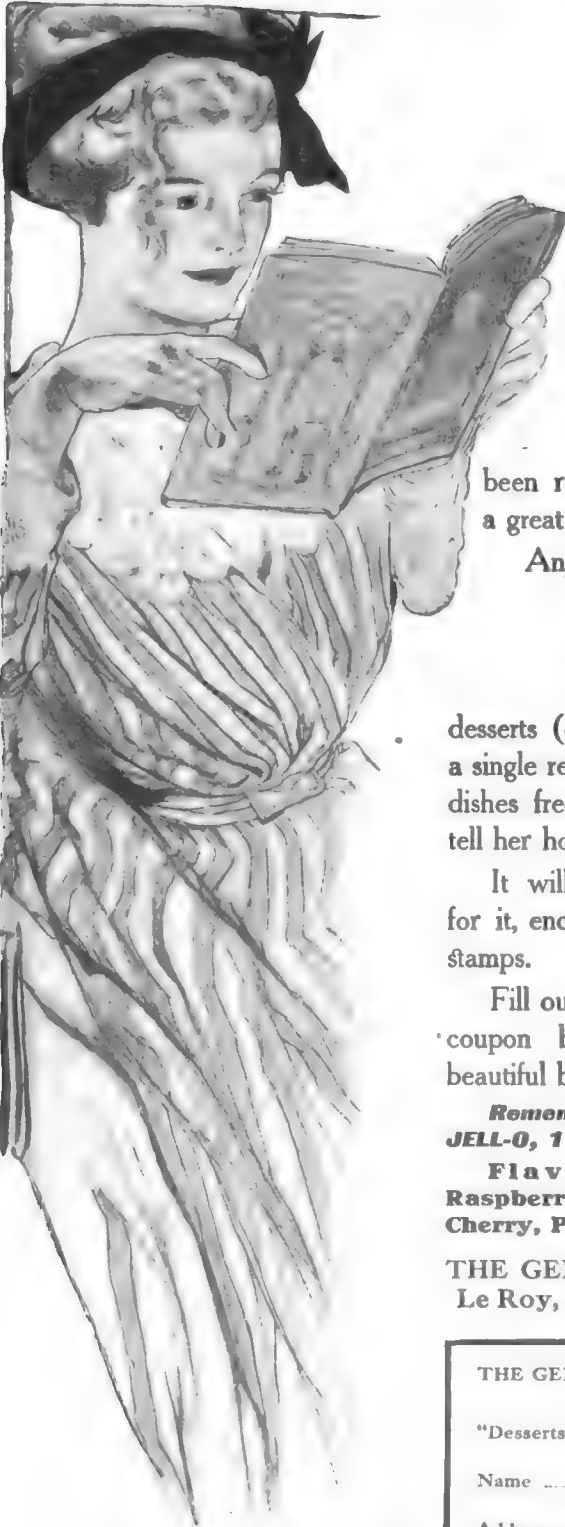


Illustrated Catalogue will be sent upon request
and mention of this magazine

STEINWAY & SONS
STEINWAY HALL

107-109 East Fourteenth Street, New York

Subway Express Station at the Door



“Desserts of the World”

The most beautiful recipe book ever published. Scenes from life in Arabia, India, Japan, France, Russia, the Hawaiian Islands, and other countries, have been reproduced in it in ten colors and gold by a great artist.

Any woman can make

JELL-O

desserts (one can be made in a minute) without a single recipe, but every woman likes to serve new dishes frequently, and the new Jell-O Book will tell her how to do it.

It will be sent to every woman who writes for it, enclosing four cents in stamps.

Fill out and mail to us the coupon below and get this beautiful book.

**Remember all grocers sell
JELL-O, 10 cents a package.**

**Flavors: Strawberry,
Raspberry, Lemon, Orange,
Cherry, Peach, Chocolate.**

**THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO.,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.**



THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N. Y. :

Please send me the beautiful new JELL-O Book.
“Desserts of the World.”

Name

Address

Original from

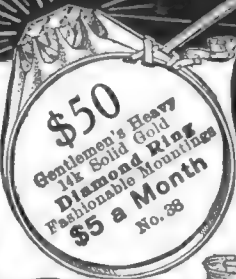
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DIAMONDS

On Credit On Credit



LOFTIS

SYSTEM

For Christmas Presents

The Loftis System at Christmas Time is a great and timely convenience to thousands. It enables persons in all circumstances to make beautiful and appropriate Christmas Gifts with a very small initial cash outlay. Everyone at Christmas time is anxious to give to their loved ones handsome Christmas presents, but it is not always convenient. The Loftis System of Credit means convenience. Diamonds, Watches and handsome jewelry of all kinds for Christmas presents on credit terms.

What is the Loftis System? It is the system which permits the far-away buyers to select the finest Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry from our beautifully illustrated catalogue and have them sent to their home, place of business or express office on approval. You need not pay one penny for express charges or otherwise—we pay everything—leaving you free to decide whether to buy or not after the fullest examination of the article sent.

Credit Terms If what we send meets with your entire approval, you pay one-fifth on delivery and keep the article, sending the balance to us direct, in eight equal monthly payments. These terms make anyone's credit good, and permit us to open confidential charge accounts with all classes and conditions of people.

Cash Terms We also have a cash plan, and it is just as far beyond competition as our easy payment terms. Select any Diamond and pay cash for it, and we will give you a written agreement that you may return the Diamond any time within one year, and get all you paid for it—less ten per cent. You might, for instance, wear a fifty dollar Diamond ring or stud for a year, then bring or send it back to us and get forty-five dollars, making the cost of wearing the Diamond for a whole year, less than ten cents a week.

Christmas Selections Don't wait to make Christmas selections for you can save time, money and worry by doing it now. We have Christmas gifts suitable for friends, relatives and loved ones, all at low prices and on terms to suit any purse. Don't make the mistake of buying something cheap or trashy—the same money would make the first payment on a beautiful Diamond ring, stud, brooch, locket, a pair of cuff buttons or earrings, or a fine watch. A Diamond is the ideal gift for a loved one—it lasts forever, and every day reminds the wearer of your regard and good judgment.

Christmas Catalogue Our handsomely illustrated Christmas Catalogue is ready and will be sent postpaid on request. Write for it today, and do not make a single selection until you have received it. It will save money for you, and is the best possible guide you can have to reliable goods, satisfactory dealings and convenient terms of payment.

Diamonds as an Investment

Diamonds are a better and safer investment than real estate, banks, insurance or stocks. By the Loftis System you have possession of your property while paying for it, the pleasure of its use and the increase in valuation which is sure to follow.

LOFTIS
BROS. & CO.
ESTD 1858.

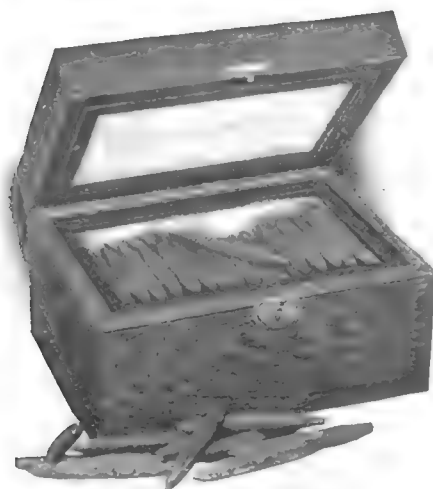
The Old Reliable, Original
Diamond and Watch
Credit House
Dept. P21 92 to 98 State St., Chicago, Ill.
Branch Stores—Pittsburg, Pa., and St. Louis, Mo.

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

The Welcome Gift for Men



Patented Dec. 22, '08. Other Patents Pending.

50 Sargent Perfectos

(Regular Price \$3.50)

Sargent Patent Cigar Chest

(Regular Price \$3.50)

\$3.50 for BOTH

You take no risk by buying with our "Money-Back" Guarantee

Every smoker will be glad to get a box of Sargent Cigars. Every man who smokes should have a Sargent Cigar Chest to keep his cigars in prime condition. The two together at the price of one is an offer hard to resist. It is the ideal Christmas gift for men.

This is very frankly an introduction offer—an expensive one for us. But our experience has shown us that we can safely assume all risk and guarantee satisfaction. For our profit, we depend upon the pleasing quality of the cigars to secure re-orders. We want it clearly understood that our "Money-Back" Guarantee stands back of every cigar chest and box of cigars we ship.

Sargent Cigar Chest FREE

The Sargent Patent Cigar Chest (shown above) is a perfect little cigar store in itself. It is made of oak, mission finish, glass-lined and sanitary. No pads or sponges to bother with, the moisture being supplied by a new process. With a Sargent Cigar Chest you never lose money on dried-out cigars. The chest will be sent you with your first order and is your property even if you never buy another cigar of us.

Our "Money Back" Guarantee

If cigars and chests are not up to your expectations, send them back at our expense and we will refund your money without question. Send us \$3.50 and we will ship you 50 Sargent Perfectos and the Cigar Chest. If you order 100 cigars, price \$7.00, we will prepay express charges on cigars and chest anywhere in the United States. Subsequent orders for cigars filled at \$7.00 for 100; \$3.50 for 50.

For \$2.00 extra we will send a mahogany chest instead of oak; or for \$3.00 extra, one of Circassian Walnut. REFERENCES: Pequonnock National Bank, First Bridgeport National Bank, or City National Bank, all of Bridgeport.

A Sargent Perfecto. Actual Size

SARGENT CIGAR CO., 548 Water St., Bridgeport, Conn.

Larger Cigar Chests for Hotels, Clubs, Etc. Send for Catalogue

The best skaters and the best rinks everywhere will have none but Winslow's.

WINSLOW'S Skates

THE BEST ICE AND ROLLER SKATES
Superior in material, in finish and durability. Over 50 years as the world's standard has clinched this fact.



All Models, All Sizes, All Dealers.
Please send for new illustrated catalogues. They are free. Kindly state whether you are interested in ice or roller skates.

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO.
WORCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.

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CHAMBERS ST., NEW YORK. 2 LOND. LANE, E.C. LONDON

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Perfectly Easy and Natural
To Shave Right With a
Keen Kutter "Safety"



See how exactly
the blade lies
against the face.



It isn't necessary to tip your head on one side, lift your elbow or take any other *uneasy* position, to shave with a

KEEN KUTTER

Safety Razor

Be perfectly natural. Pick it up and put it to your face as though it was a part of your hand. It will meet your cheek *exactly right*, and give you the coolest kind of a skin-smooth shave.

That's the beauty of a Keen Kutter Safety Razor—it fits the hand and the face. The adjustment has all been done by the makers, there is *nothing* for the shaver to do but *shave*.

Every Keen Kutter Safety Razor has 12 blades of finest Norwegian steel, each honed, stropped and ready for a number of perfect shaves. Comes in a neat leather case with boxes to hold the blades.

Don't risk a razor that jumps and skips and takes a bit off your face now and then. Buy a "Keen Kutter" and shave *safely*.

"The Recollection of Quality Remains Long After the Price is Forgotten."
Trade Mark Registered. —E. C. Simmons.

If not at your dealer's, write us.

SIMMONS HARDWARE COMPANY (Inc.), St. Louis and New York, U. S. A.

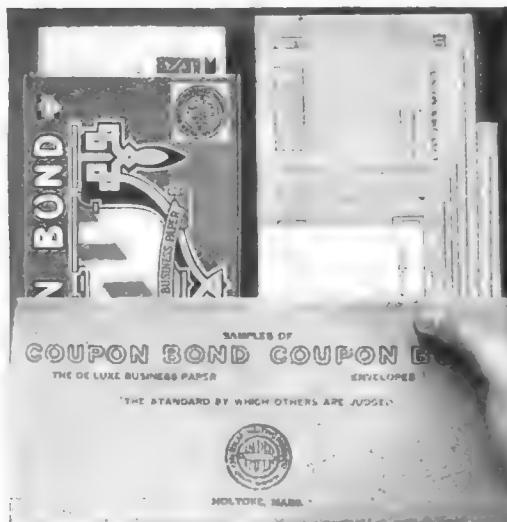


We Want to Send You This Portfolio

of samples of

COUPON BOND

THE DE-LUXE BUSINESS PAPER



If you care about the quality, character and impressiveness of your stationery—these samples will be valuable to you. They show you what really impressive, productive stationery is. They show you business forms on COUPON BOND; handsomely printed, lithographed and die-stamped in harmonious color combinations.

If you buy business stationery you need these samples. They tell you how to get the most impressive, most productive stationery. They show you how your letter-head or check would look on COUPON BOND. They demonstrate and tell you why, of all bond papers, COUPON BOND is best qualified to serve you, and why it is the first choice of those who recognize the actual earning-power of high-grade stationery.

This valuable portfolio is free. Send for it today. With this portfolio we will also send you samples of our Berkshire Text and Berkshire Cover Papers. These are two most excellent papers for fine book and booklet use.



AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO., HOLYOKE, MASS.

Largest Mfrs. of Writing, Book and Cover, and other Papers for Business Purposes. 29 Mills.



The Berkshire Hills Sanatorium

Established Thirty-one Years.

For the exclusive treatment of cancer and all other forms of malignant and benign new growths (except those in the stomach, other abdominal organs, and the thoracic cavity).

With the Escharotic Method

(without resorting to surgical procedure).

Ask your family physician to make a personal investigation. This institution is conducted upon a strictly ethical basis. Complete information given upon request. Address,

WALLACE E. BROWN, M. D.
NORTH ADAMS, MASS.



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The Same Light at Less Cost, or More Light at the Same Cost



While the incandescent gas mantle is unquestionably the best light for the home—cheaper and more nearly approaching the natural sunlight than any other—the size ordinarily used has one drawback:

Too much of the light spreads in a bright glow in the immediate vicinity of the lamp, throwing the rest of the room into relative

shadow, because the light is thrown from only one angle.

A wider diffusion of light, throwing the illumination more equally over the entire room, is very desirable. This has now been accomplished in the new



Lindsay Miniature Light

The Little Giant of the Gas Light Field

The reasons are simple.

The Lindsay Miniature Light is built so as to eliminate as much as possible of the waste power and lighting surface in the ordinary gas lamp.

It is built with the idea that three smaller lights, for instance, can be made to give the same light as two large ones, spread the light over the whole room, and do it at less cost.

It burns only one-half as much gas as the ordinary lamp, yet

It gives two-thirds the light.

See the saving.

Suppose, for instance, you now have on a gas fixture two ordinary size mantle lights.

Now, suppose on that same fixture you put three Lindsay Miniature Lights.

The three Lindsay Miniatures together will burn only three-quarters as much gas as the two big lights, *a saving of 25 per cent in your gas bill*, yet they will give the same amount of light.

Besides, the light will be much better. Coming from three different angles on the fixture, it will light up the whole room clearly and distinctly.

An Ornament to Any Room

The Lindsay Miniature Light should not be confounded with the common lights sometimes seen, whose cheap mica chimneys soon discolor and crack, spoiling the light and constituting an offense to good taste. These lights are sold at almost any price, but are worth nothing.

The Lindsay Miniature is handsomely finished in every part. The brasswork is a triumph of the lamp-makers' art, the globe is beautifully etched, and the mantle is the best it is possible to make.

It is an artistic creation that will enhance the beauty of any room.

Just get a single light at your dealer's and prove all we have said for yourself.

Note the saving in gas, the pleasanter light. Then you'll want Lindsay Miniature Lights all over the house.

Any good dealer has it and will be glad to explain its advantages to you. (3)

LINDSAY LIGHT COMPANY, New York—Chicago



THERMOS

A Household Necessity

THE most acceptable gift that can be made to any member of the family. Useful alike to Baby, Mother, Father, Sister, Brother, Grandma, Grandpa, Aunt or Uncle, Niece or Nephew, Husband, Wife or Sweetheart, Athlete or Invalid, Old or Young—for everyone, at all times and all places.

THERMOS FOR CHRISTMAS

Make your Christmas gifts distinctive. Instead of the usual Handkerchief, Books, Gloves or Hosiery give a Thermos Bottle, Pot, Jar or Decanter.

Make your presents mark the introduction of a brand new way—THE THERMOS WAY.

You know the advantages of the Telephone, Sewing Machine, Vacuum Cleaner, Electric Light; but you do not know what Comfort is unless Thermos is in your home and with you on your journeys.

THERMOS KEEPS THINGS HOT 24 Hours in coldest places.
THERMOS KEEPS THINGS COLD 3 days in hottest places.



HUMIDOR

Thermos Bottles, Tea and Coffee Pots and Jars are ideal for Automobiles, Huntmen, Fishermen, Yachtsmen, Tourists and home lovers.

The Thermos Humidor is an ideal Christmas gift for Father, Husband or Brother. It preserves the moisture, the flavor and the original aroma of cigars, cigarettes or tobacco. Made of solid, trimmed mahogany and is a beautiful gift.

Fifty thousand engineers and scientists have tested Thermos products and have found them to be the most reliable and efficient of any known method of retaining heat or cold.



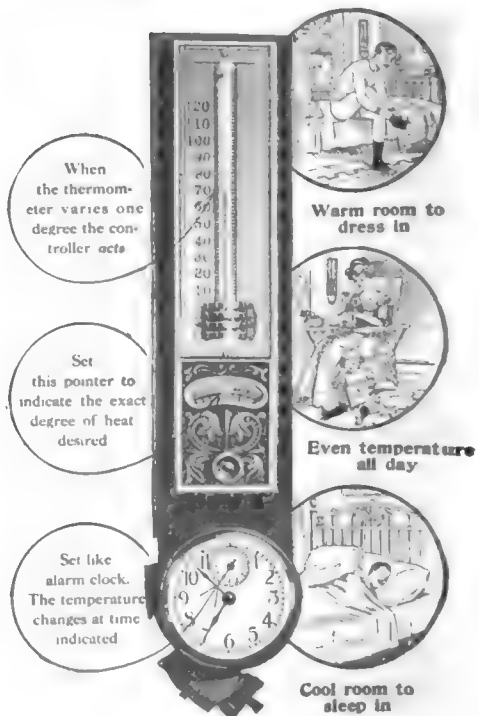
DECANTER

Please Be Cautious Thermos are the only genuine temperature retaining products. You will be disappointed if you permit some dealer to sell you an attempted imitation. Insist on getting the genuine Thermos Bottles, Pots or Jars. Look for the name *Thermos*. It is stamped plainly on the bottom. Five grand prizes awarded Thermos products in the 1925-26 National Exposition.

AMERICAN THERMOS BOTTLE COMPANY
Broadway and 27th Street, New York, City

WARM when you want it—
COOL when you want it—
JUST the heat you want,
WHEN ever you want it.

The JEWELL Heat Controller



Saves you all the troubles and worry of regulating drafts of your heater by constantly maintaining any temperature you desire. Saves all thought of having to get up to open the drafts on cold mornings—by means of the automatic time clock attachment. To cool off the house at night, simply set the pointer for 60° or 65° or whatever you wish. Then set the clock attachment to the morning temperature desired. When you arise in the morning your house will be warm and comfortable.

The Jewell saves from 20 to 30 per cent. on coal—it prevents fires dying out or burning out, and it's a safety check, making accidental fire from overheated furnaces impossible.

It doesn't matter whether you heat with steam, warm air, hot water, city steam or natural gas. Place a Jewell Heat Controller in your house on

30 Days Free Trial

Write today for booklet, "The House Comfortable," prices and full information regarding this free trial offer. Make the Jewell Heat Controller prove what it will do before you purchase it.

Jewell is recommended and sold by dealers in good heating apparatus.

THE JEWELL MFG. CO., 12 Green Street, Auburn, N. Y.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



cost for clean, even, healthful heat. The UNDERFEED System does that. Government and municipal authorities indorse the Underfeed coal-burning way as the one method which *consumes* smoke. An UNDERFEED Heater SOON PAYS FOR ITSELF. This is easily proved. The

Peck-Williamson Underfeed

HEATING SYSTEMS

WARM AIR **Furnaces** - STEAM AND HOT WATER **Boilers**

Save $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{2}{3}$ of Coal Bills

CHEAPEST slack, which would smother a fire in ORDINARY furnaces and boilers, yields in the UNDERFEED as much clean, even heat as HIGHEST priced anthracite.

This illustration shows the Underfeed Boiler.

Figure out the difference in cost. You can SAVE this big amount EVERY winter. Coal in the Underfeed is fed from below. All fire is on top. Smoke MUST pass through the flames, is consumed and makes MORE heat. This is WASTED in other heaters, but YOU pay for the waste. Ashes are few and are removed by shaking the grate bar as in ordinary furnaces and heaters.

Satisfaction is the Keynote ringing in hundreds of testimonials. H. R. CULBERTSON, Ft. Wayne, Ind., writes:

"It cost me \$40.60 to heat a nine-room house, with bath and two halls, from September 24 to May 14—nearly eight months, with considerable coal left on hand. Many of my neighbors spent TWICE that much to heat much smaller houses and during extreme cold weather were obliged to shut off a part, while we lived all over our house with comfort."

Let us send you—FREE—many fac-simile testimonials like this, with our Underfeed Booklet of furnaces or Special Catalog of Steam and Hot Water Boilers. Heating plans and services of our Engineering Corps FREE. Write today, giving name of local dealer with whom you'd prefer to deal.

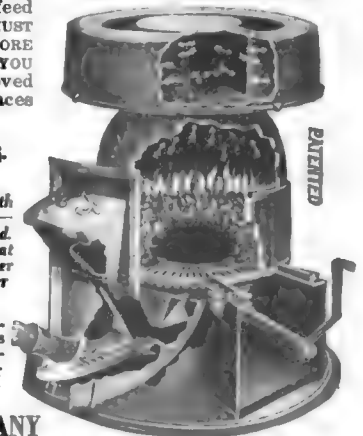
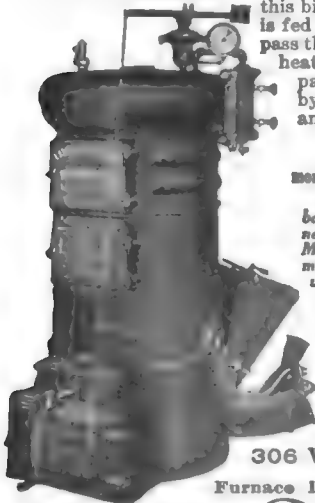
THE PECK-WILLIAMSON COMPANY

306 West Fifth Street,

Cincinnati, O.

Furnace Dealers, Hardware Men and Plumbers are invited to write Today for Profitable Agency Proposition.

Illustration shows furnace without casing, cut away to show how coal is forced up under fire, which burns on top.



FIRST AID TO
THE PENLESS



JUST A WORD about its ACTION. It has the ONLY NATURAL FEED, therefore the BEST. The flow in the SWAN FEED is the same as dipping in an ink bottle—it holds the ink above and below. Then it's ADJUSTABLE. A touch of the finger regulates the quantity of ink supplied. Many styles.

The "SWAN" is very long lived, that is why the makers of the most durable Fountain Pen adopted the name "SWAN" for a Trade Mark.

"SWAN" FOUNTAIN PEN

MABIE, TODD & CO., Dept. E

17 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK Established 1843 149 Dearborn St., CHICAGO
London Paris Brussels Manchester

Prices from
\$2.50
upwards

The "Long-Short" Style is a handy, serviceable little Ink Pencil that will go in a purse. Costs but \$1.50, red or black rubber—made in our English Factory. Our new Booklet is ready—send for it today.



*A
Useful
Christmas
Gift for
any man*

The embodiment of
pleasure and protection

Sold by all first-class dealers.
Rather than accept a substitute
order from us direct.
Catalogue sent upon request.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS COMPANY,
565 PARK AVENUE, WORCESTER, MASS.

H&R ARMS CO

WITH TARGET CAP
(AS ILLUSTRATED)
5' BARREL \$8.00
3' BARREL \$7.00
WITH REGULAR CAP
3' BARREL \$6.00
NICKEL FINISH
MADE IN
22 CAL. 7 SHOT
32 & 38 CAL. 5 SHOT

Tell Everyone You Want a **KING** for Christmas



A KING Air Rifle means a lot of good, wholesome fun plus a kind of training that nothing else can give.

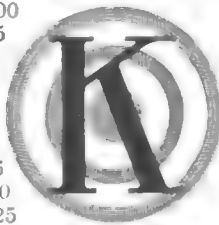
The KING means target practice, and target practice gives you a keen eye and steady nerve. It makes you self-reliant, alert, observing and careful. It teaches you self-control. It takes you out of doors.

These are the things that make American boys grow into able, courageous, healthy and valuable American men. Send a penny postal card for the KING CATALOG, and when it comes show it to your parents.

The KING is a safe rifle. It is not made to kill things with—but for target practice. It shoots Air Rifle shot by compressed air, and has none of the danger and destructiveness of powder rifles. But in every other way it is a real gun to test the skill of any marksman.

The KING 1000 SHOT (No. 5) is a hammerless magazine repeater with lever action. It holds 1000 shots to be fired by automatic loading one at a time. It is the "Winchester" of air rifles. Weighs 2½ pounds and is 36 inches long. Price \$2.00.

King No. 1, Single shot . . .	\$1.00
King No. 2, 350 Shot Repeater . . .	\$1.25
King No. 3, 500 Shot Automatic Repeater . . .	\$1.50
King No. 4, 500 Shot Automatic Repeater, lever action . . .	\$1.75
King Three-in-One No. 11, shoots shot, rubber ball or cork . . .	\$0.75
King Junior No. 10 . . .	\$0.50
King Pop Guns, No. 8-12 . . .	\$0.25



KING AIR RIFLES

There's a King for every boy from four to sixteen and for the "grown-ups" too—all illustrated and described in the KING CATALOG. Send for it to learn the kind of KING you want.

KING AIR RIFLES are sold by leading sporting goods, hardware and toy dealers. If you can't find them in your town send the money direct to us and we'll ship the KING express prepaid.

DON'T ACCEPT ANY AIR GUN BUT THE KING. We were the originators of the air gun and have invented all improvements. You are sure to get the latest style and the best construction if you buy the KING.

The Markham Air Rifle Co.

The Original and Largest Air Gun Factory in the World

Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.

Western Office, 717 Market St., San Francisco

PHIL. B. BEKEART CO., Mgrs.



In a modern, sun-lit, kitchen-clean factory, inspected and approved by Uncle Sam's Federal Food Inspector, we are making better mince meat than you can make—and we ought to—it's our business and has been for twenty-five years.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

has revived mince pie—the most wholesome and most appetizing of all desserts—in millions of American homes. Its economy, its convenience, and, above all its goodness have

lifted the mince pie out of the once-in-a-long-while class and established it as a frequent, all-the-year-round dessert. Let there be a revival in your home.



Our own food laws were 22 years old when the United States Food Law was passed

Two-pie package 10c.—everywhere
Six-pie package 25c. east of the 100th meridian

MERRELL-SOULE CO., SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Member of the American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Has been so successful it is widely imitated, but has never been equalled. Enables you to own your own gas plant which operates any number of lights. Pure white light, 100 to 1000 candle power. Casts no shadow. Odorless, greaseless, smokeless. Absolutely safe. Cheaper than any other form of lighting. Best for Homes, Stores, Hotels, Churches, etc. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted everywhere. Write for catalog, now.

THE BEST LIGHT CO.

86 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



This Beautiful Art Calendar Free

No other art calendar was ever so beautiful as the 1910 Armour calendar entitled "The Debutante."

In this calendar Penrhyn Stanlaws, C. Allan Gilbert and James Montgomery Flagg have done their very best color work.

You have never seen girls more attractive. The drawings are not mere ideals—they are true to life. Each page of the calendar looks like an "original."

The size of the calendar is 10x15 inches. There is no gaudy advertising to disfigure it.

How to Get One

Send the metal cap from a jar of Armour's Extract of Beef or paper certificate under the cap, with four cents to cover cost of mailing, to Armour & Co., Dept. CR, Chicago. Or send us 25 cents in stamps. We'll send you a calendar by return mail.

Individual Picture Offer

We have a few of these drawings, size 10½x16½, printed on extra heavy paper, with calendar dates and all printing eliminated, which we will send prepaid for 25 cents each. Or we'll send the four separate drawings of this size and the calendar all for \$1, express prepaid. These separate plates are ideal for framing.

Why This Offer is Made

We want you to know the hundred uses for a good extract of beef—not in the sick room, but in the kitchen.

Armour's Extract of Beef

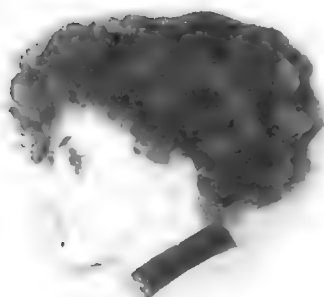
We are willing to give you the calendar simply to get you to use one jar. For you'll never be without the extract once you know what it means.

Add it to soups and to gravies. See what your people say.

Impart it to "left-overs"—see how it freshens them. Make stews from the parts of meat that you now throw away. Note how good they are. But be sure you get *Armour's*.

Extracts costing a trifle less go but one-fourth as far. Just try one jar of Armour's. Learn at least one of its hundred uses.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO



Copyrighted 1909
Armour & Company
Chicago

Penrhyn Stanlaws



Copyrighted 1909
Armour & Company
Chicago



Get these four beautiful drawings in the Armour calendar with the top from your first jar of Armour's Extract of Beef, and 4c for mailing.

Address Armour & Co., Chicago, Dept. CR.

Save the library slips in Extract of Beef jars. They get you magazines free.



LYON & HEALY PIANO

Pure in Tone

A high grade instrument, built of the finest materials, in our own great Union Park factory. Gives the most enthusiastic satisfaction. Prices, from \$350 up. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for Beautiful Art Souvenir Catalog.

LYON & HEALY Makers . . . 79 to 85 Adams Street, Chicago (23)

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE FIDELITY AND CASUALTY CO.

1876

OF NEW YORK

1909

GEORGE F. SEWARD, President
ROBERT J. HILLAS, Vice-President and Secretary

FIDELITY
LIABILITY
ACCIDENT
HEALTH
STEAM BOILER
ELEVATOR
PLATE GLASS
BURGLARY
FLY WHEEL

The experience of this Company under its liability policies covering 25,000 accidents a year has been studied in order to determine what industrial accidents are preventable. From such data and from data gathered from other sources, we believe that fully sixty per cent. of all fall within the preventable class.

How these accidents may be prevented is told in a pamphlet of 200 pages or so, prepared by us and now in press.

Thirty thousand copies of this pamphlet to begin with will be sent to a selected list of policy-holders without charge.

The price to the public will be nominal—twenty-five cents.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000

SURPLUS, \$2,571,734.28

DIRECTORS:

DUMONT CLARKE,
WM. P. DIXON,
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ANTON A. RAVEN,
JOHN J. RIKER,

Principal Offices, Nos. 97-103 Cedar Street, New York

Agents in all considerable towns



No boy or girl wants just "a sled"

They all want the *Flexible Flyer*. They know it beats any "sled" ever made.

You steer it by simply pressing the hand or foot on the steering-bar without dragging the feet. You glide around every obstacle at full speed; and leave all the other sleds behind. Nothing will give as much pleasure as a

Flexible Flyer

"The sled that steers"

It is the *only* sled for boys; the *only safe* sled for girls. The hand-somest, lightest, strongest; and lasts the longest. Outlasts three ordinary sleds.

It saves boots and shoes, and prevents wet feet and doctor's bills. Coasting is the thing to give your children rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. Get them a *Flexible Flyer*. Get it today. And be sure to look for the name and trade mark on the sled.

Ask especially to see the new *Flexible Flyer Racer*.

Boys! Girls! We would like to send you a model of the *Flexible Flyer*—free if you'll write for it. This shows how it works. Also beautifully illustrated booklet. It's free. Write for it today.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1101 T, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wins Every Race

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

Benjamin Clothes MADE IN NEW YORK

THE preferences of the best-dressed men in the centre of wealth and fashion form Style.

Benjamin Clothes

come to you *straight from New York*—from the city where styles are determined—from Fifth Avenue, where the most gifted tailors in the world practice their art.

Hold fast to the thought that if style is *at all* worth seeking, you ought to obtain *authoritative* style. It costs no more to get garments *with it*, than *without it*.

Benjamin Clothes

express the *metropolitan* fashions. They enable you to have your garments *identical* in mode, material and making with those worn by the well-dressed New Yorker, admittedly the best-dressed man in the world.

The "BENJAMIN" Dealer in your town or a clothier near you will gladly show you the *authentic* New York fashions and fabrics for Autumn and Winter. If you are not acquainted with him, write us.

Four cents in stamps will bring our charmingly illustrated booklet "C" of "NEW YORK FASHIONS." Address

ALFRED BENJAMIN & CO.
436-438-440 Lafayette St., New York



Winter Scene on the Lake in Central Park, New York. The men in the foreground are wearing "Benjamin" double and single-breasted "Carlton" Storm overcoats.

Alfred Benjamin & Co. MAKERS NEW YORK

CHRISTMAS *Bull Dog* SUSPENDERS

IN SINGLE
PAIR BOXES
50¢

Why not buy
him a pair of
Bull Dog Suspenders
for Christmas
in a beautiful gift box?

The city business man who receives Christmas morning a pair of hand-knitted stockings from his grandmother in the country is no worse off than thousands of other men. For while all remembrances prompted by affection are deservedly acknowledged, it's the practical, service-giving gifts which a man really appreciates.

This explains why every year, as the holiday season approaches, there is an enormous demand for **Bull Dog Suspenders** in handsome embossed single pair boxes.

A Seasonable Suggestion

Order a few boxes from your dealer to-day (there was not enough to go around last year) and have them ready to put on the tree. They will please father, brother, nephew or sweetheart and their pleasure lasts because **Bull Dogs** are so durable and satisfactory.

They outwear three ordinary kinds

Christmas **Bull Dogs** come in many beautiful colors and designs, with leather ends to match and gold gilt metal trimmings; light or heavy weight and extra long at same price.

A Sensible, Pleasing and Inexpensive Gift for 50 cents

Refuse substitutes. Look for **BULL DOG** on the buckle and box—50 cents at your dealer's or by mail, postpaid if he will not supply you.

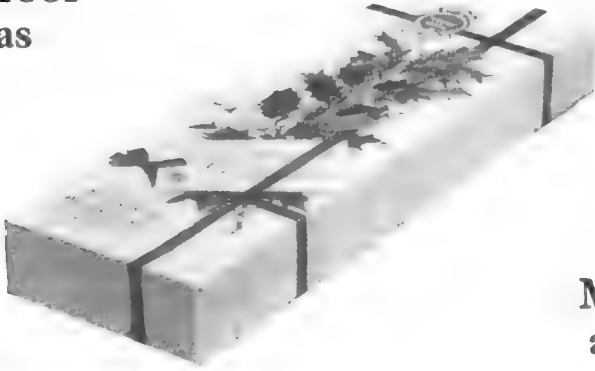
HEWES & POTTER

Dept. 11, 87 Lincoln Street, Boston, Mass.

Largest Makers of Suspenders in the World



The "Holeproof" Christmas Box



For
Men, Women
and Children

Give "Holeproof" for Christmas

You will please every member of the family with this splendid gift.

For everybody appreciates the *genuine* Holeproof Hosiery—soft, comfortable, stylish—in the latest colors and weights.

This is the *original* guaranteed hosiery; the kind that is made from the highest-grade

yarn, costing an average of 63c per pound.

You can get Holeproof Hosiery in all sizes—for men, women and children—and every pair is guaranteed for 6 months.

Dealer's name on request, or we will ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, \$1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, \$2. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, \$3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs, \$2. Guaranteed for 3 months—warranted pure silk.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, \$3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, \$2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

Write for free
book, "How
to Make Your
Feet Happy"

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Avoid cheap substitutes! Look for this
trade-mark on the toe
and get the
original
genuine
Holeproof
Hosiery



(19)

Holeproof Hosiery Co.
375 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Are Your Hose Insured?

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Better than ever—and still the best

Shawknit
TRADE MARK.

**SOCKS IN A
CHRISTMAS BOX**

which contains 6 pairs of our famous soft and silky cotton socks.

The colors are of rich, plain and popular shades, such as will please the most fastidious man—for whom this box will make a most acceptable gift.

Think now of those whom you would like to remember—our Christmas Box makes a big show and costs but a trifle.

Send us the names, addresses, purchase price and sizes. We will ship a box in time for Christmas and prepay the delivery charges ourselves.

**We
prefer
that you
ask your
dealer for
*Shawknit***

Socks before
ordering direct
from the mill.

But when ordering direct be sure to specify size desired. These socks are made in sizes 9 to 11½ inclusive.

**A Word to
the Retailer**

If you have not placed your order through your nearest jobber for the above Shawknit holiday package do so at once.

It sells on sight, makes a great display in windows and show cases and has proven itself to be a popular and profitable package to handle.

Our extensive advertising has created a universal demand for our goods.

Shawknit goods have been on the market for over 32 years and are without a doubt the most reliable socks made.

For further particulars ask your jobber or write to us.

We make no extra charge for the beautiful box, which is a work of art, lithographed in dainty colors, and the socks themselves are warranted fast color, seamless, and for durability and style are without an equal.

Our special Christmas package contains 2 pairs each

**Snow Black
Navy Blue
Ox Blood**

known as special assortment No. 35BCR

Sold at a uniform price of \$1.50 (box included), by leading retailers who carry the Shawknit line.



Our colored catalogue is a beauty and so useful that we want you to have a copy of it. Sent free for the asking.

SHAW STOCKING COMPANY
72 Shaw St., Lowell, Mass.

Study the "inside facts"

See the photographic likeness of a cross-section, shown in the picture. Note the extra length of the bristles, sunk deeply into a bed of vulcanized rubber, from which no bristle is ever to part.

No other method in all the arts of brush-making holds permanently or defies destruction like the RUBBERSET construction. There can be no other like it. We have patents that guarantee this.

Buy one RUBBERSET for a lifetime. Pay enough to insure that it's Badger Hair. Badger Hair retains its fullness, softness and cleanliness after constant usage.

RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

Shaving Brushes

selling for \$1 and over have Badger Hair and handles of ALBRIGHT IVORY, a composition of indestructible quality, that retains its clean-cut, bright color, smooth finish, through endless service.

Keep in mind one all-important fact—whether you pay 25c. for your RUBBERSET Brush or many times that price—for the line is big and the range of prices is broad—the bristles are gripped in hard, vulcanized rubber, and are there to stay.

The best brush should have the best soap, so try your next shave with RUBBERSET SHAVING CREAM. A lather that quickens the shave, softens the beard and soothes the face. A 25c. tube will give 100 shaves.

RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes and RUBBERSET Shaving Cream are on sale at DRUGGISTS, HARDWARE and GENERAL STORES.

If not at your dealer's, send for fully illustrated catalogue and order direct.

RUBBERSET COMPANY

New York Salesrooms : 50 CHURCH STREET

Factory and Laboratory : 56 Ferry St., Newark, N. J.



Each bristle gripped in
hard vulcanized rubber

You Ought to Have Your Hide Tanned

and head mounted. It will not cost you any more—if as much—to have your work done in the largest establishment of the kind in the world, and with our equipment and experience you should get best results here.

We tan deer skins with hair on for rugs or trophies, or dress them into buckskin glove leather. Bear, dog, calf, cow, horse or any other kind of hide or skin tanned with the hair or fur on, and finished soft, light, odorless, moth-proof and made up into rugs, gloves, caps, men's and women's garments when so ordered.

Taxidermy and head mounting are among our particular specialties. We also make fur coats to sell, fur outside and fur lined, robes and gloves. Send for our illustrated catalog.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY,
567 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



The
Best
Yet



Women's, \$1.50
Misses', 1.35
Child's, 1.25

Peerless Comfy

A Comfy Moccasin Slipper, but with our new patent spring heel and trimmed with ribbon in self colors. Very handsome and of course very "comfy." Made of pure "Comfy felt," with one inch of carded wool between felt inner sole and felt and soft leather outer soles, making a perfect cushion tread.

Ideal for the bedroom.

Colors

Women's: Black, Red, Brown, Gray, Old Rose, Catawba, Lavender, Taupe, Turquoise, Wistaria, Pink and Light Blue.

Misses' and Child's: Red, Pink and Light Blue.

Send for Catalogue No. 35, showing many new styles.

DANIEL GREEN FELT SHOE CO.
114-116 E. 13th Street, New York City



The Presto Collar Makes Two Overcoats

of one, because you can change it at will so that you are ready for storm or sun. In rough weather, you protect your lungs, your throat, your shoulders, your neck, by closing the "chinks" that let in pneumonia, bronchitis and rheumatism. You turn up your Presto Collar and keep safe. When the weather has less bite, you just turn Presto down and you're ready for the sun.

The Presto Collar is so simple that someone ought to have thought of it before—but nobody did. It is an invention that is fast sending the old-fashioned overcoat collar to the rear. It is on the coats made by America's best clothes makers, who insist upon style for all their products. It is smooth and graceful without even a hint of bulk or a lack of neatness.

The Presto label is on every coat having a Presto Collar. If you don't find it, don't buy an overcoat or raincoat until you get a Presto-scope, sent free, which will show you by moving pictures what it is and why it is best. Please send your dealer's name when writing.

Don't put it off—send now.

THE PRESTO COMPANY

699 Broadway, Desk 1, New York

Double-Wear Silk Hose

Why wear "ordinary" hosiery when you can have durable silk at practically the same price?

Double-Wear Silk Hose are guaranteed pure silk. They are seamless, and will outwear other silk hose because the toes, heels and garter tops are durable, mercerized cotton, knit into the stocking. This greatly reduces the chance of a thread pulling out through the entire length of the stocking if a break is started. Dyed with fast vegetable dyes that will not rot the thread.

DIRECT TO YOU BY MAIL.

Men's Double-Wear Silk Hose,
all colors, 3 pairs, - - \$1.50

Women's Double-Wear Silk Hose,
all colors, 3 pairs, \$2.25

Write to-day for these elegant, splendid-wearing stockings, stating size and color. Send money by registered letter or money order and we will ship the stockings direct to you by return mail. If, upon receipt of the stockings, you are not perfectly satisfied, you are privileged to return them, and we will cheerfully refund your money.

DOUBLE-WEAR HOSIERY MILLS
2550 Cedar St., Philadelphia

MEN'S
3 PAIRS
\$1.50

WOMEN'S
3 PAIRS
\$2.25

The Most Practical Holiday Gift

In selecting President Suspenders you know in advance that they will please. Our beautiful holiday boxes include three exquisite designs by the celebrated artist, Leon Moran: "Fair Rosamond," "Bachelor Girl," "Lady in Yellow."

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

are popular with all men, as the most comfortable, stylish and durable suspenders made. Light weight lisle for dress and office wear. Medium weight for ordinary wear. Extra lengths for tall men, also youths' size.

Makers' guarantee on every pair. Buy today at your dealers. Or write us. We mail direct to any address, enclosing your presentation card if you wish.

**AT REGULAR
PRICE
50
CENTS**

Send 25 cents for beautiful 1910 calendar. Has all three box designs, and Poinsettia flower cover panel (size 7x15) carrying the calendar. No advertising on art panels. Beautiful to decorate den, living room or narrow spaces.

**THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
1703 Main Street, Shirley, Mass.**





Popular because of its
quality, fit and comfort

TRADE-MARK
Reg. U. S.
Pat. Off.

"Prosknit"

(This label on every garment)

Summer Underwear

For BOYS 25c per garment 50c
50c Union Suits \$1.00 **For MEN**

Buy it next Summer

CHALMERS & MEXING CO., Amsterdam, N. Y.



Look Closely

at the gloves you buy;—the leather, the binding, the stitching, all reveal quality,—but above all look for the name which stamps them

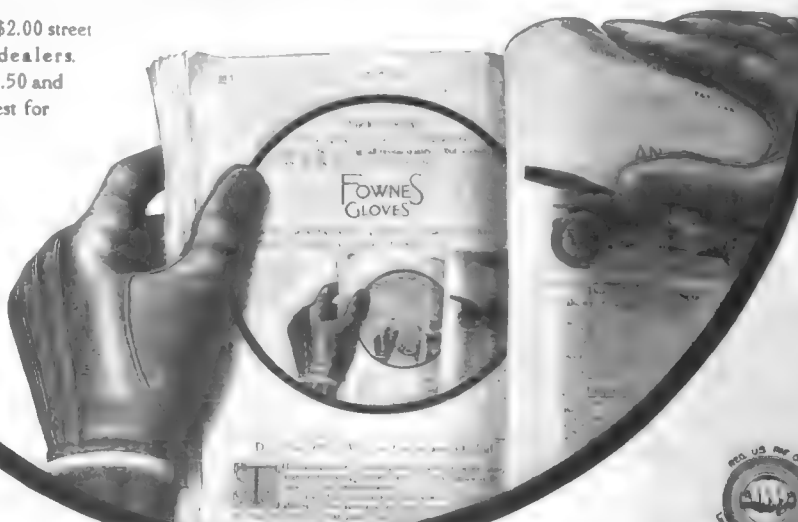
FOWNES GLOVES

because this name has been a guarantee of quality and durability in every detail for over six generations of men.

Try one pair of the \$2.00 street gloves at your dealers.

Other grades, \$1.50 and \$2.50, each best for the price.

Copyright 1909,
by
Fownes Brothers
& Co.



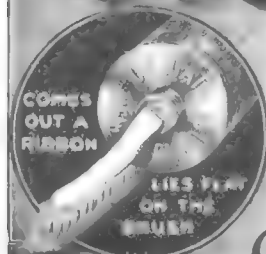
COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

DELICIOUS

The antiseptic dentifrice which combines efficiency with a delightful after-taste. Gives a pearly-lustre to the teeth and a perfect polish to gold-work.

Trial Tube Sent for 4 Cents in Stamps.

COLGATE & CO. (Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap) Dept. E. 55 JOHN ST., N. Y.



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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT

TO be appreciated must be substantial and lasting. There is nothing more suitable for a Holiday Gift than Hosiery for Men and Women.

MAKE YOURS



KNO-TAIR Hose is not the usual guaranteed kind—it is materially different. A soft feeling, silky hose, SEAMLESS and SHAPELY—fits snug and has the STRENGTH to RESIST the STOUTEST WEAR. KNO-TAIR Pure Silk Lisle Hose is made in SIXTEEN fashionable shades for WOMEN, in EIGHT colors for MEN.

Order a box of Six Pairs from Your Dealer TO-DAY—if he cannot supply you, make your selection from the following list:

SIX PAIRS [OF ONE SIZE IN A BOX SOLID OR ASSORTED COLORS]

WOMEN'S Lisle-like hose (Black, Tan and Grey), with *Interlaced Garter Splicing*. Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months **\$2.00 box**
 MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose. MEN'S in Black, Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Purple and London Smoke. WOMEN'S in Black, White, Tan, Grey, Ox Blood, Copenhagen, Green, Bronze, Old Rose, London Smoke, Heliotrope, Purple, Pink, Navy and Sky Blue, with *Interlaced Garter Splicing*. Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months **\$3.00 box**

MEN'S Lisle-like hose (in Black, Tan and Grey). Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months **\$1.50 the box**
 MEN'S SUPER SILK LISLE—a trifle heavier than Pure Silk Lisle. Same Colors. Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months **\$3.00 the box**

Send size, color or assorted colors if desired and remittance according to quality desired. Ask for booklet "Kno-tair Kinks," it tells you all about "The Guaranteed Hose of Quality." IT'S FREE. Also ask for the "Kno-tair Girl" Jig Saw Puzzle. *The Best Dealers Wanted Everywhere.*

KNO-TAIR HOSIERY COMPANY, 5305 Westminister Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., U. S. A.

We will send a box of "Kno-tair," Men's or Women's, any size or color, to any address in the United States, enclosing a handsome Xmas card with your name and the Season's Greetings, upon receipt of \$1.50 for Men's—\$2.00 for Women's (Silk-Lisle \$3.00). Remit in any convenient way.

Brighton Garters
in Christmas Boxes

From now until the holiday period you can get the famous Brighton Flat Clasp Garters in handsome Christmas Boxes, especially designed and decorated for the gift season. No extra charge. At dealers, 25c or we will mail them direct.

PIONEER SUSPENDER COMPANY
 718 Market Street, Philadelphia

"GUNN" SECTIONAL BOOKCASES

**Our New Catalogue
Mailed Free
Will Please You**

It is a fashion book of sectional bookcases, showing the newest designs in the popular Sanitary Clawfoot and Mission styles, as well as our pleasing Standard.

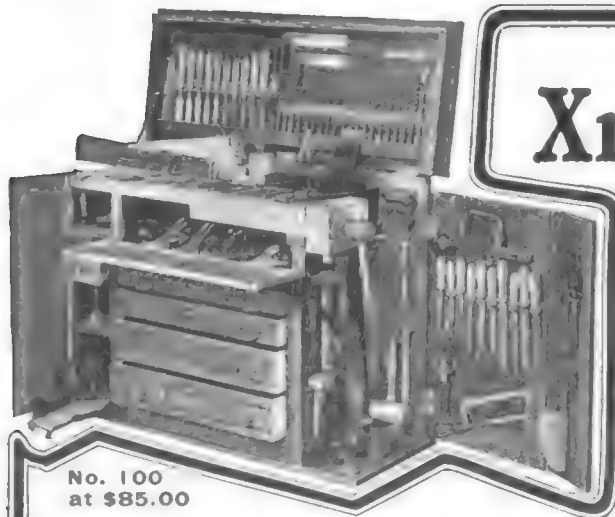
Gunn Sectional Bookcases are known the world over for one feature that will interest you—the prices are lower than others. This is because of a big saving in freight as they are the only bookcases shipped flat. There are no disfiguring iron bands to hold the sections together; the doors are easily removed and are roller bearing and non-binding—the finish and workmanship high grade, making a handsome and durable piece of furniture at a low cost.

Sold by furniture dealers everywhere, or direct where not in stock. Write today for our new bookcase catalogue L.

Desk catalogue sent on request

GUNN FURNITURE CO.

Grand Rapids, Mich.



**No. 100
at \$85.00**

reach. Nothing handier, nothing more practical. No present for man or boy of such lasting educational value. We have four smaller "Wall Cabinets," with same quality tools, but not so many.

No. 47 at \$7.50

No. 52 at \$10.00

No. 53 at \$15.00

No. 54 at \$20.00

We are pioneers in the sale of high-grade tool outfits for home use; every set bears our regular guarantee of quality. Order direct (we have no agents) or send for Catalogue No. 2397.

Hammacher, Schlemmer & Co., New York Since 1848 4th Ave. & 13th St.

HARDWARE, TOOLS AND SUPPLIES

Practical Xmas Gifts for Man or Boy

Our Combination Bench and Tool Cabinet

A first-class, elegantly finished Oak Cabinet. A practical Work Bench with Vise: 95 of the finest tools made: when closed, an attractive piece of furniture: when opened, immediately ready for work with every tool easy to

5,000 Christmas Offers in Grand Free Jewelry Catalog!

Save the Retail Jeweler's Profits by Buying Direct from His Source of Supply at Actual WHOLESALE PRICES!

We are now offering our vast assortment of fine Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches direct to the public at the same price the dealer pays.

Our special Christmas Catalog offers 5,000 wonderful bargains, at actual wholesale prices! On purchases amounting to \$5 and upwards we allow 30 days' examination without security.

If any articles selected are not found to be perfectly satisfactory and exactly as represented, you simply send them back and are under no obligation whatever. We give you eight months to pay, just as much time as we give the retail dealer!



No. G-7115
Solid Scarf with real Gold Pin, ten pearls.

Wholesale Prices-on Credit!

Why should we not give the public the benefit of WHOLESALE PRICES? Is the dealer's money any better than yours? Our Big General Catalog sells more Jewelry and Diamonds for us than the combined annual sales of several hundred retail jewelry stores. Hence we can afford to give you the regular wholesale prices on \$5 worth and upwards.

Superb Diamonds and Jewelry Sent You for 30 Days' Examination Without Security or Obligation!

Send for the great Christmas Jewelry Catalog. See what we save you on price! See the magnificent display of rings, diamonds, brooches, necklaces, ear rings, bracelets, lockets, pin sets, emblems, charms, bags, belt buckles, fobs, pendants and innumerable other articles in Jewelry. Examine at your leisure this great storehouse of golden treasures gathered from all the world! Every article is perfectly pictured and accurately described, down to the minutest detail. And, best of all, the price of each means an actual saving to the purchaser of from one-third to one-half!

Christmas is Almost Here!

Act NOW and Save 25 to 50 Per Cent on Jewelry Gifts for Your Friends!

"Take time by the forelock!" Get the Catalog quickly and order your Christmas Gifts DIRECT—at WHOLESALE PRICES! Don't put it off and then be compelled to buy at stores and pay double prices!

Cash or Credit, at the Same Low Prices!

You can pay cash, if you prefer, or in small monthly payments. Same low prices on either plan. We freely extend confidential credit, without notes, security or interest.

A POSTAL BRINGS SUPERB CATALOG! 5,000 Bargains! 1,500 Illustrations!

This beautiful catalog offers the very latest creations in Jewelry of Quality, at prices surprisingly low. Our offerings exceed in variety and richness the finest displays at the stores. A veritable treasure-house of values, abounding in Christmas suggestions. A postal brings the Grand Free Catalog by return mail. Send for it NOW!



No. G-2623. Unusually clear white, perfectly cut, genuine diamond, set in a solid gold, round balancer mounting.



No. G-7733. Handsome cuff pin set, solid gold, perfectly plain pattern, Roman yellow finish.



No. G-3009. Solid gold emblem ring, furnished in any letter. In ordering, state letter desired.



No. G-3511. Hoop ring, bright polish, hand chased, set with 4 selected genuine whole pearls.



No. G-2305. Sparkling, clear white, perfectly cut, genuine diamond, set in handsome, solid gold mounting.



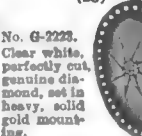
No. G-3809. A hand-chased, bright polish, solid gold signet ring.



No. G-2223. Clear white, perfectly cut, genuine diamond, set in heavy, solid gold mounting.



No. G-7847. Colonial design cuff link, solid gold, Roman yellow finish, genuine rose diamond in center.



No. G-5516. Gold filled locket. Beautiful flower design, rose gold finish. Center of flower is set with a fine white stone.



No. G-7151. Solid Gold Lion Head Scarf Pin in rose gold finish, ruby eyes and one perfectly cut diamond.

LINCOLN WATCH & JEWELRY CO., 3362 Mospratt Street, CHICAGO

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MEDICAL OPINIONS OF BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER

A. F. A. King, A. M., M. D., *Prof. of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and children in the Medical Department of Columbia University, Washington, D. C., and in the University of Vermont; Ex-President Washington Obstetrical and Gynecological Society; Fellow of the British Gynecological and of the American Gynecological Societies, etc., etc.,* in the eighth edition of his *Manual of Obstetrics* recommends **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** as a diuretic in diseases of the Kidney and Bladder.

T. Griswold Comstock, A. M., M. D., *St. Louis, Mo.,* says: "I have made use of it in gynecological practice, in women suffering from acute Uræmic conditions, with results, to say the least, very favorable."

Dr. Jos. Holt, *of New Orleans, Ex-President of the State Board of Health of Louisiana,* says: "I have **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in affections of the kidneys and urinary passages, prescribed **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** particularly in Gouty subjects in Albuminuria, and in irritable condition of the Bladder and Urethra in females. The results satisfy me of its extraordinary value in a large class of cases usually most difficult to treat."

Voluminous medical testimony on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS WATER CO. BUFFALO LITHIA SPRINGS, VIRGINIA

**SAXONIA
INCANDESCENT
KEROSENE OIL
BURNER**



**IT SAVES
YOU MANY
DOLLARS
EVERY
YEAR NO
MATTER
WHAT
YOU
NOW
USE**

**WE
WANT
YOU**

**IT GIVES
80 CANDLE
POWER WHITE
GAS LIGHT
WITH NO
ODOR
FITS ANY
SCREW
COLLAR
LAMP**

TO KNOW OF THIS WONDERFUL
BURNER, MORE THAN 100,000 IN ONLY
USE. THE GOVERNMENT USES THE
SAXONIA
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
SEND FOR BOOKLET AND PROOF OF THE GREAT
MONEY MAKING POSSIBILITIES OF THIS BUSINESS
ONE BURNER COMPLETE READY TO LIGHT SENT EX PR
IN U.S. FOR \$3.99. (EXCLUDING FREIGHT) DO NOT DELAY
REFER TO J. HUNN AND BRADTREET
U.S. AUTO LIGHTING CO. 100 N. 3RD ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

I Can Reduce Your Flesh

Would you like to reduce it by natural means and in a scientific, dignified manner?

I have reduced 25,000 women in the past seven years by a few simple directions followed in the privacy of their own rooms.

I can reduce you and at the same time strengthen stomach and heart and relieve you of such chronic ailments as rheumatism, indigestion, constipation, weak nerves, torpid liver and such difficulties as depend upon good circulation, strong nerves, strong muscles, good blood, correct breathing. You can be as good a figure as any woman of your acquaintance. Why not?

One pupil writes:
"Miss Cocroft, I have reduced 78 pounds and I look 15 years younger. I have reduced those hips, and I feel so well I want to shout! I was rheumatic and constipated, my heart was weak and my head dull, my liver all clogged up and oh, dear, I am ashamed when I think how I used to look."

Write for instructive booklet showing correct lines of a woman's figure in standing and walking.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Department 20, 246 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO
Author of "Character as Expressed in the Body," etc.

Original

Ever-Ready Safety Razor

TRADE
MARK
FACE



With
12
Blades \$1

The newer, "Ever-Ready" is even a better, "Ever-Ready" — the best Safety Razor at any price.

\$1.00 for the complete outfit means a safety frame that will last a lifetime twelve (12) of the finest blades ever produced a clever stropper device and all compactly arranged in a fine button-lock case — and all for \$1.00.

Extra Blades 10 for 50c

Each EVER-READY Blade separately wrapped in patented package — keen — clean — sanitary Exchange 10 dull blades for ten new ones any time for 35c.

Sold by Hardware, Cutlery, Drug and General Stores everywhere. Refuse imitations. Mail orders prepaid.

American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
320 Broadway, New York

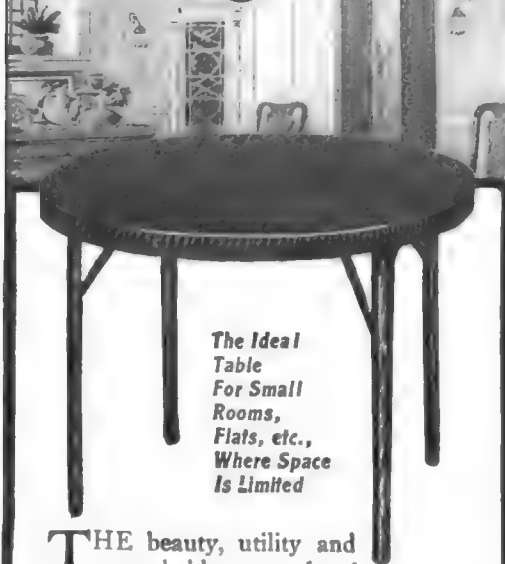


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Lightweight PEERLESS Folding Dining Table



*The Ideal
Table
For Small
Rooms,
Flats, etc.,
Where Space
Is Limited*

THE beauty, utility and remarkable strength of the Peerless Folding Table is a revelation.

A table of unusual convenience that can be taken anywhere and instantly folded or unfolded; a table with a beautiful natural wood top; elegant enough for any function—strong enough for any service—such is the Lightweight Peerless Folding Dining Table. Weighs 22 pounds, size 48 inches in diameter, seats eight. Harmonizes with any furnishings.

Many other styles from 24 to 48 inches in diameter, for sewing tables, cards, porch tables, for parties, etc. Tops of leatherette, felt or three-ply natural wood.

Examine them at your dealer's. If he doesn't handle our tables, write for catalogues and we will tell you one who does or supply you direct.

Dept. No. 2,
Carrom-Archarene Company,
Ludington, Mich.



12 lb. Peerless
supporting 1002 lbs.
An Actual Photograph



Peerless Table Folded



Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Macbeth Pearl Glass is the only kind of glass that would ever be used for lamp-chimneys if every maker considered his interests identical with those of the user.

It is only the user's interests, however, that you have to consider.

See that my name, Macbeth, is on the lamp-chimneys you buy, and they won't break from heat.

One quality; to get the correct size and shape for any burner, have my lamp book. Free. Address

MACBETH, Pittsburgh

"GIVE ME YOUR CARD"

When that request is made of you it ought to bring forth a bit of board you are not merely not ashamed of, but one that carries the distinction of your personality. The great improvement of the century

Peerless Patent Book Form Cards

alone can properly and effectively represent the big man—the man of power; the man who does things; the man the big places are looking for. These cards carried in book form, in exquisite seal leather case, are detached one by one as they are used. All edges are perfectly smooth. Every card is clean, flat and unmarred. Send for a sample book today and detach them one by one. Prove their value to your own senses. Send today.

OUR SMART CARDS IN CASE



The JOHN B. WIGGINS CO.

Sole Manufacturers
Engravers Die Embossers Plate Printers
22-24 East Adams Street, Chicago

The STATIONERY of a GENTLEMAN.

PERHAPS the letter is the most personal of all things which men use. A man writes what he would say if he could meet his correspondent face to face, and all of the pride that he takes in his own appearance is then transferred to the stationery that carries his messages and thoughts.

FOR HIS CHRISTMAS

Old Hampshire Bond is the selection of those men whose judgment is sound and conservative. It will make an ideal Christmas offering — one that will be appreciated.

Write for samples and names of your local dealers.

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts




RUBBER-VULC

TRADE MARK
THE RUBBER BOUND LATHER BRUSH

The PARTICULAR BRUSH for the PARTICULAR MAN.

Over 60 styles thoroughly covered by letters patent. The lather brush sensation of the day. Bristles PROPERLY vulcanized in hard rubber; every brush can be taken apart to prove it. Handles of hard rubber, bone or celluloid. We recommend the hard rubber handle as the most sanitary and durable. It is totally unaffected by constant use in water and soap.

The Rubber-Vulc "No. 10 Home Brush," as illustrated, or our tourist brush, both of mixed Badger hair, makes a most DESIRABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

The bristles cannot come out. Every brush fully guaranteed. At your dealer; if not, we will prepay either brush upon receipt of one dollar.

ADDRESS DEPARTMENT E.
Rubber-Bound Brush Co., Sellers, N. Y.

75,000,000 "O. K." PAPER FASTENERS

SOLD the past YEAR should convince YOU of their SUPERIORITY.

They Add TONE to Your Stationery in the OFFICE, BANK, SCHOOL or HOME.

There is genuine pleasure in their use as well as **Perfect Security**. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly and

"they always work." Made of brass in 3 sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each.

Handsome, Compact, Strong. No Slipping, NEVER!

All stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted. Illustrated booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

Original from
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You Are a Born Crack Shot

YOU'LL be astonished to find you are a crack shot the first time you try the Savage Automatic. You may never before have been able to hit anything, yet you fire all ten shots into a mark as fast as you press the trigger.

You use instinct—just as your finger involuntarily points precisely at a mark.

All other guns require practice, and you are out of practice fifty-two weeks in the year. Wrist-crooking revolvers make you miss. Trigger-flinching at the critical moment makes you miss. Blowback automatic pistols make you miss.

Why buy the kinds which generally miss, when you can be a born crack shot with a Savage Automatic *any time you pick it up!*

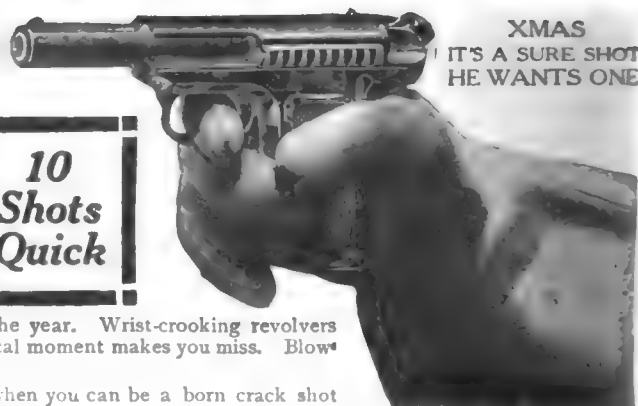
The Savage is the only Automatic that **shoots straight**. Simply because all automatic action is suspended at each shot until the bullet is out!

Safe to carry as a watch. Light (19 oz.); short (6½ in.); Powerful (.32 cal.). Uses standard ammunition. Your dealer's. If he hasn't it, you can buy it from us.

We have decided to give away another edition of "The Tenderfoot's Turn," by "Bat" Masterson, former Government scout and sheriff at Dodge City. Explains how the crack shots of the Southwest Trail won their fame. Send for a copy of

"BAT" MASTERSON'S BOOK FREE

**10
Shots
Quick**



XMAS
IT'S A SURE SHOT
HE WANTS ONE

THE SAVAGE RIFLES

With our new factory additions we can now meet the demand for high power (09 model) repeaters (303). No more delays and disappointments. Ask dealer to show our 303 Repeater and .32 cal. Repeater. Handsomely illustrated catalogue full of rifle information free. Use a postcard. Send now to Savage Arms Company, 4317 Savage Avenue, Ulma, New York.

The New SAVAGE Automatic

You Need a Powers Heat Regulator On Your Furnace

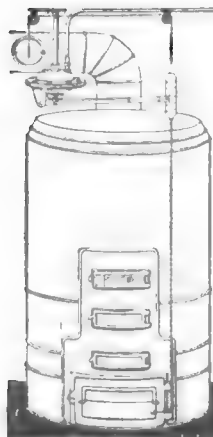
It will save you money

By shutting off wasteful consumption of fuel and by furnishing a regular fire with perfect combustion of fuel.

**Save ¼
Your Coal**

It insures your family's health

By keeping your house temperature just right—never too hot, never too cold.



It saves you many steps

By managing the fire for you. You can safely "forget the furnace." It soon pays for itself in fuel saved.

It is absolutely automatic.

That is true of the Powers Regulator alone. It is the **only** regulator without clockwork, batteries, or other mechanism which in itself requires attention.

It is the cheapest regulator

Because there is no other at **any** price that will give the efficient service of the Powers. Investigation will prove this.

It applies to any heater

Old or new, hot air, hot water or steam; burning coal or gas. It is easy to attach and will be sent on trial. Ask for our booklet—free. (3)

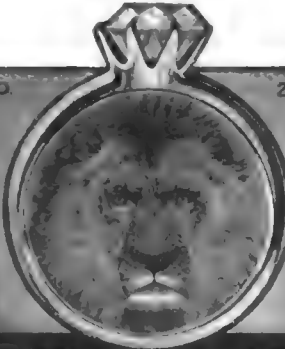


THE POWERS REGULATOR CO., 36 Dearborn St., CHICAGO

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2315 \$35

4083 \$50

2189 \$30

2108 \$25

2271 \$100

2113 \$50

2640 \$250

2546 \$8

2121 \$100

2184 \$45

2193 \$25

2132 \$60

2317 \$25

4081 \$15

2110 \$35

2678 \$750

2126 \$175

2585 \$9

2208 \$120

The Best of Xmas Gifts—A DIAMOND

Is there any gift for man or woman so acceptable, so much to be desired, or so permanently valuable as a really fine diamond?

If you wish to confer upon anyone this most beautiful of Christmas gifts or to have for your own use the very finest grade of Blue White stone in any setting you wish, our system of selling you

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

At Lowest Importers' Prices

Brings our goods within reach of all.

We are one of the largest diamond dealers in the world. We import our stones in the "rough" and finish them here. We buy for spot cash in enormous quantities. Instead of counting on a few sales at big prices, we figure on a mass of sales at small profits. That's why we can sell you diamonds 20% lower than any other dealers.

We furnish diamonds on credit to any reputable man or woman on these terms:

20% with order and 10% per month.

You have the privilege of exchanging your purchase at its full value. All transactions strictly confidential. Any article here illustrated or in our catalog No. 15 sent express prepaid for your examination, returnable at our expense if not perfectly satisfactory.

Send at once for our beautiful 65-page Christmas catalog No. 15. It's free. Select your diamond before Christmas and get it on credit.

Special Holiday Discount of 10% on all Cash Purchases.

J. M. LYON & CO.

71-73 Nassau Street New York City



An Even \$5—

And Worth Every Cent of It.

You may perhaps find a longer, shorter, wider, narrower, heavier or lighter glove, but you will find it extremely difficult to find a glove at any price, which for appearance, comfort and durability will equal this one. By mail prepaid. Send for descriptive circular, which gives measure directions and other glove lore.

If interested in having hides or skins tanned with hair or fur on, or head mounting, send for catalog.

THE CROSBY FRISIAN FUR COMPANY

567 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Wisdom.

As your teeth are wanted to last—for time to come—begin at once their daily antiseptic cleansing with

Calvert's

Carbolic Tooth Powder.

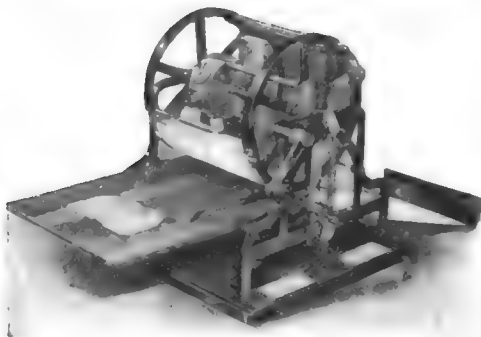
Price from 15cts. Sample and Booklet from Park & Tilford, 927 Broadway, New York.

Makers: P. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England.

Canadian Depot: 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

The Latest Rotary Neostyle

Has Automatic Inking Device



Cleanly and Time Saving

It is easy, quick and cleanly to ink. Saves because it puts the ink only where needed and distributes it evenly.

Time and ink saved by this device will soon pay for one of the new machines.

Do you want to know how the Neostyle brings new business?

Do you want to know how it helps care for the business you already have?

Do you want to know how the Neostyle saves printers' delays and printers' charges?

Then drop a line to

Neostyle Co.

30 Reade St., New York
109 Franklin St., Boston
219 Randolph St., Chicago



"Push the Button—and Rest"

An Ideal Xmas Gift

For
Your
Wife—
Your
Husband
or
Any-
one

SOLID COMFORT

—and Real Rest

No better gift, either for Xmas, birthday or other occasion can be selected for wife, husband or friend, than a large, handsome, comfortable

Royal Chair

"The Push Button Kind"

instantly adjusted to any of its **nine** different easy positions by merely **pressing a button**. A most comfortable and desirable chair for invalids or convalescents. Royal Chairs add elegance, ideal comfort and pleasure to the home. Made in 100 rich, distinctive styles, ranging in price from \$10 to \$60. Sold by dealers, but send for catalog to make your selection in the quiet of your home.

FREE Our illustrated booklet which shows 100 styles of Royal chairs. A book you will be pleased to peruse

"Push the Button—
and Rest."

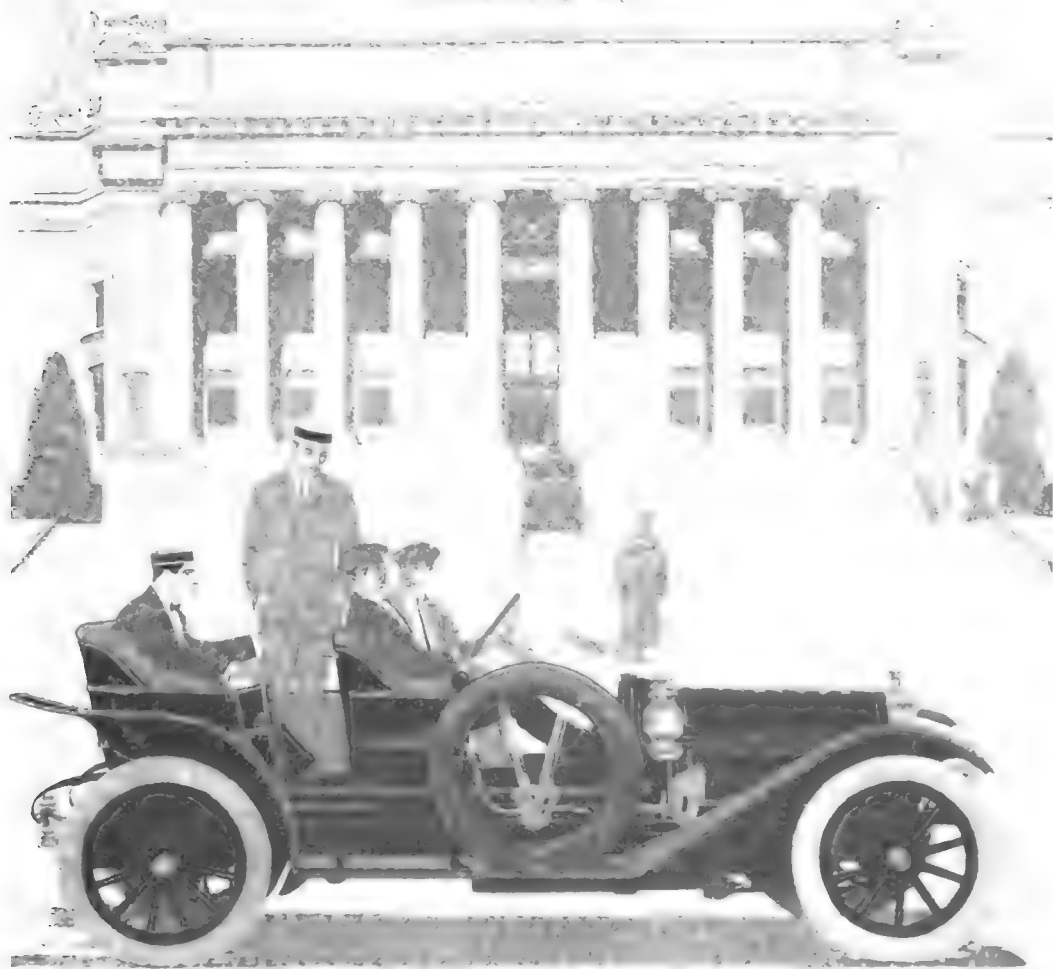
ROYAL
CHAIR
CO.

133
Chicago St.,
Sturgis, Mich.



Foot
Rest
Slides
Back

The Pierce Arrow



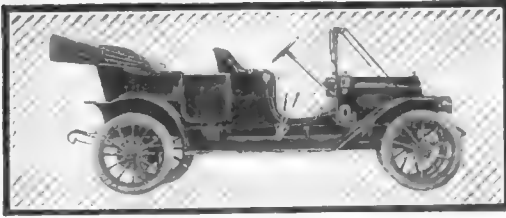
WITH a Pierce-Arrow you are unconscious of the Car, unconscious that beneath that tasteful design and leather upholstery there is a piece of perfect machinery, unconscious because the machinery is so perfect.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, BUFFALO, NEW YORK
Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Licensed under the Golden Rule

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"OHIO" Forty-A, \$1850. Fully Equipped.

Don't Fail to Compare the "Little" Details when You're Shopping for a Car

THERE'S plenty of chance to "skimp" in building a motor car. "Little" details that don't show up on the salesroom floor can be slighted or left out altogether.

These "little" things make a big difference in the manufacturing cost and in the true value of the car. You should learn to hunt for them.

We want you to compare all the following "little" details of the "OHIO" (\$1850 fully equipped) with any car at any price. They are the ear marks of high grade construction.

Cooling Fan, six blades, aluminum (not tin or sheet steel) made in one piece. **Ball-bearings**, imported F. & S. balls throughout. **Brakes**, all run to equalizers. **Brake Rods**, Bessemer steel, 5-16 inches in diameter. **Steering Reach and Rods**, extra heavy and strong, joints of spring end reach protected with leather housings. **Steering Gear**, irreversible. **Levers**, drop forged, or crucible steel. **Radiator**, genuine Mercedes type;

ledge of radiator and hood laced with rawhide to prevent rattling. **Ignition Cables**, made oil and moisture proof by encasing in extra conduit. **Spring Bolts**, case hardened, with grease cups in ends. **Oilers and Grease Caps**, provided for axles, springs, brake equalizers, clutch, steering connections—every part needing lubrication. **Muffler**, extra large deadened with asbestos packing. **Gasoline Tank**, extra large and heavy, tinned inside and out. **Starting Crank**, drop forged, grip of hard rubber. **Rubber Bumpers** on front springs, highest grade ("A") rubber. **Heavy Jump Straps**, on rear springs. **Steering Wheel**, 18 inches in diameter with aluminum spider attached to 1½ inch mast jacket. **Fenders**, extra width, reinforced, with continuous guards and visors. **Crank and Transmission Cases**, made of aluminum.

SPECIFICATIONS IN BRIEF.

Unit power plant; three point suspension; **Engine**, 35-40 h. p.; 4-cylinder; 4-cycle; 4½ inch bore by 4½ inch stroke; thermo-siphon radiation. **Transmission**—3½% nickel steel, selective type; 8-plate clutch. **Frame**, straight line, cold rolled steel, channel section. **Wheelbase**, 115 inches. **Wheels**, 34x4, artillery pattern, Q. D. rims. **Axles**, double channel section steel front, full floating rear. **Springs**, semi-elliptic front and rear, very long. **Brakes**, two sets, internal-expanding. **Steering Gear**, irreversible, screw and nut type. **Ignition**, dual system, magneto and battery. **Body**, metal, 5-passenger. **Equipment**, fine cape top, automatic wind shield, speedometer, foot-rail, coat-rail, two search lights, two side lamps, tail lamp, gas generator, large horn, tool kit, foot pump, jack and tire repair kit. Same chassis specifications apply to all six models.

Send for CATALOG "E" and list of Agencies.



**The OHIO
Motor Car Co.**

Members Am. Motor
Car Mfr. Associat'n

ELMWOOD STA.
CINCINNATI, O.

THE MARMON

"The Fastest Riding Car In The World"

The "Thirty-Two," \$2650

12-40 H. P. Weight, 2300 lbs. Complete and highest grade equipment. Option of Suburban (here shown), Touring Car or Roadster.

Manufactured Entirely Here

Estab. 1851

The All-Important Link

To prove the real character of any car, look first to the factory that produces it and insures its future.

The Marmon is manufactured (not merely assembled) by a company known to buyers of high grade machinery, the world over, for more than fifty years.

The stability of construction, thorough design, and quiet efficiency of the Marmon "Thirty-two" have given it high rank among the world's best cars.

Decidedly, the safe choice for the buyer who seeks absolute certainty of service and value.

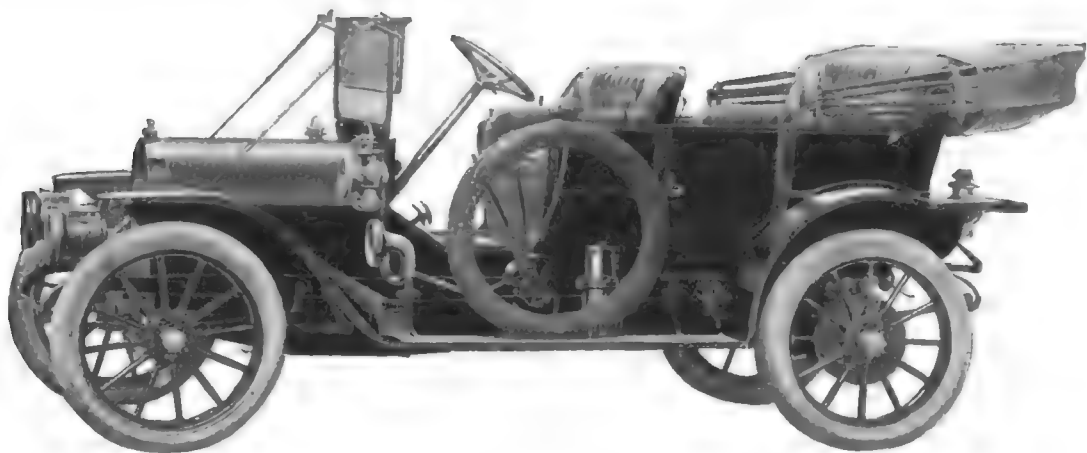
Nordyke & Marmon Co., :: (Est. 1851) :: Indianapolis, Ind.

Nordyke & Marmon Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

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Off like a thoroughbred as soon as you open the throttle. Quiet, smooth-running, powerful—in every way (except great-bigness) the equal of the most costly cars.



Four-Cylinder REO

thirty horse-power—fifty miles an hour—\$1250

Notice that the driver's seat and control are on the left-hand side of the car. This is the new and right way—convenient for dismounting to the sidewalk.

That sounds a little strong, but we mean exactly that. And when it comes to expense—fuel, repairs, tires—the light weight and simple construction of the Reo are of enormous advantage.

Our book tells the facts exactly—how it was possible to produce such a car at such a price. Send for it.

Reo Four-Cylinder Roadster, with same motor and general specifications, at the same price, \$1250.

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This is truly the car for Christmas—the gift beyond compare.

All the appointments are in such exquisite taste, the lines so graceful, the upholstery and finish so luxurious and the power control so perfect that this car captivates every woman at sight.

The seats are wide, soft and deep—you fairly revel in their comfort and roominess.

The upholstery of rich, imported broadcloth or leather matches the body in any desired color. Every body requires ninety days in the making. We put into its building the experience gained in 57 years of high-class carriage making for particular people.

Only one thousand Rauc & Lang Electrics can be built in a year. But each one is a masterpiece, superb in style, finish, power and charm.

The Car a Woman Can Drive With Safety

All the power is controlled by one single lever. A Rauc & Lang Car cannot be started accidentally—the controlling lever must first be in a neutral position.

Yet all the power can be shut off instantly in any position.

The small, flat key which locks the power connection can be slipped in the pocket-book when leaving the car.

The highest type of Exide batteries are used, giving power to run a Rauc & Lang car as far as you'll want to go in a day.

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Our dealers in most of the principal cities will be glad to demonstrate this exclusive car. Delivery will be made to suit your convenience, on Christmas day if desired.

Cut out the memo below and mail it to us today for the catalog with prices.

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Electrics*

The Rauc & Lang Carriage Co.

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Please send your catalog and name
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(17)



A High-Powered Car of Class

NOT a little car with a big rating, but a big car with a low rating. It's a better car for \$2,500 than you could have bought for \$4,200 two years ago. It has behind it ten years of experience in building the highest grade cars. It has repeated race records of better than a mile a minute to its credit.

It has double ignition with imported Bosch magneto and storage battery (not dry cells); it has four cylinders, $5 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$, and it is built of the finest materials with all the care and nicety of workmanship that characterizes the National product.

It is a big, powerful, luxurious car, and at \$2,500 it is decidedly the great bargain of the year.

National Sizes:

"Fifty"—Six Cylinders, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ —\$4,200. "Sixty"—Six Cylinders, 5×5 —\$5,000.
Type of body—Touring, Baby Tourneau, or Roadster—optional on all National cars.

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE CO., 1017 E. 22nd Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Standard Manufacturers A. M. C. M. A.

Only Motor That Cranks Itself

THE Winton Six motor *cranks itself*. It is the *only* motor that cranks itself.

* * *

Our system is not only a great convenience in saving labor, annoyance and humiliation to the car owner, but also—

It is the *only natural method* of starting the motor.

* * *

In the Winton Six, air pressure admitted to the cylinders causes the pistons to move through their various strokes.

During this movement, which draws in fresh gas, the spark occurs, igniting the charge and causing the motor to begin its regular operations.

Note that the pistons *are already moving* when the spark occurs.

That's important.

* * *

Some motors are advertised to "start on the spark."

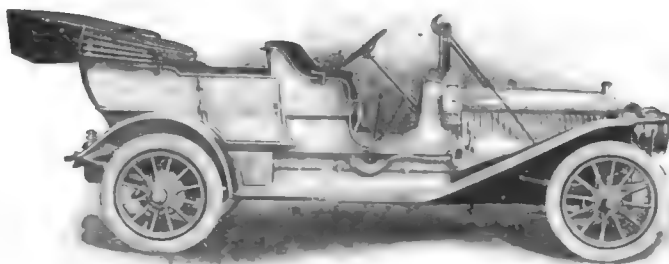
That method is both *uncertain* and *violent*.

* * *

To "start on the spark" there must already be gas in the cylinder.

If the gas isn't there, all the sparks in christendom *will not start the motor*.

Therefore, you are never quite sure whether "she'll start" or not.



WINTON SIX

But, assuming that you are fortunate enough to have gas in the cylinder—what happens?

Just this: all the force of that charge of gas is *shot* against pistons that are *standing dead still*.

The shock thus sustained by the entire train of pistons, the crank shaft and the bearings is like that suffered by a standing railroad car that is bumped by a locomotive going 20 miles an hour.

* * *

If you value your car and mean to treat it with consideration (so that it will not be prematurely bumped upon the junk pile) *don't ever* "start on the spark."

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If your car isn't a self-cranking Winton Six, give it a fair show and *crank it*.

If your car is a self-cranking Winton Six, you have the assurance that, by means of air pressure, you

are starting the motor on the simplest, easiest and only mechanically perfect method known to the automobile world.

And no matter how often you use your Winton Six air starter, you are never injuring the motor.

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This superiority of the Winton Six air starter is characteristic of the Winton Six from radiator to gasoline tank.

Look it over. It will pay you to know about the car that holds the world's record of 184,190 miles on \$142.43 upkeep expense—expense that averages 77 cents per 1000 miles.

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The Marion FLYER

Have you ever realized how few cars possess all the essentials of efficiency and how many have but one or two strong features to hide the lack of others equally important? Many manufacturers boast that their cars have this or that excellent point, but *you want the car that gives you them all—and that's the 1910 Marion Flyer.*

The 1910 Marion Flyer is the final development of motor car completeness and reliability—strong, speedy and wonderfully flexible. The Marion Flyer is a high class car. *It shows its class and lives up to it.*

Here are a few of its features; Continental motor, double ignition system, Timkin roller bearings, multiple disc clutch, Schebler carburetor, straight line drive, long heavy springs, long wheel base. *How many cars can lay claim to them all?* The 1910 Marion Flyer is the one car that can.

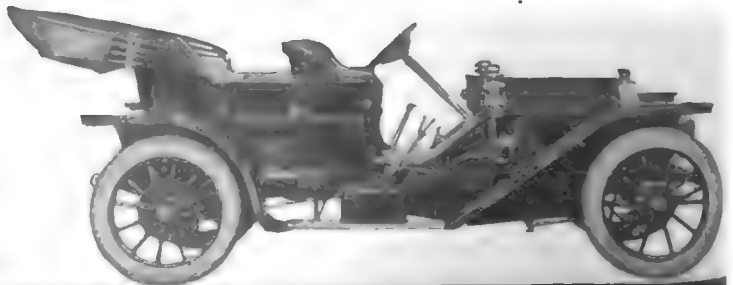
Model 10, \$1,850. 35 Horsepower: Three speed selective type transmission: Five passenger touring or four passenger close coupled body. Equipped with magneto, Presto-O-Lite tank. Complete lamp and tool outfit.

It's poor judgment to pay less than the Marion price; it's unnecessary to pay more. Any Marion Flyer is worth more in proportion to what you pay for it after a year's service than any other car. Have the nearest Marion agent demonstrate these facts to you and write us for the free book.

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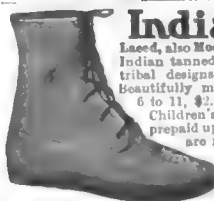
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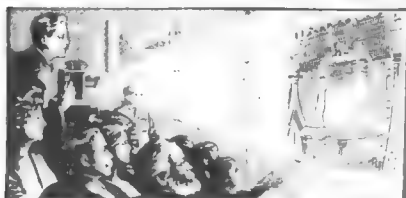
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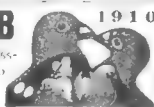
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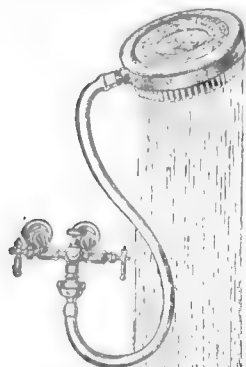
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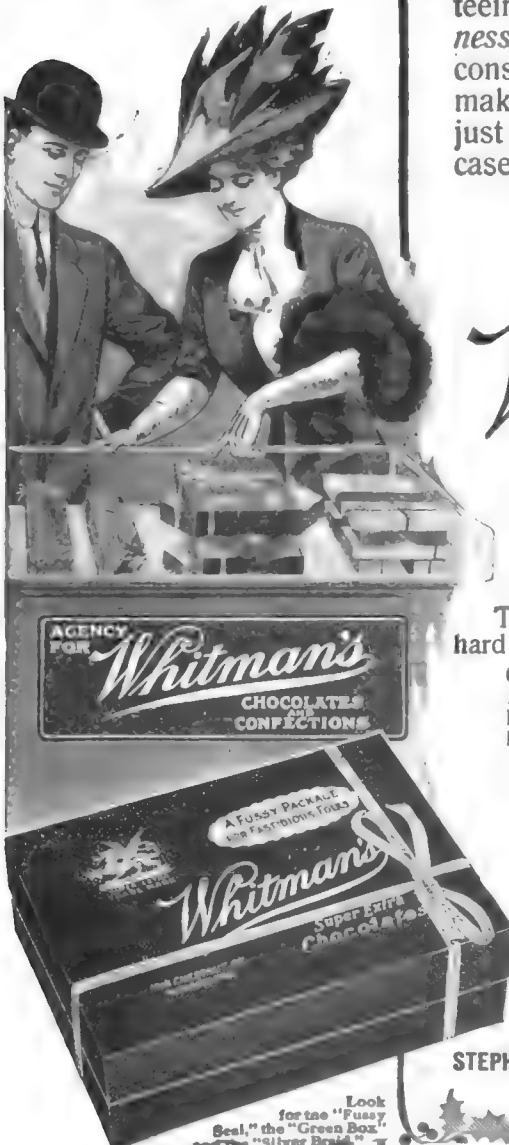
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THE HABIT OF SAVING

Life insurance statisticians tell us that the first period of a man's life, that is, to the age of twenty, is the egotistical age, when the son thinks he knows more than his father.

From thirty to forty-five is a man's accumulative period. In this period either success or failure is settled. By the time a man is forty-five, he is either on the high road to fortune or has lost all.

Above the age of fifty, which is the third period of a man's life, a man should certainly look after security. He must not speculate, for he has everything to lose and nothing to gain.

Above the age of fifty, statistics show that only one in five thousand can recover his financial footing, if lost. After sixty, 95 per cent are dependent upon their daily earnings, or their children's, for support.

These facts are given to show the necessity of beginning at an early age to place money in sound securities, and to avoid the habit of speculation. We shall be glad to send you some of our literature illustrating this point, and also our circular of high grade conservative investment securities.

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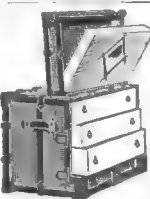
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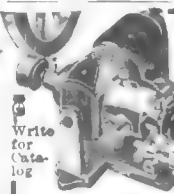
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These are among the reasons:

Irrigation bonds are secured by first liens on the most fertile farm lands in America.

The liens are given by individual land owners in payment for water rights. The water immediately multiplies the land's value. The first crop from the land will usually pay the whole lien, and sometimes by several times over.

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The bonds are additionally secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns. So we have a corporation, with large interests at stake, to guard against any delinquencies.

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Some Irrigation bonds are issued by organized districts, the same as School bonds. Such bonds form a tax lien on all the taxable property in the community. They form a high grade of municipal security.

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Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest. That is a higher rate than can now be obtained on any large class of bonds based on equal security.

The demand for irrigated land, because of its enormous fertility, greatly exceeds the supply. Irrigation

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\$100—\$500—\$1,000

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Irrigation bonds have become the most popular bonds that we handle. They are the safest six per cent bonds that we know.

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We are now the largest dealers in bonds of this class. We have our own engineers and attorneys to pass on every detail. An officer of our Company constantly resides in the irrigated sections, watching the projects we finance.

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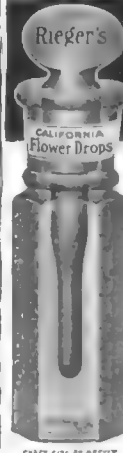
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And to be sure that it IS a genuine Iver Johnson, look for the Owl's Head on the grip

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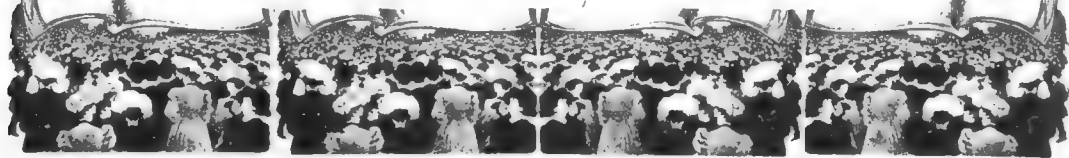
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SEND THIS AD AND 20 CENTS FOR 25 CENT size Valentine's chemically treated dust cloth. Absorbs dust; chemical will not wash out. Money back if not satisfied. Agents wanted. Valentine Mfg. Co., 31 Bedford St., Boston, Mass.

POULTRY—SQUABS—DOGS

FOY'S BIG BOOK, "MONEY IN POULTRY AND SQUABS." Tells how to start in small and grow big. Describes largest pure-bred Poultry Farm in the world and gives a great mass of useful information about poultry. Lowest prices on fowls, eggs, incubators and brooders. Mailed for 4c. F. Foy, Box 65, Des Moines, Iowa.

SEND FOR FREE 34 PAGE, HANDSOMELY ILLUSTRATED booklet on Airedale Terriers. The greatest dogs living. Invaluable. Coinc Farm Kennels, Montreal, Can., Home of the World's Foremost Champions. Oldest and largest breeders in America.

GET MORE EGGS by feeding cut raw bone. Mann's Bone Cutter sent on 10 days' free trial. No money in advance. Catalog free. F. W. Mann Co., Box 324, Milford, Mass.

43 VARIETIES, Squab Breeders, Poultry, Ducks, Geese, Pheasants, Pea Fowl, Guinea, Ferrets, Dogs, Fancy Pigeons, Wild Game and Ornamental birds. Incubators, Feed and supplies. Cockerels and Pullets for same. Dept. E, Missouri Squab Co., St. Louis, Mo.

FINE POULTRY—Baby Chicks 8 Cents Each, shipped anywhere. Partly grown chicks 30 cents each. Eggs for hatching \$4 per 100. Booklet free. Culver Poultry Farm, 127 Broadway, Benson, Nebraska.

LEGAL

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL? YOU CAN DO IT YOURSELF. Don't let strangers take all you have: remember the loved ones. Send 25c to-day, stamps or silver, for Will Form and Sample Will properly made out, simple directions. Other legal forms. N. Y. Law Blank Co., 150 Nassau St., N. Y. City.

NEVADA LAWS: DOMESTIC RELATIONS. A reliable and complete treatise containing court decisions and general information, will be mailed free upon request by Attorney Wm. H. Schnitzer, Reno, Nevada.

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE Sketches, Monologues, Dialogues, Speakers, Minstrel Material, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments, Make Up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison, Publ., Dept. 7, Chicago.

JOUVENIR POST CARDS

POST CARDS FROM YOUR OWN PHOTOS: LOCAL VIEWS, vacation scenes, store and factory views for advertising purposes, etc. Church and Pastor cards for church fairs. 150 for \$1.75; 500, \$3.00. Samples for stamp. Suffolk Co., 591 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR POST CARDS 10c. 25 for 25c. all new and different designs. Best value on earth, richly colored, deeply embossed. Guaranteed to please. Star Post Card Co., 107 So. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THERE IS MONEY IN SOUND, PROTECTIVE PATENTS. J. B. Cralle & Co., Patent Attys., Cralle Bldg., Washington, D. C. procure them on good inventions. 25 years' experience. Write for free book.

GEORGE E. TEW, ATTORNEY AT LAW, 918 F Street, Washington, D. C. Patents, Trade-Marks, Copyrights. Careful personal attention to every case—a matter of first importance in selecting an attorney. Write for terms and references.

INVENTORS HAVING ELECTRICAL PATENTS FOR sale or wishing financial assistance should address General Superintendent, Box 178, Boston, Massachusetts.

HAVE YOU AN IDEA? Write for our books, "100 Mechanical Movements," "Perpetual Motions"; 50 illustrations. Mailed free F. H. Dietrich & Co., Patent Lawyers, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS AND TRADE MARKS PROCURED. Expert opinions on patentability, validity, infringement. Practice in all Federal Courts. Inquiries courteously and freely answered. Alexander & Dowell, Attys at Law, 918 F St., Washington, D. C. Est. 1857.

PROCURE PATENTS THAT PAY. "Inventor's Instruction Book" free; it tells kind of patent required for profit and how to interest capital. Louis F. Nell, Patent Attorney, Quincy Bldg., Denver, Colo. Best service, charges reasonable.

MASON, FENWICK & LAWRENCE, PATENT LAWYERS, 606 F. Street, Washington, D. C. Established 49 years. Best references. Careful work. Terms Moderate. Booklet and Advice Free.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES," a reliable and complete treatise on patents will be mailed free upon request to any address. H. S. Hill, Patent Attorney, Rooms 30 to 40 Columbia Bldg., Washington, D. C.



HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.



SALESMEN: WE HAVE A GOOD PAYING, PROMPT commission, pocket sample Side Line (Consigned goods), for traveling salesmen making the small country towns. For full and very interesting particulars address Oro Mfg. Co., 79 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

SALESMEN WANTED TO HANDLE THE BEST BELT Dressing on earth. Commission liberal enough to permit establishing sub-agents. Address Box 38, Collinwood, Ohio.

AGENTS—SEND TO-DAY FOR OUR NEW PROPOSITION. You will be astonished at the money made selling our Patented Scissors and 1000 other useful patented articles. Can't be bought in stores. No one else sells them. V. C. Glebner, Columbus, O., sold 22 pairs in 3 hours. You can do it. We teach you all about the business, and guarantee to show you how to make a good income. Send us your address today and let us prove it. Money back to any customer not perfectly pleased. We furnish handsome outfit. Write now. A postal will do. Thomas Mfg. Co., 323 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL BEST KETTLES in World for Cooking, Steaming, Straining Food of all kinds; no more burned or scalded hands, no more food wasted. Needed by all. For particulars write American Specialty Stamping Co., Johnstown, Pa.

WE WANT LOCAL REPRESENTATIVE in every city; also salesmen visiting manuf. towns to call on jobbers and mfrs. with best line advg. post cards. Calendar and advg. novelty men preferred. Big Com. on re-orders. Commercial Colortype Co., 27 River St., Chicago

SIDE LINE—ROAD OR CITY. WE TRAIN MEN TO SELL our Product. Write requesting territory. Sales course free. Address Sales Manager, Bird-Archer Company, New York City.

WORKMEN, RAISE YOUR WAGES BY SELLING VANCO Hand Soap in shops. Big money made on the side. Splendid opportunity. Large can, with full particulars, for 10c. Address The J. T. Robertson Company, Box E, Manchester, Conn.

BUSINESS MEN AGENTS FOR STATES AND COUNTIES wanted. Most satisfactory and successful Self-Heating Flatiron. Iron needs no pipes nor wires—sells easily. 25,000 in satisfactory use—dozens of agents making big successes. Imperial Brass, 447 Jefferson Street, Chicago.

WONDERFUL INVENTION: Canchester Incandescent Kerosene Lamp—Burns with or without Mantle—10 times brighter than electricity, gas, acetylene, at 1-10 cost. Burner fits all standard lamps—saves 75% oil. No trimming wicks. Big money maker. Outfit free. Canchester Light Co., 26 State, Dept. E, Chicago.

MEN AND WOMEN agents wanted in every town to sell the wonderful Triplex Handbag for women. By a mere twist of the wrist it becomes a purse or a music portfolio or a small satchel or a shopping bag. Four separate bags for four separate purposes all in one. You enlarge bag to meet your needs as you go along. Write for particulars of other new patented articles. Address S. A. Diamond & Bro., 35 West 21st St., New York.

AGENTS—MALE, FEMALE, to sell Ladies' Novelty, Embroid. Waist Patt., Kimonos, Silk Shawls, Scarfs, Mexican Drawn Work, Battenberg, Cluny, Russian Laces, Europ. & Orient. novelt. Ask for catalog. S. Bonan, 143 A Liberty St., New York.

PHOTO PILLOW TOPS, Portraits, Frames and sheet pictures at very lowest prices. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments. Samples and catalog free. We trust honest agents. Experience unnecessary. Jas. Bailey Co., Robey & Potomac Sts., Room 49, Chicago.

NEW ART—Fascinating, rapid money maker. You can decorate China, burnt wood, pillow tops, anything, plain or colored from photographs. No talent required. Send for free information. E. A. Vallance Co., Elkhart, Ind.

AGENTS WANTED—Big Money! No experience required. Portraits, Bromides, Photo Pillow Tops, 30c. Frames at our factory prices; credit given. Catalogue and samples free. Dept. X, Ritter Art Studio, Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

TRAVELERS WANTED—FIRST-CLASS SALESMEN calling on sporting goods or billiard supply trade, to sell Spink's Billiard Chalk and Cue Tips. Recognized best, used everywhere, and thoroughly advertised in leading magazines. Five good territories open. Sell to trade only. Spinks, 368 W. Erie Street, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED—MAN OR WOMAN IN EVERY TOWN to sell our household necessities. Quick sales—good profits—repeat orders. Write for particulars. Modern Specialty Mfg. Co., Box 82, Utica, N. Y.

SELL "DEN" PICTURES. Big profits; Catchy; Quick Sellers. We show you, without charge, how to build up a nice business for yourself. Our plan has been a success. Write at once for particulars and get started. Gordon Art Co., Inc., Dept. E, New York City.

AGENTS WANTED for our new 25c. Darning Machines; just out; weaves new heel or toe in sock in a few minutes; one agent sold 288 in one day. Send 15c. for sample or \$1.25 for doz. Hutton Co., Walnut St., Desk 4, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—Big money easily made selling and appointing sub-agents to sell Security Lighting Systems. Good territory. We start you in a permanent money making business. Security Light & Tank Co., 218 S. Jefferson, Chicago.

CAPABLE, ENERGETIC MEN to sell our modern lighting systems. If you are prepared to give your entire time to the proposition big profits are certain. Samples furnished—catalogues and full information free. Acorn Brass Mfg. Co., Dept. A, Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL FAMOUS Solar Gasoline Lighting Systems. Best light for Stores, Residences, Halls, Churches, Streets. Large profits. Write today. Free Catalogue. Chicago Solar Light Co., 214-216 S. Jefferson St., Chicago.

AGENTS—THE WRITING SCARF PIN contains a concealed pencil instantly ready for use. Biggest novelty in years. Great seller. Big profits. We guarantee our goods. The Bailey-Filson Co., 14 Malden Lane, New York.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED to sell sanitary "La-Flat" Wool Wall and Floor brushes. Large profits. Easy to sell; wanted in every household. Write to-day. Chicago Feather Duster Co., 761 Mather St., Chicago.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S OWN ACCOUNT of his African hunting trip is to be published exclusively in Scribner's Magazine, commencing with the October Number. A very unusual opportunity for you to make money in subscription seeking. Thousands of subscription orders will be placed. You can easily take orders and make some money. For full particulars regarding liberal cash commission, extra cash prizes, free sample copies, and advertising pamphlets, address at once Department 1, Scribner's Magazine, 155 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

GASOLINE LIGHT MEN—WE MANUFACTURE EVERY description of gasoline lighting device known. Our plan of selling is unique and successful. Get the other fellow's proposition, then get ours. National Light, Heat and Power Co., 1034 W. Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS—MEN AND WOMEN, WE MANUFACTURE hosiery—replaced free when hole appears. Easy sales. Large profits. First reply obtains agency your city. Triplewear Mills, Dept. A, 724 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CLEAN, STRAIGHTFORWARD PROPOSITION AND steady employment for reliable, energetic agents. Our men stay with us because we treat them right. No delivering or collecting. Free outfit. Pay weekly. Perry Co., Rochester, N. Y.

WE OFFER YOU A POSITION. We want 250 men right away. Must have them and will pay good money—splendid scale of earnings according to class of work. You need no money. Everything done on our capital. You deliver our goods and collect. A big opportunity. Write today for free plans, sample outfits, etc. All free. G. H. Grounds, Manager, 1027 W. Adams Street, Dept 1037, Chicago, Ill.

MEN WANTED TO SELL the widely advertised Little Giant Household Pump. Saves Plumbers' bills. Only thing of its kind. Wanted everywhere. Every one can afford it. Liberal commission. Write to J. E. Kennedy, 43 Park Row, New York City.

AGENTS EARN SPLENDID MONEY selling our latest styles Mexican Drawn Work waist patterns, swiss embroidery waists, silk scarfs, and other novelties. Catalogue free. Address National Importing Co., Desk E, 699 B'way, New York.

EVERYBODY HAS WANTED IT for years; now it's here. A kerosene burner using a mantle, with light like city gas. Sample prepaid. Send stamp for circular and trial offer. Heating & L. Co., Rome, N. Y.

SALESMEN—PROFITABLE SIDE LINE. New exclusive high class specialties for hardware and harness trade. Light samples. Liberal commission. Give References and state territory. Address L. Powell Co., 200-5 St., Racine, Wis.

AGENTS MAKE 500 PER CENT SELLING "Novelty Sign Cards," Window Letters and Changeable Signs. Merchants buy in large quantities. 800 varieties. Catalogue free. Sullivan Co., 1235 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—"GET NEXT" QUICK. SOMETHING NEW; sells everywhere; re-orders galore; work up steady increasing income. Write for sample circulars free. Do It Now. Address E. D. Krueger Co., 155 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

WE WANT AMBITIOUS AGENTS, men or boys, in every locality, to sell the genuine Huebener's "Lititz Bretzels"—a delicious, dainty, appetizing and wholesome delicatessen. An especially attractive offer for all or spare time employment. Lititz Bretzel Co., 44 Main St., Lititz, Pa.

AGENTS—135% profit selling our Handy Tool. 12 articles in one. Lightning seller. Sample free. We teach you all about the business, and how to make a good income. Address: Thomas Mfg. Company, 423 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.

MANAGER WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND COUNTY to handle best paying business known; legitimate, new, permanent demand; no insurance or book canvassing. Address Halstead, 45 West 34th St., New York.

HANDLE THE UNIVERSAL KEROSENE MANTLE LAMP. Most profitable for agent, most satisfactory for user, of any light on the market. Write to-day. N. E. Lighting Co., cor. Franklin & Congress Sts., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED. SAMPLE OUTFIT FURNISHED. 50% profit. Credit given. Freight paid. We offer large cash prizes to our agents. Let the largest wholesale agency house in the United States start you in a profitable business without capital. Experience unnecessary. Write us. Address McLean, Black & Co., 3 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

STIKPATCH MENDS STOCKINGS QUICKER AND BETTER than darning, wears longer, will wash; 20 patches 10c. postpaid. Agents write for terms. Excellent profit. Sells on sight. The Stikpatch Co., Box 3294, Dept. A., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS—"EVERCLEAR" CLEANS EYE-GLASSES and spectacles and prevents steaming. A specially treated cloth, soft as chamomile. Used like a handkerchief. Send 15c. for regular size. Particulars free. Agents wanted everywhere. Everclear Co., Beloit, Wis.

AGENTS, MALE OR FEMALE, to sell a successful pneumatic music leaf turner for piano or any music stand. Sells at sight; big profits; no competition. For full particulars address New Idea Novelty Company, 2021 K Broadway, New York.

HONEST, SOBER SALESMEN TO REPRESENT US permanently; excellent opening; experience unnecessary. Salary or commission weekly; references. North Jersey Co., 188 Market St., Newark, N. J.

WANTED—BY CHICAGO MANUFACTURER, A CAPABLE salesman or sales agent in each of several important unassigned territories to push the sales of a high-class patented specialty. We want to hear from applicants who possess good personal selling ability and who can also supervise and get successful results from first-class salesmen and sub-agents. An exceptional opportunity for a few men who have the right kind of push and ability. Give full information concerning yourself first letter. The Progress Company, 504 Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS TO SELL \$5 VACUUM CARPET CLEANER. Each demonstration means a sale. A few hours daily will net you a comfortable income. Write for territory. Particulars upon request. Dusto Mfg. Co., 475 Broadway, New York.



HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.—Continued



AGENTS TO SELL OUR LINE OF Ladies' Under-garments and Silk Petticoats. Direct from our large Manufacturing plant. No capital required. Write for particulars. Address Empire Ladies' Wear Co., Dept. G, 16 E. 23rd St., New York City.

ALADDIN KEROSENE MANTLE LAMPS sell fast as you can demonstrate them. Needed in every home. Generate gas from kerosene (coal oil); light more brilliant than city gas, gasoline or electricity. Our Sun-beam Burners fit other lamps. You are losing dollars every minute you hesitate. Write nearest office. Mantle Lamp Co., Desk 77, Chicago, Ill., Portland, Ore.; Waterbury, Conn.; Winnipeg, Can.

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED to place exclusive contracts with agents to sell The Saturday Evening Post. An exceptional side-line proposition to roadmen covering country towns. Something new and "different"—a really profitable side-line, nothing cheap or shoddy. No canvassing. Nothing to carry—no more than a pocketful at most. Good chance of advancement. Dept. C, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

AGENTS: WOMEN—OUR AGENTS ARE MAKING GOOD wages every day selling Comfort Hair Wavers. Repeat orders. The Comfort leaves only a small piece of braid in the hair while sleeping. Endorsed by leading hair specialists. Largely advertised. Write now for choice territory. Address Strate-Fold Manufacturing Company, Department D, Mount Vernon, New York.

AGENTS—New invention: never before sold in your territory; horse owners buy them quickly. Get territory and make big money. Free sample to workers. Write for particulars, terms and territory. Automatic Fastener Co., G776, Cincinnati, O.

YOU CAN MAKE \$\$\$\$ AS OUR GENERAL or local agent. Non-alcoholic flavors, perfumes, etc., save consumer 80%. Guaranteed goods. Permanent business. Big profits. Write to Pitkin & Co., 6 Pitkin Block, Newark, N. Y.

KEYLESS LOCK; SELLS EVERYWHERE; ATTACHED TO any door in five minutes. Guaranteed. Local and state agents wanted. Write to-day. Dayton Keyless Lock Co., 1110 U. B. Bldg., Dayton, Ohio.

AMBITIOUS AGENTS will find in our tube form food flavors (having 80%) a remarkable and unlimited opportunity to build a big, profitable and permanent business. Write for terms, and territory. You will make dollars by investigating at once. C. H. Stuart & Co., 1 Stuart Block, Newark, New York.

SALESMEN—WE HAVE BEST SELLING AND MONEY MAKING Insurance proposition on market—Write for full particulars at once. Do it now. Robinson, Leary & Co., 315 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

SALESMEN NOW CALLING ON HARDWARE, PAINT AND varnish trade, Furn. and Wagon Mfrs., etc., to sell pure Savannah Turpentine on Commission. Carolina Pine Products Co., No. Distr. Sta. 801 New England Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

WANTED; Trained business men, by every concern in the country, for every line of work—salesmen, executives, office men, correspondents, stenographers—who are efficient, who are producers of results instead of items of expense. Sheldon methods of business and sale have helped 40,000 men to better positions and larger earnings. Method and proof are given in the Sheldon Book, free on request. Sheldon, 1831 Republic Building, Chicago.

ACTIVE MAN WANTED to take agency for us in cities with gas. Very good prospects and a good future. Business, mechanical, or salesmanship experience preferred. Address Gas Users Association, 1551 Madison St., Chicago.

AGENTS—SEND FOR FREE COPY OF "The Thomas Agent." Filled with money-making plans, no license tax decision of Supreme Court, pointers and experience of thousands of successful agents. No matter what you are now selling, or even if you have never sold anything before, you should have a free sample at once. Address J. M. Finch, Editor, 123 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.

WANTED—Traveling salesman to handle complete and attractive side line of popular priced Holiday and Fancy post cards. Big commissions—Easy sales. United Post Card Novelty Co., 15E. Randolph St., Chicago.

TAILORING SALESMEN CAN DOUBLE THEIR INCOME TAKING orders for our High-Grade made-to-order Clothes. Retailed from \$15 to \$50. No capital required. We furnish outfit. Write for particulars. Sampson & Harris, Dept. E, 151 West 24th St., New York.

TWO NEW THRILLING BOOKS. DISCOVERY OF NORTH POLE by Cook and Peary and all polar exploration. Roosevelt hunting big game in Africa. Over 400 pages each. Retail \$1.50 each. Big terms to agents. Fast sellers. One outfit 10c. postage both 20c. Fine line of holiday books also ready. Outfit for all 40c. C. W. Stanton Co., Monon Block, Chicago.

SALESMEN: A LIVE SIDE LINE FOR LIVE MEN working small towns. For information address 20th Century Manufacturing Co., Dept. C, 1308 Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

SIDE LINE SALESMEN to handle high grade advertising novelty, used by Banks and Merchants as souvenirs or premiums. Liberal Commission. Open territory. Particulars and sample free. C. Ropp & Sons, 581 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago.

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND by mail. Expert instruction. Qualify to earn big salary as stenographer. Send for free book, "Progress in Shorthand." Address Shorthand School, 30 Page Bldg., Chicago.

LIVE WIRE SOLICITORS TO SELL NEW ARTICLE, patented and protected, to business men, professional men and homes; dignified, profitable proposition; all buy if shown; virgin territory. Drop your dead line; start right with live seller. Sanitax Co., 2311 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

NEW 4 SIEVE STRAINER AND "NO SPLASH" sold through agents only. Sample free. Send 2c. stamp, cost of mailing. 400% profit. Let us prove it by our proposition and sworn testimonials. Write to Seed's, 166 Duane St., New York.

AGENTS EITHER SEX, EASY SALES, small article merit and necessity—low price—big profits—carry stock pocket or handbag—deliver on spot—everybody uses it—12c. coin for sample and liberal offer. Write for particulars. J. B. Co., Box 317, Dayton, Ohio.

PORTRAIT AGENTS: BIG MONEY TILL XMAS. Leather and cloth Pillow Tops, Crayons, Pastels, Oilettes, New Sheet Pictures, New "Pillow Top" wall hangers, New small sized Portraits and Frames. Berlin Art Assn., Dept. O, Chicago.

WE WANT AGENTS, part or whole time, for the most reliable cleaner on the market—the Lightning Eradicator—cleans almost anything. Commission enough to make it worth taking up. Write for full particulars to Eradicator Co., 2125 Front, Philadelphia, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED. THE EXCLUSIVE SALE OF ALL the cash registers and computing scales made would not be as good as the exclusive sale of my new store lighting system. Twice as good and half the expense of electric. Address M. A. Pitner & Co., 179-181 Lake St., Chicago. Ref. 1st National Bank, Chicago.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED IN EVERY CITY AND county east of Columbus, Ohio, to sell "Orange and Fig Orchards" in Houston-Galveston District of the Gulf Coast Country of Texas on installment contract through National Bank. Highly productive, best management, large incomes, titles clear and guaranteed. Cash commissions paid. Address, Agency Department, Alcoa Orchards Co., 253 Broadway, New York City.

AGENTS, MALE OR FEMALE, CAN MAKE ALL KINDS OF money selling my Pongee Swiss Embroidered Waist Patterns and Silk Shawls. Big money for you. Catalog mailed on request. Joseph Gluck, Dept. E., 621 B'way, New York City.

WE CAN USE A FEW MORE GOOD LIVE AGENTS; must be hustlers. Write at once for our proposition. The Wabash Pottery Co., Roseville, O.

SHOE, DRUG, AND DEPARTMENT STORE salesmen wanted to carry a line extensively advertised in all leading magazines. A self-seller. Liberal commissions. The Consolidated Manufacturing Co., 408 Asylum St., Hartford, Conn.

SALESMEN WANTED—Two articles which sell like wild-fire. Strong line of advertising, premium and unique novelties appealing to all classes of trade. Big money easily made. Write for full particulars. Metal Specialties Mfg. Co., 427 Randolph St., Chicago.

AGENTS—LADIES, TO INTRODUCE OUR ATTRACTIVE dress goods, silks and fine cotton fabrics in every town; handsome goods; popular prices; large sample outfit free; liberal credit to responsible agents. Write and secure territory now. Address The National Dress Goods Co., 260 West Broadway, Department 74, New York City.

A SPLENDID OPPORTUNITY TO ESTABLISH YOURSELF in a permanent, profitable business, appointing sub-agents to handle "No-Blot," Pen Attachment and Ruler—sells practically on sight. Every office needs one. Write for our plan before territory is taken. Rodney S. Pullen Mfg. Co., 1006 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED for Robinson's Expanding Hand Bag—five articles in one. Instantly convertible into satchel, overnight bag, music roll or muff. Warranted Seal Grain Leather. Sample mailed \$3.25, retails \$5, refunded on six orders. Get started before your territory is taken. F. E. Robinson, 10 Warren St., New York.

WE TEACH MEN THE BARBER TRADE IN SHORT TIME by our method of free clinic and expert instructions. Write nearest Branch for catalogue. Moler System of Colleges, New York City, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Atlanta, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Omaha, Dallas, or Houston, Texas.

PORTRAIT AGENTS—Send for our new catalog. "Haviland China Portrait Plates," Sheet Pictures—all about portraits, pillow tops and frames. Samples free. 30 days credit. Prompt service. Ulmer Portrait Co., 705 New Era Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

I WANT HIGH-CLASS SALESMEN TO ACT AS STATE and district managers to introduce my new invention. More useful than typewriters; more profitable than cash registers. J. W. Bolte, 8 E. Michigan St., Chicago.

WE WANT LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES in every city, also salesmen to handle a lighting system which makes and burns its own gas. Much cheaper, and superior to gas or electricity. For further particulars address Gillett Light, 11 W. Michigan St., Chicago.

AGENTS TO SOLICIT ORDERS for Made-to-Measure Underwear. Those taking orders for Custom Shirts and Clothes preferred. We also manufacture guaranteed hosiery. Textile Mfg. Co., 45 Institute Pl., Chicago.

AGENTS—"NAIDA" SHIRTWAIST PATTERNS ARE quick sellers. 100% Profit. New Materials and Colors. Exclusive Designs in Soutache Braid and Embroidery. Samples and Particulars Free. Madison Emb. & Braiding Co., Dept. C, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to handle the Allen Solder-set, complete metalware mending outfit, retails 25c.; sells to grocery, drug, hardware, electrical supply, automobile, motorcycle supply and general dealers, department stores, garages and plumbers and by them to every home. Circular Free. Sample 25c. prepaid. Send dealer's name. Liberal commissions: L. B. Allen Co., Inc., Chicago.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY SELLING OUR NEW METALLIC Letters for Office Windows, store fronts and glass signs. Sells at sight. Big profits. Write to-day for free sample and particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 417 N. Clark St., Chicago.

AGENTS EVERYWHERE, Men and Women to represent large embroidery manufacturer. High class Goods; embroidered shirt waist patterns, robes, petticoats, etc. Write to-day. Pleasant work; big profits. Hagar Embroidery Co., Dept. P, 4195 Third Ave., New York.

SALESMEN—WE ARE MANUFACTURERS of Pencils showing the Merchant's "adv." all the way around the Pencil. Advertising specialty that pleases and is appreciated. Pocket samples. Liberal Commissions. John Baumgarth Co., 340-2 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WE MANUFACTURE GLASS PAPER. Plain glass windows made to look like real stained glass. Easily applied. Sells to merchants, homes, churches, halls and other places. Samples of paper with catalog in colors for 10c. S. H. Parker & Co., Clark & Adams Sts., Chicago.



HIGH-GRADE HELP WANTED—SALESMEN, AGENTS, ETC.—Continued



IF WE PAY YOU A SALARY WILL YOU HELP US introduce System, the Magazine of Business, to business men in your locality? We can guarantee you a salary each month under a plan which will not interfere with your regular work in any way. Write us to-day, before your territory is covered. Address The System Co., Dept. C-2, 151-153 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AUTOMATIC POTATO PEELER. IT'S GREAT. Peels 24 potatoes perfectly in one minute. 500 other red hot sellers. Beautiful sample case with 40 samples of best sellers sent free, also Holiday goods in Kitchen Sets, and Silverware. Big Line. Address John Edgren Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

MAKE BIG MONEY TILL XMAS taking orders everywhere for reliable jewelry, novelties and extensively advertised tableware. Our beautiful catalog illustrating 1000 holiday articles and our valuable book of salesmanship are free. You need no experience—risk nothing. Goods are sent by prepaid express—safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed. We furnish samples—give you large commissions or premiums of watches, diamonds and jewelry and extra presents. Write for catalog. A. W. Holmes & Co., Manufacturing Jewelers, 6 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

WANTED—1,000 CHAUFFEURS and repair men. Our demand for automobile engineers exceeds the supply; calls for men of intelligence and mechanical bent, capable of commanding highest grade salaries upon graduation. Resident courses \$15 to \$50. Home correspondence courses completed by practical road and shop work at any of our branches or affiliated schools, highly successful. Look This Up. Auto Schools of America, 1609 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

SALESMEN CALLING ON STEAM USERS to handle on side our line of boiler cleaning machines selling at \$75 to \$100. Trial proposition makes it easy to materially increase your income. Address The General Specialty Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

\$2 TO \$5 WE PAY YOU ON EACH ORDER. Our goods sold to physicians on easy credit terms, light work. Big money in it for you. Choice territory now open. Sign with us for 1910. Wm. Wood & Co., 51 Fifth Ave., New York.

HORSES INSURED: SOMETHING NEW; EVERY HORSE owner wants it: big field: quick money: permanent. Atlantic Horse Insurance Company, 92 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.

AGENTS—STOP—BIG MONEY EASY—90 Big Money Makers; Brand New selling plan; Everybody buys; Anybody can sell; Biggest profits. Outfit free to workers. Write for catalogue. Miller Co., Box E. 155, Muskegon, Mich.

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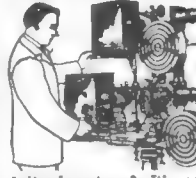
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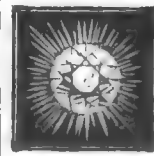
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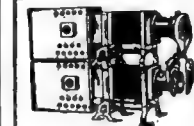
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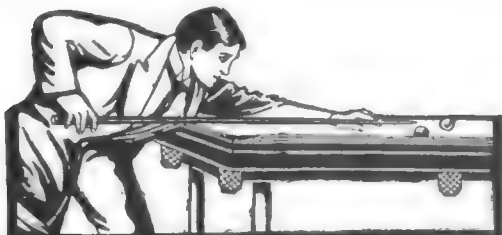
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

For Sale By All Druggists.

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Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, roc. in stamps.

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BURROWES BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES

\$1.00 DOWN

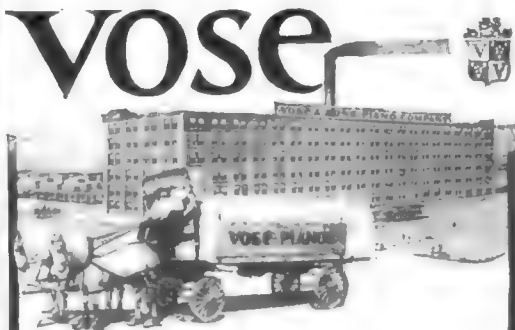
Puts into your home any Table worth from \$6 to \$15. \$2 a month pays balance. Higher priced Tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, etc., free.

Become an Expert at Home

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining-room or library table, or mounted on legs or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write to-day for catalogue.

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The **Vose** is the ideal home piano. Over 65,000 can now be found in music loving homes. We deliver, when requested, direct from the factory free of charge and guarantee perfect satisfaction. **Liberal allowance for old pianos and time payments accepted.**

The **tone, touch and magnificent wearing qualities** of the

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are only explained by the exclusive patented features, the **high grade** material and superb workmanship that enter into their construction.

FREE—If you are interested in pianos, let us send you our beautiful illustrated catalogue, that gives full information.

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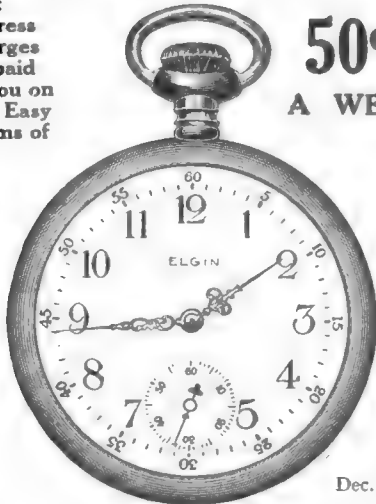
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Has an awning to protect sleeper—no nails or screws to mar the woodwork—can be instantly adjusted to any window. Write for free booklet, "What Fresh Air Will Do," and full particulars of our 30-day free trial offer.

Recommended by Eminent Physicians Everywhere.

Cabinet Mfg. Co., 321 Maine St., Quincy, Ill.
Manufacturers of Superior Bath Cabinets for Turkish and Vapor Baths.

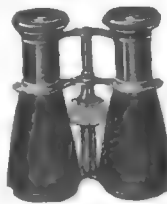
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An artistic bound volume by Henry H. Gibson, editor *Hardwood Record*, Chicago; 40 pages, in colors, on heavy India tint paper; tells all that's worth knowing about Oak Flooring, its hygienic qualities and low cost, as well as the proper finishing and care of oak floors.

Profusely illustrated, an ornament to any office or library table; contains no advertisements, and constitutes an authoritative text-book on this important subject. Of special interest to architects, builders, house-owners and women. Price 50 cents. A limited number have been purchased by leading oak flooring manufacturers who authorize distribution FREE (until supply is exhausted). Copy will be sent on receipt of 10 cents in 2c stamps to cover cost of packing and mailing. Address quick:
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TOURISTS and SIGHT-SEERS often desire a view of distant object. This requires a high-power glass, which, owing to its far-seeing qualities, limits its field. The small field makes it impractical for a general view of a large area. The Biune 2 in 1 has arrangement of lenses which in a second may be changed from 3½ to 5 power glass, making it possible to study a single object or general view. Perfect illumination, frame substantial, covered morocco or smooth grain leather. Sole leather case and straps. Postpaid, \$15. Write for circular.

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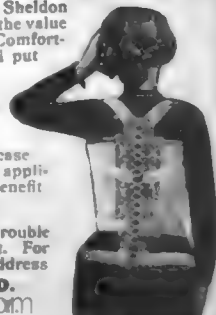
Helped and straightened by the Sheldon Spinal Appliance is the proof of the value of this marvelous invention. Comfortable to wear, can be taken off and put on like a coat, weighs only a few ounces; adapted for either sex and all ages from six months to eighty years and over. Permits of full respiration and muscular action. There is no case of spinal curvature or trouble this appliance and our treatment will not benefit

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Write us a description of your trouble and we will tell you how to cure it. For catalog and full particulars address

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THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS

that her good looks—her success in society—depend chiefly on her complexion, uses always that greatest of beautifiers, **Lablache**. It keeps the skin smooth and velvety. Prevents redness, roughness and chaps caused by winter winds, and imparts to its users the appearance of perennial youth. *Refuse substitutes.* They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink, or Cream, 50c. a box, of druggists or by mail.

Send 10c. for sample box.

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FOR XMAS

Give a Parker Lucky Fountain Pen to father, mother, brother, sister, sweetheart. Through the years of its use, it will a thousand times remind them of the giver and of the Christmas day.

The Parker is always efficient and cleanly because of the Lucky Curve, which is a curved ink feed. Other fountain pens have straight ink feeds, which hold ink, until air, expanded by the heat of the body forces it into the cap, where it soils fingers and linen when you remove the cap to write. But the Lucky

Curve is self-draining, giving free passage to expanding air and making the Parker clean.

Whoever gets the pen will thank you the more because of your discrimination. Why should you get an obsolete straight feed fountain pen when you can get the Parker with the improved, modern, curved feed—the Lucky Curve.

Standard, Self-filling Safety. \$1.50 up
Emblem pens, with solid gold bands, all prominent fraternal orders: Masons, Elks, K. of P., K. of C., I. O. O. F., etc., \$12.00 and \$12.50.

CAP WITH COLORED CROWN

Cap of pen is tipped with college, school, class or fraternity colors, 10c. extra for one color, 25c. for two.

THE NEW PARKER JACK-KNIFE (Non-Leakable) SAFETY

is the latest fountain pen success. It is efficient, small enough to carry flat in man's vest pocket, like a jack knife, or in a woman's purse. No danger of leaking. \$2.50 to \$5.00, according to size.

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The
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Curve



PARKER

LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PENS

A Splendid Gift



No. 20 1/2. Price \$2.50. Our best seller. For efficiency nothing better. May be ordered fancy chased barrel and plain cap. No 24 1/2, two sizes larger, \$4.00.



No. 42 1/2. Price \$4.50. Neat, simple, elegant. Middle gold band has space for owner's name.



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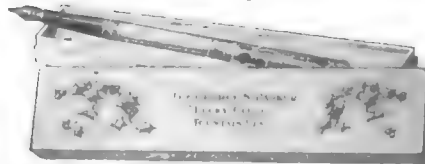


No. 41. Price \$8.50. Gentlemen's large size barrel covered with 18K. gold filled filigree design. Space for owner's name.



No. 46. Price \$10.00. Especially beautiful in design. Intended particularly as a lady's pen. 18K. gold filled filigree design; corrugated tinted pearl slabs; space for owner's name.

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With every purchase of a pen, you will receive free, on request, an artistically decorated gift box, typifying the spirit of Christmas, and enclosed in an outside carton.

Sold by Gotham Pen Co., 11 Park Row, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia, George S. Saunders & Co., 105 Washington Street, Boston; Bantlin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton and Montreal, Canadian representatives.

PARKER PEN CO., GEORGE S. PARKER 92 Mill St., JANESVILLE, WIS.
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The Next Thing Needed For the Baby

(Or any of the Other Children), Why not get it in New York—Of Best & Co., the largest, in fact, the "Only Store for Children Only" in the United States?

You Would Be Sure of Something

Good, and Pretty, and Different—unlike probably anything you can get elsewhere—and warranted to suit in every particular, or no sale.

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Every year Winter takes a heavy toll of sickness because boys can't be kept indoors and because parents don't safeguard the health of their youngsters by providing them with the right kind of Winter footwear. There's danger in wet feet—danger and doctor-bills. It's far better (and cheaper) to keep the boy's feet *dry shod* in a pair of

Potter's PATHFINDER Buckle-Boots

They're exactly like this photograph—and they're *waterproof*! Made of highest-grade waterproof leather, soft and pliable. And they have "Everwear" *waterproof* soles, guaranteed to outwear two pairs of the very best oak-tanned soles. Distinctly a boy's boot, but copied after the same last on which our men's Pathfinders are made. Fit perfectly and combine comfort and service to a greater degree than any other boot made. Height, 8 to 9 inches according to size. Colors, black or dark tan. All sizes and widths. Sent, express prepaid, on receipt of price. In ordering, state size and width wanted. Booklet free.

Sizes 1 to 5½ - - \$4.00
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(All sizes and widths for men, \$5.00)

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You Can Dress Well—On \$1.00 A Week.

MEN'S FASHIONABLE CLOTHES

MADE TO ORDER after latest
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We will trust any honest man anywhere. We guarantee a perfect fit. Send for our samples and look of latest New York fashions free.
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is the best thing in aids to hearing. No cumbersome wires; no battery. A small compact instrument held against the ear, not inserted. Reproduces natural voice tones very effectively; no "buzzing." Manufactured in our surgical instrument department. Our TRIAL offer and testimonials will interest you.

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Manufacturers of Surgical Instruments and Electrical Appliances.
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No Imitator Can Equal The Original 88-Note Apollo

THE MELVILLE CLARK PIANO COMPANY ARE THE ORIGINATORS OF THE 88-NOTE PLAYER PIANO AND THE PIONEERS IN THAT LINE OF INDUSTRY. FOR EIGHT YEARS THE APOLLO PLAYER ENJOYED A MONOPOLY IN THIS FIELD, AND THOUSANDS OF THESE INSTRUMENTS WERE SOLD BEFORE ANY OTHER 88-NOTE PLAYER WAS PUT ON THE MARKET. THE 88-NOTE APOLLO PLAYER PIANO HAS REVOLUTIONIZED THE PLAYER BUSINESS OF THE WORLD, AND NOTHING EVER MADE IN THE PLAYER LINE WILL EQUAL THIS INSTRUMENT. NO 88-NOTE PLAYER PIANO IS ORIGINAL UNLESS THE NAME "APOLLO-PIANO" APPEARS ON THE FALLBOARD. ALL OTHER MANUFACTURERS OF 88-NOTE PLAYER PIANOS MUST FOLLOW. THEY CANNOT LEAD.

THE MELVILLE CLARK

Apollo-Piano

The Famous Human Touch

The **Marvelous Human Expression of the Apollo Players** is secured by the **DOWNWARD Stroke** of the pneumatic fingers on the piano key in front. This is the **STROKE GIVEN IN MANUAL PLAYING**, and a **GENUINE HUMAN EXPRESSION** is the result.

Other desirable features of the **APOLLO** Players are: **THE ADJUSTING AND TRANSPOSING DEVICE**, by which you can change instantly to five or more different keys by the touch of a finger; the **SELF-ACTING MOTOR**, which regulates the power and distributes it equally, preventing sudden and inartistic changes in tempo by unconscious hard pedaling.

An Innovation in Player-Pianos

The new **SOLO-APOLLO** contains all the superior features of the regular 88-Note **APOLLO** and has in addition the **marvelous accenting Device**,

which brings out the **MELODY IN STRONG RELIEF** without impairing the symmetry and power of the accompaniment. Other so-called accenting devices **MERELY GIVE A PROMINENCE** to the theme by subduing the accompaniment. **NO STOPS OR LEVERS ARE REQUIRED TO PRODUCE THE BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS IN THE SOLO APOLLO**—the merest novice can secure them immediately.

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The 88-Note **APOLLO** Player-Piano plays the music of the world's greatest composers exactly as written, without mutilation. It thus educates music lovers to the highest ideals. It familiarizes beginners with absolutely correct technique—the most delicate shading and true tone values from the very start. Its influence as a cultural medium in the home is incalculable.

The Melville Clark Piano, in which the Apollo action is placed, is THE HIGHEST TYPE OF PIANO ARTISTRY.

(6)

Write for free illustrated catalogs, explaining all about the Melville Clark **SOLO-APOLLO** and the **APOLLO** Player-Pianos.

Melville Clark Piano Co., 412 Steinway Bldg., Chicago

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Why Razors Get Dull

The edge of a razor is composed of invisible saw-like teeth. If these teeth are not tempered evenly some of these teeth will break down faster than the others and the razor becomes dull. The Carbo-Magnetic razor has teeth which are tempered to an equal degree of hardness.

The Carbo-Magnetic razor is not tempered in any other way. It is tempered in a process which makes every tooth have been produced so that each tooth is tempered to an equal degree of hardness.

The result is the hardest, most uniformly tempered cutting edge known to science,—a blade of Carbo-steel that will shave you the smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

Go to your dealer and ask him for a "Carbo-Magnetic" Razor on 30 Days' Free Trial. Let the razor itself prove what it will do. You do not risk a penny of your money, for you need not buy the razor until you are satisfied it is better than any other you ever tried.

Price, Full Concave \$2.50, Double Concave, \$3.00.

Go to your dealer today. If he cannot supply you send this coupon to us. With each "Carbo-Magnetic" Razor we give a safety guard free, if you ask us for it.

30-Day Free Trial Coupon

Send out this coupon now—take it to your dealer. If the first one you go to cannot supply you, write his name below and forward this coupon to us. If your Carbo-Magnetic razor is delivered to you on 30 Days' Free Trial.

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Crane's Linen Lawn in Holiday Boxes



A Real Christmas Suggestion



Can you think of any more acceptable Christmas gift than a box of really fine writing paper? Writing paper is something one uses constantly and one is, therefore, constantly reminded of the giver.

Crane's Linen Lawn has been put up in unusually artistic boxes to be used as gifts for Christmas and other occasions. The boxes are made in several sizes, holding different assortments of Crane's Linen Lawn, and are of different tints, harmonizing with the tints of the paper. Nothing so beautiful in the way of holiday boxes of writing paper has ever been produced before.



ASK YOUR DEALER—These holiday boxes of Crane's Linen Lawn can be procured at most stores where good stationery is sold. Prices—75 cents, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00 and \$4.00, according to size and quantity of paper. They offer in an unusual degree the combination of a beautiful and useful present. Ask to see them and be sure they are the CRANE boxes. If your stationer cannot supply you, write us and we will give you the name of a stationer who will.

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The Gift That Brings Real Christmas Cheer



This crystal Glass Humidor, filled with PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO, is the ideal Yule-Tide Gift for men.

The humidor—a real necessity for Smoking Table or Den—preserves the delicate fragrance and exquisite flavor found in this famously good tobacco.

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DOES NOT BITE THE TONGUE

It is prepared under the process discovered in making experiments to produce the most delightful and wholesome tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette Smokers. Process patented July 30th, 1907.

Our printed authority to dealers to refund money for PRINCE ALBERT Tobacco, if not satisfactory, is placed in every 2 oz. can and 1 oz. bag.

Be sure of getting this tobacco by placing orders with your dealer to-day for delivery when desired, or use coupon below.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

DEPT. A

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Add 25c. for Express when ordered shipped West of Mississippi River

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, (Dept. A)
Winston-Salem, N. C.

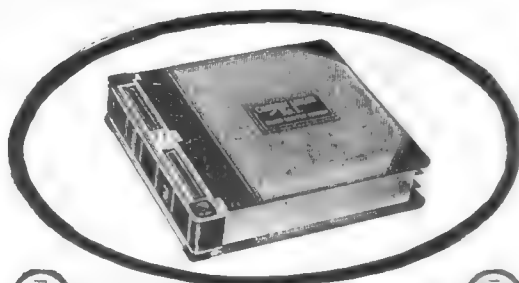
Enclosed find \$1.00 for which please ship, with my greetings, to the address, and on the date written below. One Crystal Glass Humidor and Pound of PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO, by express, charges prepaid.

Ship on of 1909

To

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This, the perfect product of 15 years' experience, is the *Ledger Par Excellence*, because of its

**Durability
Ease of Operation
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It is made with a new powerful automatic lock of the best aluminum and steel obtainable. The rubber cushions on corners at locking end are a conspicuous improvement in the art of Ledger making.

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Their reputation
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COMES A PRESENT FOR YOU

The rush of air through its wings upholds the aeroplane, but rushing air has been made to do greater service for man than this.

The application of air suction to household cleaning is a greater advance over our old laborious, inefficient ways of cleaning than is the flight of the aeroplane over our old methods of transportation.

Man is truly happy only as he progresses; for progress is the law of the universe.

Make for yourself a merry Christmas and a happy New Year by getting in line with progressive standards of cleanliness.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

Operated by *It Eats Up the Dirt* or Electric
Hand Motor

What a splendid Christmas gift this truly wonderful machine would make for your wife, your young married daughter or some other loved one or friend! This is *the* machine that has brought all the tremendous advantage of Vacuum Cleaning within the *every-day* reach of all.

IT COSTS ONLY \$25 COMPLETE

Weighing only 20 pounds, it is carried about as easily as a pail of water, and you work it by hand with an ease that makes the labor of cleaning seem like play.

Either this or, at a total cost of \$60 or \$65, you can enjoy the luxury of having your machine equipped with a first-class motor that is readily attached to any electric light socket.

Christmas is fast approaching. Don't put off getting this machine. Cut out this advertisement now. **Act at once.**

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner is sold at our various agencies throughout the country. If no agency is handy, write us direct. Valuable booklet on Cleaning Problem sent free.

AMERICAN VACUUM CLEANER COMPANY, 225-F Fifth Ave., New York City

To You, the Undecided

As Christmas comes on, there's always someone whom you find it hard to choose for; and usually it's the someone whom you wish especially to please.

Let us send you our booklet of Christmas suggestions. No matter whom you have in mind, you'll find it easy to select from it a gift that is sure to please. For anybody will appreciate

A Premo Camera

Everyone likes pictures of the things he is interested in, and by giving a Premo you give the means for getting such pictures with practically no effort on the recipient's part.

Premos are the simplest of all cameras to load and operate, they are the lightest and most compact cameras to be found.

There are Premos suitable for boys and girls, for men and women of all ages.

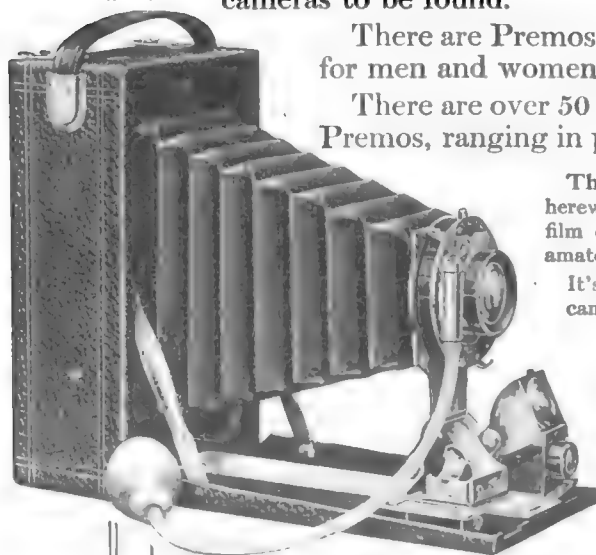
There are over 50 different styles and sizes of Premos, ranging in price from \$2 to over \$200.

The Film Premo No. 1, illustrated herewith, is a splendid daylight loading film camera, suitable for any branch of amateur photography.

It's the lightest and most compact of all cameras, making popular size pictures.

$3\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$	\$10.00
$3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$	12.50
4×5	12.50
5×7	20.00

Our Christmas book and complete catalogue may be had at all dealers', or we will mail both free on request.



Rochester Optical Division

Eastman Kodak Co.

Rochester, N. Y.

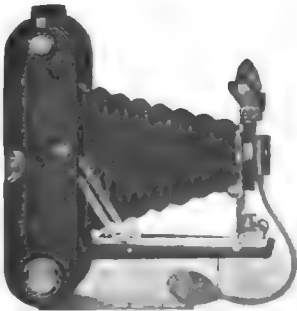
If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

Put "KODAK"

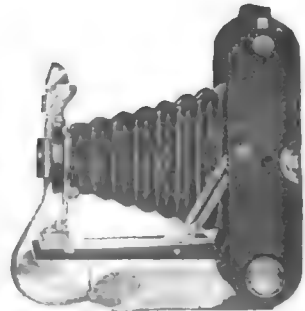
on that Christmas List.

There's nothing, unless it be the after-delight in the pictures themselves, that more universally appeals to young and old than picture taking. And it's inexpensive now, for Kodak has made it so. There are Kodaks and Brownies for all people and purposes—but none more popular than the simple and compact

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No. 1A, Spcl. 2½ x 4¼ "	15.00
No. 3, 3¼ x 4¼ "	17.50
No. 3A, 3¼ x 5¼ "	20.00
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Box form Kodaks at \$5.00 to \$12.00 and Brownie Cameras (they work like Kodaks) at \$1.00 to \$12.00 and high speed Kodaks with anastigmat lenses at \$40.00 to upwards of \$100.00 offer an infinite variety, but in none of them have we omitted the principle that has made the Kodak success—simplicity.

Kodak means Photography with the bother left out.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

*Catalogue free at the
dealers or by mail.*

If You Have Something To Fix Don't Use Make-Shift Tools



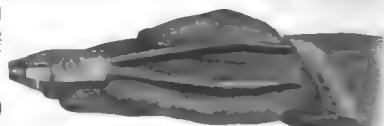
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FOR
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UTICA PLIERS

Get a pair at Hardware or Electrical Supply store today. If you are already a Plier or Nipper user you will appreciate the superior quality, design and material of Utica Pliers. If you have never used a plier you will wonder how such an ordinary tool could be made so useful and powerful. Insist upon getting the UTICA, guaranteed satisfactory in every way or your money back.



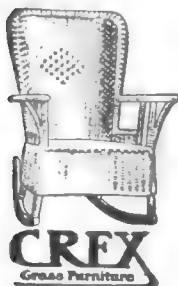
The only Plier that fits the hand.

Household Plier No. 700. Price \$1.00

Wire cutter and Plier combined. Has screw-driver at end of handle. One of 75 different styles and sizes. If your Hardware or Electrical Supply dealer does not carry full stock write us for descriptive catalogue.

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UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., DEPARTMENT 12, UTICA, N. Y.



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TRYING TO DECIDE upon just the right Xmas Gift is very perplexing.

Every home has a place for another piece of furniture, and furniture is always appreciated, especially

CREX GRASS FURNITURE

Stylish Artistic Distinctive

The newest and most serviceable made. Just the gift, and at an attractive price. Carried by all best Furniture Shops.

Ask for "CREX-EASE" cushions

Send for beautifully illustrated Booklet No. 37.

PRAIRIE GRASS FURNITURE CO.

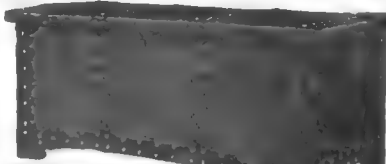
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Glendale, Long Island

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Prepaid East of
Mississippi River.



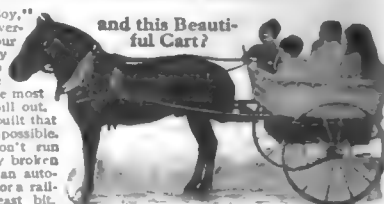
Length 44 inches
Width 21 inches
Height 21 inches

GENUINE RED CEDAR COLONIAL TREASURE CHEST

This elegant and useful article of furniture is various other styles and prices. Solidly built throughout of fragrant Southern Red Cedar; heavily bound with wide copper bands studded with old-fashioned copper rivets and fitted with strong lock. Beautiful polished, natural hand rubbed finish. Is guaranteed absolute proof against moths, dust and damp. The rare beauty and utility combined make this Chest indispensable in the home, and an ideal birthday wedding or Xmas gift. Sent direct from factory to home \$25.25, prepaid to all points east of Mississippi river. Try this Chest 15 days, if unsatisfactory we pay Return Charges. NO COST TO YOU. Write for illustrated catalog. PIEDMONT RED CEDAR CHEST CO., Dept. P, Statesville, N. C.

WHO WANTS "BONNIE BOY" FOR CHRISTMAS

This is "Bonnie Boy," hitched to the "Governor's" cart, one of our famous Tony Pony vehicles. The group of children in the cart are having the most fun! They can't spill out, for the carts are so built that tipping over is impossible. "Bonnie Boy" won't run away, for he is city broke and doesn't mind an automobile, a street car or a railroad engine the least bit. Won't scare at anything.



and this Beautiful Cart?

The Tony Pony Line

Includes 36 styles of children's vehicles—the newest and most fashionable patterns on the boulevards of all the large cities. We have 150 improved Shetlands to select from. We send Tony Pony outfit complete—pony, harness and cart. Write for illustrated catalog.

MICHIGAN BUGGY COMPANY, 41 Office Bldg., KALAMAZOO, MICH

We also make the Reliable Michigan line of pleasure vehicles.



STAR CONVEX SAFETY RAZOR

The Superiority of the STAR CONVEX FLEXIBLE BLADE SAFETY RAZOR over all the other thin or wafer blade razors is that it has a guard with no metal obstruction between the cutting edge and the beard which permits a clean, smooth shave, and the convex curve which holds the blade firm produces the diagonal movement or stroke which cuts clean and will not scrape or irritate the skin. Even if the face is sharp or wrinkled the Convex Razor will shave clean, impossible with any other razor. Our FLEXIBLE BLADES are positively uniform in quality, as we take the utmost care in hardening and tempering. They will retain their keenness without stropping longer than any other wafer or thin blade razors on the market. Catalogue mailed free on request. Sets \$2.50 and \$3.50.

KAMPFE BROS., 24a Reade Street, New York City

"N F 10" Shoe Laces won't break

during 6 months of wear. They stand a strain of 200 lbs. to the foot without breaking, and on top of that every pair is

guaranteed 6 months

Another great thing about them is the patented tip that won't come off, and is absolutely fast in color.

"N F 10" are made of highest-grade long-fibre Sea Island cotton, especially processed. They are tubular—pressed flat—and won't come untied.

To be sure of getting the genuine, look for the sealed box and see that "N F 10" is stamped on the tips of the laces.

10 cents per pair—black and tan, in four lengths, for men's and women's high shoes. Sold only in sealed boxes. At all shoe and dry-goods stores, and haberdashers. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, if your dealer can't supply you.



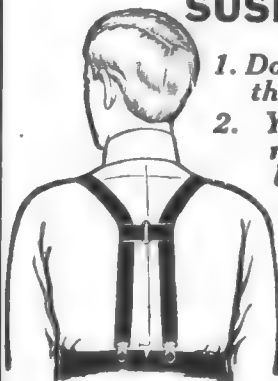
Write to-day for illustrated booklet about "N F 10" and our other laces, including the Nufashond Patented Laces for oxfords.

Nufashond Shoe Lace Co.
Dept. C, Reading, Pa.

REASONS WHY!!

Men Like

"COMMON SENSE" SUSPENDERS



1. Do not slide from the shoulders.
2. Yield to every motion of the body.
3. Improved adjustable back.
4. Latest invisible drawers supporter.

5. Make the pants hang properly.
6. Long, medium and short lengths.

Price 50c., Postpaid
Common-Sense Suspender Co.,

729 B'way, New York

Morristown, N. J.

SALESMEN WANTED

EVERSTICK INVISIBLE RUBBER

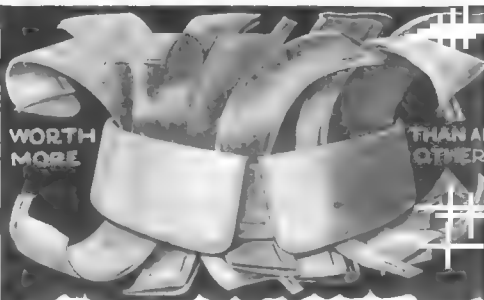
The Everstick Invisible Rubber

is different from all other rubbers in construction—being an invisible rubber that protects the sole against wet—dampness, and cold—combining grace in design and outline with absolute protection, yet allowing the feet to breathe freely—which the ordinary rubber does not do.

Everybody needs Eversticks
and can always find them on sale where good shoes are sold.

The genuine always have the **Everstick** trade mark stamped inside and on the bottom of every shoe.

The Adams & Ford Co.
Cleveland, Ohio



Litholin Waterproofed Linen Collars and Cuffs

always keep their shape. "Others" wilt and fray. "Others" need to be washed, but "LITHOLIN," when soiled, can be wiped white as new with a damp cloth. "Others" soon wear out, but four Litholin Collars will last you a year. Have the correct dull linen finish, and made in all the latest styles,—same as you now wear. All "turn-downs" have a slip-easy space for the tie.

Collars 25c. Cuffs 50c.

Beware of imitations and substitutes

If not at your dealer's, send, giving styles, size, how many, with remittance, and we will mail postpaid. Styles Booklet free on request.

THE FIBERLOID CO., Dept. 16, 7 Waverly Place, New York

STYLE WATERPROOFED LINEN FIT
on LITHOLIN COLLARS & CUFFS COMFORT



Londonderry

The Enjoyable Table Water

The youngsters know a good thing when they see Londonderry. So do grown-ups—whether at "tiffin," at meals, or on festive occasions. It's so tasty, so refreshing, so healthful.

The sparkling (effervescent) in the usual three sizes.
The still (plain) in half gallon bottles.

LONDONDERRY LITHIA SPRING WATER COMPANY, Nashua, N. H.



THAT DAINTY
MINT COVERED
CANDY
COATED
CHEWING
GUM

FIVE CENTS
THE OUNCE
AND IN
5¢ 10¢
AND 25¢
PACKETS



Chiclets

REALLY
DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you don't try Chiclets in your neighborhood send ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

Blooker's COCOA

An American Drink from Holland

Prepare a cup of this delightful beverage. How tempting the aroma! Sip it. How rich, how delicious, how satisfying! Note the after-effect—how well you feel for the rest of the day. Make it a practice to drink it at least once every day—and see how you'll gain in health and strength.

Free Sample Postpaid if you address Dept. E,

46 Hudson Street, New York.



Why Not a Profitable Retail Business of Your Own?

I know of many places where new stores are needed—and I will tell you about a retail line which will pay handsome profits on small investment—a line sure to lead to the general or department store. No charge for my services. Write today for particulars and booklet. EDWARD B. MOON, 8 WEST WATER STREET, CHICAGO.

CRYSTAL Domino SUGAR

25 and 50 lb. bags! Best Sugar for the home and hotel! By Quality Everywhere!

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IN VIEW of the general raise in watch prices and the current newspaper reports, as here shown, we desire to state to American consumers on behalf of the high-grade Ingersoll-Trenton and the low-priced Ingersoll Watches (comprising over 50% of the watches made in the United States) that we were not parties to the action of the combined watch manufacturers in securing the increased duties in the Payne Tariff Bill and advancing the prices of watches.

A petition to Congress asking for higher protection signed by practically every other manufacturer was presented to us and we declined to sign because we did not desire to raise our prices and did not believe it fair to the consumer to ask for upward revision of watch schedules.

In 18 years we have made nearly 20 million watches. Our prices have always been made as low as possible, based upon cost of manufacture and not set as high as the tariff would permit. We believe that our interest lies in adhering to the prices and methods which have given our product a larger sale than all others in this country combined.

Our prices have always been published broadcast and marked on each watch-box, making over-charge impossible instead of being sold at different prices in different stores so that increases could not be recognized.

We have never sold our product lower in England or Canada than in the United States as others have done, but we sell 2000 watches daily in Europe in competition with the world at *higher* than our American prices. We have never raised our prices but have periodically lowered them and at the same time have always produced higher quality than all competitors. We were the first to guarantee a watch; the first to establish uniform selling prices, and the first of our class to sell watches complete in cases.

These are significant statements to the man who wants the full value of his money in watches.

Ingersoll-Trenton

The best 7-jewel watch

\$5 in solid nickel case **\$7** in 10 year gold-filled case **\$9** in 20 year gold-filled case

The Ingersoll-Trenton is the competitor of all other fine watches. It has a strictly high-grade movement, but without unnecessary jewels. It contains 7 ruby, sapphire and garnet jewels protecting the points of principal wear, and will give 20 years of service.

Its movement is of the bridge-model construction found only in the very finest of other makes. It embodies every essential feature that are found exclusively in the most expensive American movements.

Only responsible Jewelers sell the "I-T"

Just go to any responsible jeweler and examine the "I-T" side by side with other good watches. It is sold only by dealers competent to repair it and who will sell it at the moderate prices advertised by us. If not locally obtainable, sent prepaid by us. Booklet "How to Judge a Watch" free on request.

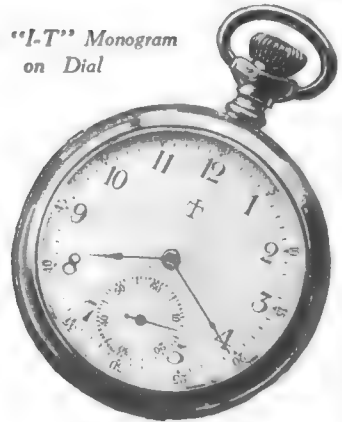
Ingersoll Watches \$1.00 to \$2.00

Ingersoll Watches are made in a variety of styles and sizes to answer the requirements of men, women and children. They are reliable time-keepers and fully guaranteed. Sold by 50,000 dealers throughout the country or postpaid by us. Booklet Free.

ROBT. H. INGERSOLL & BRO., HOME OFFICE, 27 FRANKEL BLDG., **NEW YORK**



Note "I-T" Monogram on Dial



—Winter Travel—

TEN PRIVATE PULLMAN TRAINS TO CALIFORNIA

(First Departure December 14)

- ¶ Two Private Pullman Trains to Old Mexico.
- ¶ A series of Nine Delightful Tours to Florida, Nassau and Cuba.
- ¶ Three parties to Oriental Lands, Egypt, the Nile, Palestine, etc.
- ¶ And a delightful journey through Japan, China and Korea in early spring.
- ¶ A brilliant and fascinating travel program.

Which booklet may we send you?

Raymond & Whitcomb Co.

225 Fifth Avenue, New York
1005 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

306 Washington St., Boston
522 Smithfield St., Pittsburg



This Season's
Fashionable
Cawston
Willow
Plume

Made entirely of male bird feathers. 15 inches long, in black, \$7.50. White or colors, \$1.00 extra.

We deliver free and return your money if not pleased.

Cawston Ostrich Feathers

First Prizes at World's Expositions
Omaha, 1898; Paris, 1900; Buffalo, 1901; St. Louis, 1904;
Portland, 1905; Jamestown, 1907.

Your Old Feathers Are Valuable
Send them to us and we will make them over into willow plumes.

Catalogue and Price List Sent Free

CAWSTON

OSTRICH FARM
P. O. BOX 51, SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

INVESTMENT vs SPECULATION



There are plenty of opportunities for SPECULATION with possible large returns, but they are for the man who can afford to lose—who has money to spend.

If you are seeking a solid foundation upon which to build a future competency, seek INVESTMENT—not SPECULATION.

The ideal investment incorporates absolute safety with cash availability and high earning power.

The realty bond offers these three essentials; and the IDEAL REALTY BOND is that of the New York Central Realty Co.

Our booklet will tell you why. It illustrates the advantages of the ACCUMULATIVE BOND for the Small Investor (compelling the saving of small sums) and the COUPON GOLD BOND for the Large Investor. Either bond being available for cash at practically any time and earning six per cent. to maturity for every dollar invested.

Send for booklet. It is interesting and it is free.

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Suite 1167 1328 Broadway, New York City
(Surplus and Undivided Profits \$1,262,968.32.)
We want Agents in every community. Write for particulars.

The Endurance of the Underwood STANDARD TYPEWRITER



enables it to meet
the exacting
requirements
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That is why
UNDERWOODS
are replacing
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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Make This a **REED & BARTON** Christmas

by selecting all your gifts of Reed & Barton Silver from a Reed & Barton Jeweler.

It will reflect your own good taste and be a pretty compliment to the recipients.

For Reed & Barton Silver gives enduring satisfaction. It is substantial in weight, uncommon in design and faultless in workmanship.

Reed & Barton productions rarely win in a competition of prices. They are not advertised or put forward because cheapest. Nor are they sold in every kind of a shop. They are obtainable only in the better jewelry stores.

Hence a gift of Reed & Barton Silver, either Sterling or high grade plate, is the more choice and desirable.

So make this a Reed & Barton Christmas.

Reed & Barton

Established 1824

Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

Factories:

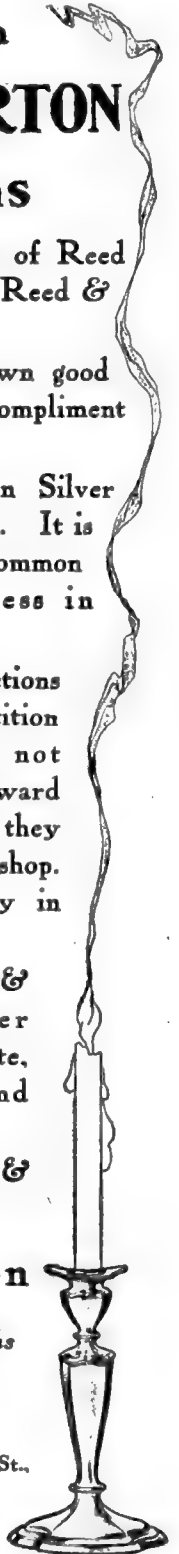
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and 4 Maiden Lane.

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NEW YORK-NEW ORLEANS

Choice of Rail Lines Returning
Journey may start at interior points

DELIGHTFUL TRIP THE YEAR ROUND

Round Trip Fare \$63.⁰⁰

Inquire

L. H. NUTTING, General Passenger Agent, 1158-366-1 Broadway, N.Y.

Or Any Southern Pacific Agent.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS OF THE FASTENERS

MEN SWEAR BY, NOT AT.

To be sure you are getting the genuine

WASHBURNE Pat. Imp. FASTENERS

(THE FASTENER WITH A BULLDOG GRIP)

look carefully for name *Washburne* stamped on every fastener. It is your protection against a *poor infringement*, the perpetrators of which are being prosecuted.

The genuine Washburne Fasteners are "Little But Never Let Go." There is *COMFORT FOR MEN* in their use.

They are the greatest little utilities ever invented for men's dress, and are applied to

Key Chain and Ring, 25c
Scarf Holder, . . . 10c
Bachelor Button, . . 10c
Cuff Holders, . . . 20c
Drawers Supporters, 20c

Catalogue Free. Sold Everywhere. Sent Prepaid.
Look for the Name Washburne.

AMERICAN RING COMPANY.

Dept. 52.

Waterbury, Conn.

Buy Christmas Neckwear Direct from the Makers

50c



OUR 50-cent ties, sold by mail from-maker-to-wearer, are the same in quality of silk, in shape, in workmanship and in color variety, as the ties your home dealer sells for 75 cents and \$1.

All we ask is an opportunity to demonstrate this to you. We know that when you have once dealt with us you will become one of our many thousands of regular customers.

Here is our proposition: Send us 50 cents, telling us in your own way just what shape and color of tie you want. Our assortments are practically endless, and we will make a careful selection. The tie will reach you by return mail, in a box, prepaid. If not perfectly satisfactory, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money, without a word of argument.

Or, if you prefer, we will first send you (free) an assortment of silk samples and our latest Neckwear Style Book, which shows views of our factory, employing 200 skilled workers, also pictures of our chain of retail stores. Either way, let's get acquainted. It will be money in your pocket and you'll get more satisfactory neckwear than you ever had before.

Geo. Golde & Co., 531 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio

References: Any Mercantile Agency, Bank or Trust Co. in Cincinnati



THIS CLOCK EARNS YOU \$3.00 EACH MONTH

if you keep it running by depositing a dime each day in the small slot at the top. It will not wind without a coin. A wonderful patented device that compels you to save money.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT PAYS

A reliable time-piece in brass and copper case. Size $4\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Large slot for any coin. Unlocks at bottom.

TEACH YOUR CHILD TO SAVE

The habit once formed will last a life-time. In one year the Bank-Clock returns you \$36.50 or twelve times its price. You have wanted to save. The time to begin is *now*, not later. Send money order for \$3.00 today and we will ship the Bank-Clock, express prepaid, anywhere in United States. Sold only direct or through authorized agents. A tremendous Christmas seller.

THE BANK-CLOCK MFG. CO., 6 Beacon St., BOSTON, MASS.

Energetic and trustworthy representatives wanted.



Just a Common Job

Just a common job means just a common salary.

Imagine for a moment that from twenty to forty years have been added to your life—that you have reached the age of fifty or sixty.

What are you doing to-day that will enable you to forecast something better for this later period than just a common job and a common salary?

Only one class of men are absolutely sure of being able to maintain their full earning capacity after fifty. These are the trained men—men who have fortified themselves in youth against the common job problem which confronts the untrained man at any time in life.

Why not give yourself the advantages of something better than a common education and insure against the common job problem before it is too late and you have lost ambition?

Don't give old age a chance. Let the American School train you so your services will be desired and sought after—not endured or overlooked.

Fill in and mail us the coupon. Let us tell you how you can qualify for the position to which you aspire in either the great fields of Engineering or Business.

AMERICAN SCHOOL of CORRESPONDENCE
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

American School of Correspondence:

Please send me your Bulletin and advise me how I can qualify for position marked "X."

- | | |
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| Book-keeper | Draftsman |
| Stenographer | Architect |
| Accountant | Civil Engineer |
| Cost Accountant | Electrical Engineer |
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ALTHOUSE'S Select Foreign Tours

Unique **Mediterranean Cruise** and **Nile-Oriental Tour**. **Europe with Oberammergau, Spain and The French Chateaux**. Comprehensive Itineraries. Exclusive features of "Associated Travel." **716 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.**

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SEND for a free 72-page Foreign Travel Book, "BIG AND LITTLE JOURNEYS,"

containing detailed itineraries of attractive Tours under escort and independent to the Orient, Europe and Oberammergau Passion Plays 1910.

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FLORIDA BABY ORANGE Souvenir Box

Mailed to any address in the world for FIFTY CENTS. Send money with order to

J. W. JONES, ARCADE, TAMPA, FLORIDA

Reference, Am. Nat. Bank.



Ann Arbor Lighting System

The most up-to-date and complete lighting system on the market. Beautiful fixtures for the home. Attractive high candle power inverted arcs for stores, halls, etc. Best proposition for hustling agents. Write today for terms and territory. Catalog free.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.

278 Second St., Ann Arbor, Mich.



EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MISSOURI.

An ideal health resort, especially attractive during the fall and winter months. Now well equipped with first-class hotels.

Excelsior Springs is not a Monte Carlo, and no gambling is allowed.

The mineral waters here supply an invaluable remedial agent for Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Lumbago, and all

forms of Rheumatism and Uric Acid Diseases, Insomnia and Hysteria. Excelsior Springs is 465 miles Southwest of Chicago and thirty-three miles northeast of Kansas City on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

It is reached from Chicago by the famous Southwest Limited, leaving Chicago at 6 P. M. daily, reaching the Springs for breakfast the next morning. Dinner and breakfast served on the train. Descriptive book free.

F. A. MILLER, General Passenger Agent, CHICAGO.

G. A. BLAIR, General Passenger Agent, 381 Broadway, N. Y. City.

A STETSON WINTER STYLE

The Stetson Model shown in this advertisement affords a more perfect fit to more different foot shapes than any other model ever made. Note the points of individuality, the style, the real shoe character it shows.

Because the Stetson Model is a masterpiece, the minor shape differences in feet, so often overlooked in shoe making, are all provided for perfectly.

Thousands of shoe wearers know this. We want you to know it, too.



THE RED DIAMOND TRADE MARK



Look for the store with the **RED DIAMOND SIGN**. That's where this and other Stetson shoes are sold; from \$5.50 to \$9.00 the pair.

THE STETSON SHOE CO.

Dept. B.

South Weymouth - - Massachusetts
New York Shop, - - 7 Cortlandt Street

APPEARS ON EVERY STETSON SHOE

1847 ROGERS BROS.

**X S
TRIPLE**

Spoons, forks, etc.
are sold by
leading dealers.

**HOLIDAY
GIFTS**

Send for Catalogue "M-20" showing all designs.
MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO., Meriden, Conn.
(International Silver Co., Successor.)
THE PRISCILLA PATTERN



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Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE *Cluett* CHESTERFIELD DRESS SHIRT
 will not bulge because the lower end of the bosom
 is detached from the body of the shirt and will
 slide down outside the trouser band. **\$2.00**

Send for booklet, "Proper Dress." **CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY**, Makers of *Original from* **Cluett**, 47 River Street, Troy, N.Y.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

No matter how many
magazines you take
Cosmopolitan
is the one you cannot
afford to do without

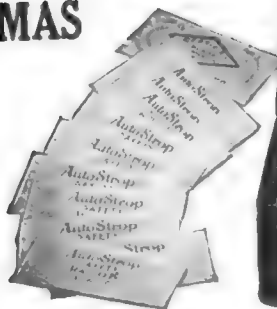
Its subscribers of last year are subscribers this year—with their friends.

This, after all, is the real test of a magazine's merit—that its readers tell their friends about it.

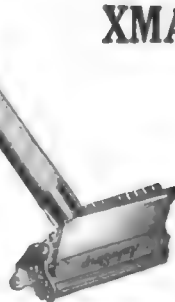
“The best—no matter what it costs”—is the motto which makes **Cosmopolitan** resemble no other magazine but **Cosmopolitan**.

\$1.00 a year. 15 cents a copy
Cosmopolitan Magazine
2 Duane Street, New York City

XMAS



XMAS



We Guarantee It TO PLEASE HIM

GIVE him an AutoStrop Safety Razor for Christmas. Let him shave with it for 30 days. If he doesn't say that you have discovered for him the greatest thing of his life, or if he doesn't want it, take it back to the store where you got it.

DEALERS ALSO READ THIS—The store will gladly refund your money because they lose nothing. We protect them from loss. The store sends the razor back to us and we give them a new one or refund the money they paid the jobber for it.

If your dealer doesn't keep AutoStrop Razors and won't get one for you, write us. We'll see that you get an AutoStrop on 30 days' free trial.

WHY IT'S QUICK, HANDY, SHARP—

Anybody can shave quickly, handily and with pleasure if he has the head barber's edge. The AutoStrop Safety Razor gives you the head barber's edge, and you or anybody can get it—get it quickly and handily as the head barber does.

You don't detach blade. You simply slip the strop through the razor itself and move back and forth. A few flicks and you've the head barber's edge. A few strokes and your head barber shave is done. A wipe (without taking anything apart) and it's clean and dry.

THE CHEAPEST—

One blade often lasts six months to a year. \$5.00 invested in an AutoStrop Safety Razor is your total shaving expense for years. You get a heavily silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 fine blades and horsehide strop in

small handsome leather case. Price \$5.00. How much wrong information have you received during your lifetime on shaving and razors? If you want to know how much send for

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR Quick, Handy SHARP

"THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS"

our new book. It's a quick, speedy, witty interview with the greatest razor expert. Explains why you are having shaving troubles and blade troubles, and will actually teach you how to shave yourself as well as the head barber can. It's free, though it ought not to be. If you don't send for it now, you'll forget it. **AUTOSTROP SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY**, 343 Fifth Avenue, New York; 61 New Oxford Street, London; 14 St. Helen Street, Montreal.

FAR QUICKER, HANDIER THAN A NO-STROPPING RAZOR



**STROPS! SHAVES! CLEANS!
WITHOUT DETACHING BLADE**



Six Color Pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith

Telling the story of the enchanted world of childhood. Six pictures, all in one number and reproduced in the full colors of the original drawings.

"The Lighted House" and "Christmas at the Villa"—two charming Christmas stories by Mrs. Mary Stewart Cutting and Gertrude Hall.

DECEMBER



This Woman Was 23 Years in a Russian Dungeon

¶ The story of Mme. Vera Figner, now an exile in London, and chapters from the secret history of the most terrible of Russian prisons—the Schluesselburg.

¶ The Real Cause of Divorce, by Prof. George E. Howard. Not lax divorce laws, but bad marriage laws, says the author.

McCLURE'S



A "Good, Old-fashioned," sliding-stroke Shave, with the *newest fashioned*, handiest safety Razor.

You don't know the meaning of Razor-luxury and Razor-efficiency until you use the

ARNOLD Fountain SAFETY RAZOR

Price \$3.50

It is entirely different from every other razor made, and is the original razor that permits the *sliding, oblique stroke* so necessary for a smooth, velvety shave.

The thin and narrow double-edged blade of Damascus Steel conforms to every curve and angle of the face and enables you to shave with perfect ease in any direction—up, down or sidewise. It does not pull, nor make the face sore tho' used daily.

The "Arnold" looks like a fountain pen and may be carried in the vest pocket. The case is of engraved hard rubber with ornate band—

A Handsome Christmas Gift

Satisfaction or Money Back

If the "Arnold" Safety doesn't give you better satisfaction and a cleaner, more comfortable shave than any you have ever before had, you may return it any time within 30 days and get your money back, cheerfully, quickly—that's our guarantee.

SEND FOR CERTIFICATE WORTH 50 CENTS

If your dealer can't supply the "Arnold," send us his name; and in return for this favor, we will mail you a Certificate, good for 50c on a purchase of an "Arnold" from any dealer—which certificate we redeem from the dealer at its face value. This is an easy way for you to save 15%—but this offer is for a limited time only.

ARNOLD SAFETY RAZOR CO., 220 Buttonwood St., Reading, Pa.



Here's Name-on

FOR CHRISTMAS

We call this umbrella **NAME-ON** because of a special feature. In every **NAME-ON** umbrella we will, if desired, work the name and address of the owner right into the umbrella cloth—see the picture. We do it in such a way that it is not visible from the outside, but when you raise the umbrella it is plain and noticeable from the inside. Not too conspicuous, but right there to identify the umbrella, and to nudge the conscience of any person who may have taken it by mistake. It is done in such a way that the name and address cannot be removed without disfiguring the umbrella.

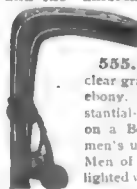


Beehler makes the NAME-ON. The name William Beehler stands for the oldest umbrella house in America. Founded 1828. The **NAME-ON** is the best umbrella made.

Founded 1828. The **NAME-ON** is the best umbrella made.

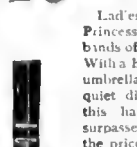
FOUR SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFERS

The chance to get fine handles on good umbrellas—a low-priced gift. Any name and address worked in fabric, free, and the umbrella sent anywhere in the U. S. A., by prepaid express, same day your order is received.



555. Men's Opera, clear grained, dark green ebony. This rich, substantial-looking handle on a Beehler gloria silk men's umbrella, **\$2.50.** Men of taste will be delighted with this selection.

9211. Rocky Mountain Buck Horn, always in demand by men, mounted on genuine *Japanese Partridge*. This handle on a fine silk extra close-rolling Beehler umbrella, **\$3.** A gift to be proud of for "the much-loved man."



Ladies'—644. 12 inch Princess handle. Two binds of real ivory inlaid. With a Beehler gloria silk umbrella, **\$2.50.** In quiet dignity and style, this handle cannot be surpassed, no matter what the price.

2828. Ladies' Sterling Silver Crown (or 14K. Gold, if preferred), mounted on genuine *Japanese Partridge*. This handle on a pure silk extra close-rolling Beehler umbrella, **\$5.** This is an exquisite creation—an umbrella deluxe.



Any handle exchanged after Christmas, free, if the one you chose doesn't thoroughly suit. Remember any name and address put in without charge.

All dealers who sell Beehler umbrellas will show you the **NAME-ON**. If your dealer does not have the Beehler we will mail you, free, The **NAME-ON** Book.

The **NAME-ON** Book is our beautiful new catalog. It contains samples of our different cloths and silks, as well as striking illustrations of 165 handles for men, women and children. You can find exactly the handle you want, and a postal card will bring The **NAME-ON** Book to you free.

NAME-ON is the ideal gift. Get one to-day. Your money cheerfully refunded, if you aren't thoroughly satisfied. All orders filled the same day received, and sent express prepaid. Don't forget to ask for The **NAME-ON** Book.



WILLIAM BEEHLER, Department E, Baltimore, Md.
The oldest umbrella house in America. Founded 1828



**No. 2
For Old
Style
Razor**

**No. 1
For Any
Style
Safety**

THE NEVER FAIL CO.,
1061 Nicholas Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

I enclose \$1 for one **Never Fail Strop** on your 15 day offer. If it is satisfactory, I will send you \$2 within 15 days. If not, I am to return strop and get my money back.

Name

Address

City

State

TRY THE NEVER FAIL 15 DAYS

Then, if you can't say with perfect truth, "Never before have I enjoyed such soothing shaves," send it right back at our expense and we'll return your money.

With the **Never Fail**, every user is at once an expert. You can instantly sharpen any razor—any style blade—and make it better than the day it passed the shop inspector. Better, keener, sharper than it can be made by the most expert hand operator, and in much less time. Only a few strokes on either side does the trick—**five or six seconds.**

If you use safety blades, the **NEVER FAIL** WILL MAKE EVERY ONE OF THEM GOOD FOR FROM 50 TO 150 PERFECT SHAVES, so it will pay for itself in money as well as time saved.

We are so positive that the **Never Fail** will make good, that we issue the exceptional offer contained in the center of this advertisement. We want you to enjoy a **Never Fail** like thousands of others. We want you to know, by experience, the pleasure of a smooth, soothing, comfortable shave—a shave only possible with a **Never Fail Strop**.

Remit only a third of the price—and that simply as an evidence of good faith. Could we choose our

inquirers we'd gladly send it free. Send just \$1.00. Try the **Never Fail** 15 days. Subject it to the severest tests. Then, if not completely satisfied—if not the best strop you ever used—if it doesn't do just as we say, send for your money.

There never was a shaving problem—it has always been a sharpening problem. Any man can use a razor, provided his blades are properly sharpened. We could tell you much of the way the **Never Fail** is made, but it couldn't strengthen our proposition, and you don't care to hear it, you only want to be certain of a **Good** strop, one that will **positively** and your shaving troubles. We have it in the **Never Fail**. One dollar and the coupon will prove it, and your money is only on deposit while you judge. Don't go on shaving the old way—the torturing way. Don't waste time and money and undergo the risks of the barber shop. Shave every day in your own home at the same time you complete the rest of your morning toilet. Carry the clean, well-groomed face to business that every gentleman should. You'll feel better—look better and be time and money ahead. Just clip the coupon, pin a dollar bill to it and mail at our risk.

\$1
AND THE COUPON
BRINGS THIS
THREE DOLLAR
NEVER FAIL
STROPPER

NEVER FAIL COMPANY, 1061 Nicholas Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO

FAY & BOWEN

BOATS AND MOTORS



"Cost a trifle more — live longer — keep a-going"

To give permanent pleasure, a boat must be graceful, speedy and sturdy—a motor must be strong, simple and reliable. Now, we know that all builders claim these qualities—we prove them. Whether you want a motor or a complete boat, learn our proof—

SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE
which puts it up to us. To purchase anywhere without learning all you can, is a mistake for you and a loss to us. Write us.

FAY & BOWEN ENGINE CO.
100 Lake St., Geneva, N.Y., U.S.A.

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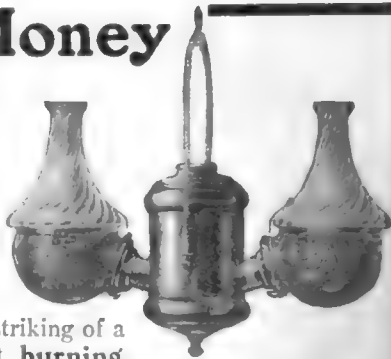
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

More Light for Less Money

IF WE can save you one-third of what your present system costs and give you better light are you interested? Understand us rightly. We mean we will PROVE saving, PROVE improved illuminating, PROVE increased convenience. That's the proposition we make you.

We will send you any lamp listed in our catalog "17" on trial to prove that The Angle Lamp is the one perfect substitute for gas or electricity. Like gas, it is always ready to light at the turning of a button and the striking of a match. Like gas, it can be burned at full height or left **burning dimly** without a trace of smoke or odor. **Unlike** gas, it costs even less than the troublesome old style lamp—fully one-third less.



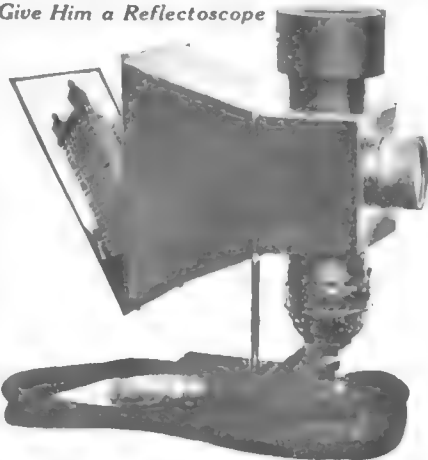
"THE ANGLE LAMP"

is worth all the gas or gasoline lights ever made," writes one user. "Saved 20 times its cost," says another, "in oil, burners, chimneys and cuss words." It has made me wonder why there are any ordinary lamps left to tell their tale of discomfort," adds a third. Five thousand people voluntarily wrote us letters of endorsement and praise last year.

The explanation is—new method. Let us show you what wonders they have worked in oil lighting. Write for our descriptive Catalog "17." A mere postal card request will bring you this booklet, describing a light which, burning common kerosene in a new way, is so completely satisfactory that such particular people as Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, etc., use it for lighting their homes and estates in preference to any other system. And it will also bring our offer of **THIRTY DAYS' TRIAL**.

The Angle Lamp is made in thirty-two varieties from \$2.00 up, a lamp for every purpose. Send for our Catalog "17" showing just the style to suit you and explaining our trial offer.

Give Him a Reflectoscope



GIVE A REFLECTOSCOPE PARTY

Here's the new home entertainer and fun-maker. Will hold friends and family spellbound in serious interest or keep them in uproars of laughter. Provides **hundreds** of new evening entertainments.

Because, by a method of reflection, hitherto unused, the Reflectoscope shows a brilliant six-foot reproduction of anything printed or drawn, in **all the colors of the original**. A series of post cards shown in the Reflectoscope almost equals a tour of the world, while humorous cards, cartoons, home-drawn animals, etc., provide fun and laughter without end. Send for our booklet suggesting 24 interesting humorous or novel home amusements, called

Twice Twelve Evening Entertainments

Marshall P. Wilder, the greatest of public merry makers says of the Reflectoscope: "I expected a toy—was surprised at the result. It is a capital novelty. My friends and I enjoyed a merry half hour." Mrs. Carnegie bought five Reflectoscopes. **Here's one giving Reflectoscope Parties**, the first in your set. But remember there is only one perfected machine and

If it isn't a

REFLECTOSCOPE

it won't show a six-foot picture

The Reflectoscope is made for gas or electricity. The price, handsomely japanned in black and red, complete ready for use, is \$3.00. On sale by many dealers or delivered anywhere in the United States, all charges paid on receipt of price if you mention your dealer's name.

Angle Mfg. Co. Alco Gas-Appliance Dept. 159-161 W. 24th St., New York

An Automobile for the Cost of a Horse and Harness

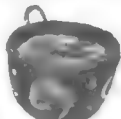
Powerful water-cooled engine. Uses gasoline, alcohol and common lamp kerosene oil. Good hill climber. Long wheel base. Engine in front under hood.

You Can Buy It on the Installment Plan

We desire demonstrator agents in every community. Special proposition on demonstrating car. Write TODAY, Dept. E. Carleton F. Worfolk, 795 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

GRAB'S KEYLESS BASKET BANK FOR THE HOME

ENCOURAGES SAVING



It automatically registers the deposit of each coin. Capacity \$30.00. Impossible to extract any money until \$5.00 or a multiple thereof in dimes is deposited—when bank automatically opens. Made of solid steel and iron, oxidized copper finish. Size 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches; weight 14 ounces. Price \$1.00 prepaid in U. S.

Order to-day—money back if not satisfied. Agents—Our attractive offer will interest you—Write

VICTOR M. GRAB & CO.

1185 Ashland Block

Chicago, Ill.

AROUND THE WORLD BUT NEVER OUT OF INK

You Feel Safe when writing a check with



THE SMOOTHEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS IN THE WORLD

Are Ink Tight in the pocket. Others leak thru vent at back end.

NOTE.—BLAIR'S ARE THE ONLY PRACTICAL INK-PENCILS. Take no chances on a substitute. Owing to U. S. and British Patents they can not be imitated. For Correspondence, Manifold, Ruling and Stenography. No leaky air-tube. They fill easier. Hold 50 per cent more ink, and permit the use of Blair's Safe Ink-Making Cartridges, 10c extra. Saving cost of check-panic, \$5.00. Point will last for years. Soon saves cost. **PRICES:** Plain, \$1.00; Chased, \$1.25; Chased and Gold-Mounted, \$1.50; Red Case, 5 1/2 inches, \$1.25; Large Barrel, 4 or 5 inches, \$1.50; 3 1/2 inches, Silver, \$1.50; by mail, 10c more. Ordinary ink can be used.

Blair's Fountain Pen Co. 6 JOHN ST. SUITE 241, NEW YORK.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

FILING SYSTEMS

For 1910

BEFORE you put in your order for next year's filing system supplies, why not see if there isn't some chance for improving the *systems themselves!*

You have important records to keep, covering *expenses—output—sales*,—your business success depends very largely on how closely you study these records. We have worked

out the simplest card record forms for tabulating almost every kind of record needed by the modern business or professional man. Perhaps in examining these

Card Forms in Stock

you will see just the way to keep certain information that you greatly need. Just one card form may prove of inestimable value to you. Indicate the card forms in this list OR ANY SPECIAL USES that you are interested in, and we shall be glad to send you **SAMPLE CARDS FREE.**

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ Card Ledger Forms | ☐ Insurance Policy Records |
| ☐ Case Record System for Bottlers | ☐ Physician's Records |
| ☐ Catalog Index Records | ☐ Publishers' Subscriptions |
| ☐ Church Census and Pew Rent Records | ☐ Quotations given and received |
| ☐ Credit Man's Records | ☐ Sales Follow-up Record |
| ☐ Dentist's Records | ☐ Stock or Inventory Record |
| | ☐ Stock Ruled Cards |

One or more of the following booklets will also prove immensely helpful in organizing your record files for 1910. Check the ones you are most interested in and mail us the list.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---|
| ☐ 5760 | Card Ledger Systems |
| ☐ 5149 | Filing System Supplies |
| ☐ 5515 | Hand-book on Vertical Filing |
| ☐ 5915 | Record Filing Cabinets |
| ☐ 5202 | The Right Ways to Transfer Correspondence |

YAWMAN AND ERBE MFG. CO.

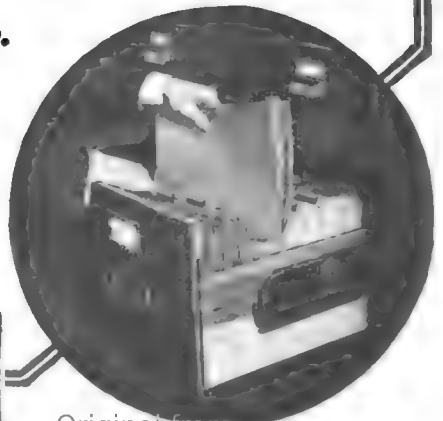
Largest Makers and Makers of the Largest Line of Filing Equipment in the World

Executive Offices: ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Complete Filing Equipment Stores

Boston, 68 Franklin St.	Pittsburg, 723 Liberty Ave.
New York, 360 Broadway	Buffalo, 213 Ellicott Square
Philadelphia, 724 Chestnut St.	Chicago, 140-142 Wabash Ave.
Washington, 614 Twelfth St.	St. Louis, 621 Locust St.
Cleveland, 611 Superior Ave., N.E.	San Fran'co, 712-16 Mission St.
Los Angeles, 420 1/2 South Broadway	

Ask for names of "Y and E" dealers in your city





IF YOU WISH TO SHAVE PROPERLY

then shave the way the expert barber does. He cuts the hair with a slanting diagonal motion, he *shaves*. E. Weck's Sexto-blade Razor is built like the barber's razor, the only model that makes shaving easier and more natural than scraping, with this great advantage.

WECK'S SEXTO-BLADE RAZOR

combines the modern principle of renewable and reversible low cost blades; and also an *absolute*, though optional, *safety* feature.

If you so desire you can stop it as handily as the barber stops his, with the result that one blade will do the work of a dozen of the "non-stoppable" kind, and do it better at that. Test these claims—30 days' trial allowed. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Razor, with six blades and safety guard, in handsome leather case, sent postpaid for **\$2.00**

Additional blades, 5 for 25 cents.

EDWARD WECK, 148 Fulton St., New York

WHO IS WECK? Largest practical cutter of New York. Established 1894. Branch Stores: 98 Nassau St., 120 Broadway, Manhattan, 473 Fulton St., Brooklyn. Factory, 58 John Street, New York.

Your Holiday Smoke

and regular smoke should be Spilman Mixture Tobacco. Made of the world's finest pure tobacco, delicious, natural flavor, "Without a bite or a regret." Try it.



Spilman Mixture
SMOKING TOBACCO

Special Offer—If your dealer will not supply you, send his name and dollar bill (at our risk) and receive prepaid 75c can of Spilman Mixture, and 50c kid rubber-lined tobacco pouch. Money back if not satisfied.

1½ oz. 40c; 3½ oz. 75c; ½ lb. \$1.65; 1 lb. \$3.30 prepaid.

Write for Free booklet, "How to Smoke a Pipe."

E. HOFFMAN COMPANY, Mfrs., 183 Madison Street, Chicago



"BUILT FOR BUSINESS"

Deliver goods with this car and save money. Cheaper

than horses. Figures to prove it free. Write RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO., 3 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.



The Ideal Christmas Gift

Ladies' Elgin, size No. 0, 20-year hunting watch. A great bargain. Sold everywhere for \$12. Sent C.O.D.

We have a special chain for this watch with a solid gold slide for only \$3.75.

We can also offer equal bargains in diamonds. Send for catalogue.

Wm. Comerford

22 So. Division Street,

Buffalo, N. Y.



FLASH LIKE GENUINE
Day or night. You can own a diamond equal in brilliancy to any genuine stone at one-thirtieth the cost

BARODA DIAMONDS
IN SOLID GOLD RINGS

stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first; then pay. Catalogue Free. Patent Ring Measure included for FIVE two-cent stamps.

THE BARODA CO.

Dept. K, 838 N. State St., Chicago.



BIG MAIL FREE

Your NAME PRINTED in our Mailing Directory and sent to 10,000 firms all over the world. We then can send you FREE Samples Catalogs, Books, Papers, Magazines, etc., etc. Send 20c now to be in BIG issue and get a Big Mail Free, including 3 months' subscription to our magazine.

Mr. Allen—
I have already received more than 2,000 parcels of mail, and still they come, scores of papers, magazines, etc., for which I had often paid 10 to 25c each before. R. T. James.

Send today to ALLEN, "The Mail Man," Box 140, Kennedy, N. Y.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES—POST CARD PROJECTORS



Motion Pictures, Talking Machines and our Wonderful New Post Card Projectors for home amusement. Our Motion Picture Machines for Entertainment Work are the wonder of the year. Perfect, thrilling moving pictures, just as shown at the big Theatres. Our Post Card Projector shows perfectly sharp and clear, 6 to 8 foot pictures, in natural colors, from views, post card pictures, clippings from papers, books, etc. Our machines are the finest, and all sold at a price any one can afford. We have the only practical machine for entertaining. Send today for our illustrated catalogue No. 6 and special circulars for home entertainment or No. 124 for traveling exhibition work.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 125, Chicago.



AFTER SHAVING USE

POND'S EXTRACT

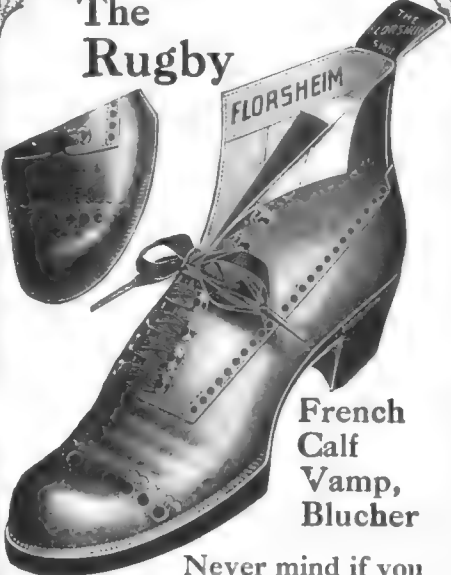
RELIEVES IRRITATION—PREVENTS INFLAMMATION—ASSURES COMFORT.

Write for Booklet "Shaving and Grooming."

Original from LAMONT, COLLIS & CO., New York, N. Y.

The
Florsheim
SHOE

**The
Rugby**

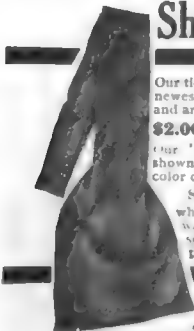


**French
Calf
Vamp,
Blucher**

Never mind if you get **THIS** shoe wet. It won't curl up, shrink or distort your feet. Good leather and "Natural Shape" lasts make and *keep* the **FLORSHEIM SHOE** comfortable and serviceable.

Most Styles \$5 and \$6
Write for Style Book
The Florsheim Shoe Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

The Most Acceptable Xmas Gift is
Shibboleth Neckwear



Our ties are 50c and 75c retail value and are made in the newest styles from silk woven on "Our Own Looms" and are sold direct from "Weaver to Wearer" for

\$2.00 the Half Dozen--postage paid.

Our "Cambridge," a full, flowing end four-in-hand, shown here, comes in stripes or figured effects in various color combinations. A neat, serviceable tie that is

Sold Under Our Binding Guarantee

which means money instantly refunded if you do not want the ties. Every half-dozen packed in a handsome holiday box. When ordering ties, state color preference, stripe or figure, and collar size.

SHIBBOLETH SILK CO.
406 Broadway, New York

Send money order, check or money stamps.
Money stamps accepted in all amounts for all styles.

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

**Her Play Sham, a Big Hit and
Everybody Should Go
To See It**

There is no play to-day that compares with Sham, the comedy in which Henrietta Crosman is touring. Sham has enjoyed long and successful runs in New York and Chicago. It has been, and is, immensely pleasing.

You probably loved Miss Crosman in Sweet Kitty Bellairs and Mistress Nell, but you will like Sham better.

Everybody does.

Of course, it is impossible for Miss Crosman to cover the entire country in the first season after the New York engagement, for Chicago, Boston, and Philadelphia demanded many weeks of this great play.



However, in time, Sham will be where everyone can see Miss Crosman.

It is only putting off a good time.

Philadelphia at Christmas time, Washington at Lincoln's Birthday, and Boston in March. That's the route.

The thing to do is to resolve to see Sham and Miss Crosman when they do come, if it takes your last nickel.

If you have to save, begin now. And when Miss Crosman in Sham gives you the best three hours of your life, you won't regret it.

There is no hearsay about this success. Ask your friends; ask anybody.

You can miss anything else that the theatres are offering, but you can't afford to miss **HENRIETTA CROSMAN** in **SHAM**.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SOFT WHITE HANDS



Assured by the Use of

CUTICURA Soap and Ointment

These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands or who suffer from dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms and shapeless nails, with painful finger-ends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Depots: London, 27, Charterhouse Sq.; Paris, 10, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin; Australia, R. Towns & Co., Sydney; India, B. K. Paul, Calcutta; China, Hong Kong Drug Co.; Japan, Z. P. Maruya, Ltd.; Tokyo; So. Africa, Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town, etc.; U.S.A., Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., 133 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Post-free, 32-page Cuticura Book, an Authority on the Care and Treatment of Skin and Hair.

Do not be satisfied with an indefinite "emulsion" which may disguise impurities, but which does not exclude them.

PETER MOLLER'S COD LIVER OIL

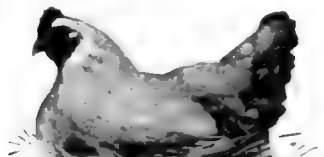
may be obtained of any good druggist. It is made and bottled in Norway, thus reaching you without possibility of adulteration. It is so PURE that it is entirely

Free from all Disagreeable Taste or Odor

Digests completely—no nauseous "repeating." Never sold in bulk. Take only the flat, oval bottles bearing name of

Schieffelin & Co., New York, Sole Agents

CAN YOU RAISE EGGS?



Among people who can afford luxuries, there is great demand for a regular supply of fresh eggs. The few growers who can furnish them regularly, winter and summer alike, get very high prices.

The Corning Egg-Book

(entitled "\$6.41 per Hen per Year,") tells how two men, both in poor health, starting four years ago with only thirty hens, made from their little egg-farm a clear profit of **over \$12,000** last year. It tells all about their experience, their failures, their methods, and how others, men or women, with good sense, care, and faithful work can make money in the same way.

The Corning Egg-Book is sold in combination with the

FARM JOURNAL

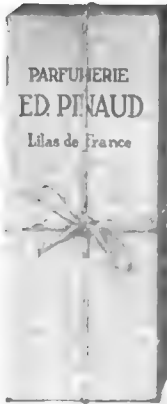
to raise its circulation to ONE MILLION for 1910. The F. J. is the standard monthly farm, home, and poultry paper, with over 600,000 subscribers.

SPECIAL OFFER:—For \$1.00 (cash, money order, or check) we will send postpaid the Corning Egg-Book, and the Farm Journal for FIVE YEARS. And if you send order and money WITHIN TEN DAYS, we will add FREE "Poor Richard Revived," a splendid 46-page farm almanac for 1910.

FARM JOURNAL, 106 Race St., Philadelphia

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Retail price 75c.

Special Offer

You can try this fragrant delight before buying. Send us 5 cents for a miniature bottle to-day.

A Christmas Suggestion by ED. PINAUD

A gift that will last for months, make a delightful impression and leave a fragrant memory. Ask at any drug or department store for a 6 oz. bottle of

ED. PINAUD'S LILAC VEGETAL

A most exquisite toilet water, embodying the very heart of the lilac blossom. Nothing equals this celebrated French perfume. Used by refined women and men everywhere for general toilet purposes.

This special Holiday package is most remarkable value and makes a very attractive Christmas gift, retailing at 75c.; packed in fine white paper box, tied with lilac silk cork. Each bottle contains 6 oz. of concentrated fragrance.

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct from our American Offices and mention your dealer's name. See special sample offer.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD, Dept. 309,

ED. PINAUD BUILDING, New York

Tear this advertisement out for a reminder

— 54th YEAR —

NO RISK IN BUYING

Albrecht Furs

Northern Caught. "From Trapper to Wearer, Direct."

The house of Albrecht has been in business at St. Paul, Minnesota, the fur center of America, over half a century. It is well known in every State. Any Bank, Trust Company or business man will tell you that you need have no hesitation in sending Albrecht your order for furs. Their guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded is perfectly clear and means just what it says.

The Albrecht plan of buying skins direct from the trappers, making furs up in their own workrooms and selling them direct to the wearer, puts Albrecht Furs beyond competition in both quality and price. You get genuine guaranteed furs at lowest possible cost.

Illustration Shows Albrecht 1909 Model Inland Seal 50 Inch Motor Raglan

One of the season's new and attractive designs, Skinner satin lined. In Inland Seal, as illustrated, best substitute ever produced for genuine Seal skin, \$135.00. In genuine Alaska Seal, \$815.00. In Coast Seal, \$117.50. In Electric Seal, \$97.00. In Hudson Seal, \$207.50.

In ordering give bust measure and waist length, height and weight. Sent express prepaid on receipt of price. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

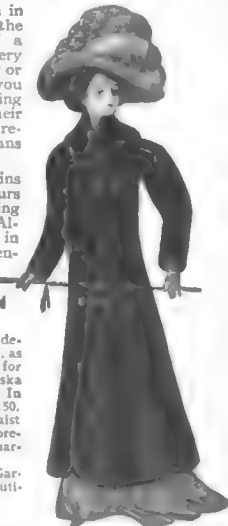
Hundreds of equally attractive Fur Garments, Neckwear and Mitts shown in beautiful illustrations.

68 PAGE CATALOGUE No. 29 SENT ON REQUEST FOR 4c. IN STAMPS

Most complete fur-fashion book published. Colored plates of furs, with names, full descriptions, wearing properties and other valuable information. Simple instructions for home-measurement.

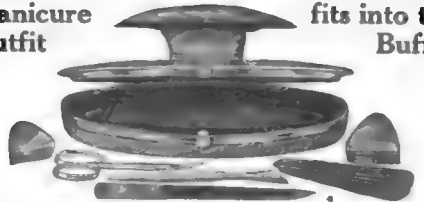
E. ALBRECHT & SON

St. Paul, Minnesota, U.S.A. St. Paul, Minnesota



**ALLWON
Manicure
Outfit**

**Everything
fits into the
Buffer**



This Novel Manicure Set Soon Saves Its Cost

A Welcome Christmas Remembrance

You've never seen a manicure set like this—the Allwon has new features—it's unusually convenient.

Please look at the picture. You see the Allwon Buffer is hollow—velvet-lined like a jewel-box. It's the case for the rest of the set.

Then note this: All other buffers, no matter how expensive, must be thrown away as soon as the chamomile soils—you are always buying new buffers. But owing to a simple patented feature of the Allwon Buffer, you can quickly put on a new chamomile whenever you want—so you'll never need a new buffer. That saving soon pays for the set.

And, for little more than the price of a good old-style buffer alone, you get the complete Allwon set—the beautiful money-saving buffer—imported cuticle scissors—duplex nail file—6 emery boards—orange-wood stick—special nail-luster—and nail-salve and enamel. Every article of surprisingly good quality. All fit in the novel Buffer-Case—always all together—compact—handy at home or in traveling.

With Buffer beautifully Nickel-Plated, the complete Allwon set is only \$2—Silver Plated \$2.50—Sterling Silver \$3. Sold by Department. Dry Goods and Leather Goods Stores, Jewelers, Druggists. Or, if not yet on sale in your town, send us your dealer's name, together with the price, and we will supply you.

Original Manufacturer
H. S. SPECIALTY CO.

Suite 113, 736 Broadway, New York City

White Rock

"The World's Best Table Water"

Now ready, 1909 edition of the famous "Richard's Poor Almanack," the hit of 1908. Beautifully bound and illustrated humorous book. Sent for 10c. Address White Rock, Flatiron Bldg., New York City.



Regarding Cocoa Beans

Cocoa Beans are claimed among the most highly nourishing Products of the Plant Kingdom.

Cocoa Beans contain all that is needed for the perfect development of the human body.

The daily use of the Cocoa Bean in some form is therefore highly recommended to

Old and Young.

WHY NOT GET THE BEST?

Kuyler's Cocoa and Chocolates



From Bean to Cup
WITHOUT ADULTERATION



FOR EATING, DRINKING AND COOKING.

UNSURPASSED FOR
PURITY AND DELICIOUSNESS OF FLAVOR.

SOLD BY SHOPKEEPERS EVERYWHERE

Cut Glass of Rare Beauty

"Clark" Cut Glass has for 25 years been popular among dealers and collectors because of its exquisite patterns, depth of cutting and color.

The newest "Clark" design, "Rose," may now be had in various articles. It is of striking beauty, rich in its delicacy; one of the most impressive ever made.

When selecting cut glass gifts ask for

**Clark
Cut Glass**

The name "Clark" is stamped on every article. An arrow points it out. The name is a guarantee of perfect workmanship.

If your dealer does not sell "Clark" Cut Glass, send for illustrated booklet, showing new and exclusive designs in this famous ware.

T. B. CLARK & CO., Inc.
Honesdale, Pa.



M & M PORTABLE HOUSES and GARAGES

Substantial, beautiful summer and winter Cottages and Bungalows. Inexpensive, complete in every detail. Save labor, worry and material. Wind and weatherproof. Built on Unit Plan, no nails, no carpenter. Everything fits. Anyone can set up.

We are the pioneer reliable portable house builders. Have longest experience, most skillful labor, latest facilities, keep constantly on our docks, and in our yards and dry kilns,

50 Million Feet Seasoned White Pine

best weather-resisting timber known—enabling us to make quickest shipments and lowest prices.

Enclose 4 cents for our handsome book of Plans and Designs which also gives names and addresses of those who have owned and occupied our houses for years. Don't buy a Portable House till you know what the largest, oldest makers offer.

NEW YORK OFFICE:
No. 1 Madison Ave., Room 8102C



The Original, Reliable and Largest Manufacturers of Portable Houses
We Pay the Freight and Deliver our Houses to any R. R. Station in U. S.

MERSON & MORLEY CO.

Main St., Saginaw, Mich.

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP

Delicious — Appetizing — Satisfying
Keeps after it is opened

Pure and Unadulterated

Made only from luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, fresh from the field; combined with purest spices, prepared in cleanly kitchens, and cooked ever so lightly to retain the natural flavor of the fruit. Contains only those ingredients

**Recognized and Endorsed
by the U. S. Government**

Insist on products bearing our name, not only ketchup, but soups, canned fruits, vegetables and meats, jams, jellies, preserves, etc.

Write today for our free booklet "Original Menus," telling what to have for breakfast, luncheon, dinner.

CURTICE BROTHERS CO., Rochester, N. Y.



HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Original and Genuine
Pure rich milk & malted grain
Served at Restaurants, Hotels, Fountains.
A Nutritious Food-Drink—For All Ages
All druggists.

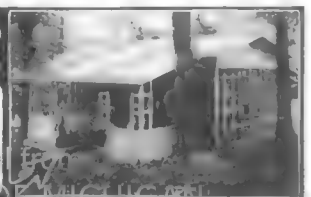
A nourishing quick lunch for professional and business men.



**NEW YORK PORTABLE GARAGES
BUNGALOWS**

Comfortable winter or summer homes that are Portable, Artistic, Inexpensive and Durable. Absolutely weather-proof. Built in New York—shipped in sections. Anyone can erect them. Immediate delivery. Our Portable Garages are practical, serviceable. Write for illustrated catalog.

NEW YORK PORTABLE BUNGALOW COMPANY, New York



We Want You to Know that

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

are more delicious and healthful than any other cracker, because the ingredients are absolutely pure and our methods of handling, baking and packing insure their perfect cleanliness, and we want you to try them at our expense by our

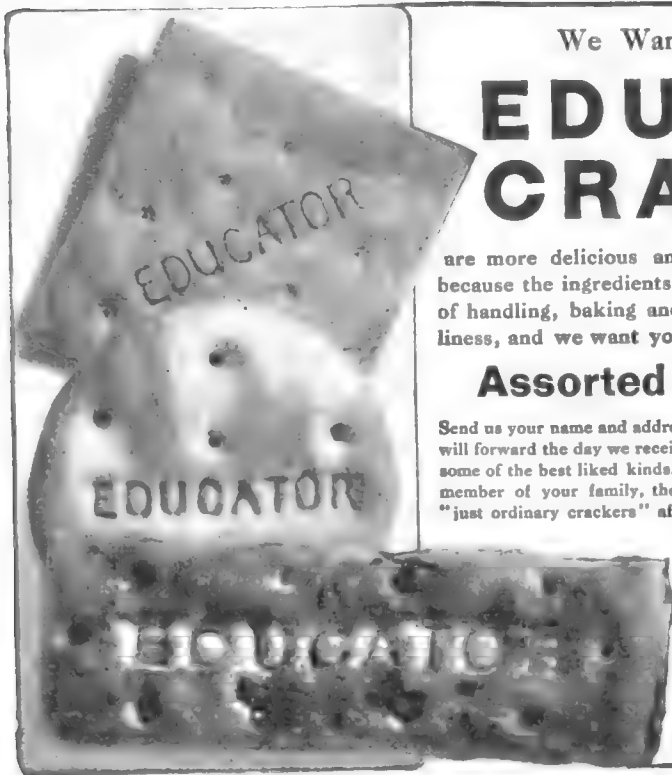
Assorted Box Sent Free

Send us your name and address, and your grocer's name—if you please; we will forward the day we receive it, the box of Educator Crackers containing some of the best liked kinds. In this way we can prove to you and every member of your family, the difference between Educator Crackers and "just ordinary crackers" after "you all" have tried them.

*The Name EDUCATOR is
on Every Educator Cracker*

The package we'll send you free will help you in selecting the kinds you prefer. Leading grocers everywhere keep Educator Crackers. If yours doesn't and won't get them for you, order from us direct.

JOHNSON EDUCATOR FOOD COMPANY
212 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



CHEESE

Just a little on Cheese is delicious. It adds zest to Welsh Rarebits, Macaroni with Cheese, Cheese Toast, Rice with Cheese and all Chafing Dish Cooking.



LEA & PERRINS

SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Its rare, rich flavor makes Lea & Perrins' Sauce the most useful of all seasonings.

Beware of Imitations.

JOHN DUNCAN'S SONS, Agents, New York

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



It grows right
out of the Pacific

on the Hawaiian Islands and
is canned right where it grows
by modern sanitary methods.

Hawaiian Pineapple

Sliced
Crushed
or
Grated



is its own best
advertisement.
Try a can and
see why.

If your grocer
hasn't it, send
his name and
address.

Hawaiian Pineapple is

Picked Ripe
Canned Right

Recipe Book Free

Hawaiian Pineapple Growers' Association
1136 Tribune Building, New York

TWO KINDS OF PEOPLE
BUY AND EAT

Atwood Grape Fruit

First, those who want the most delicious grape fruit they ever tasted, the thin-skinned kind that is filled with luscious juice and has the genuine grape fruit flavor; the kind that has resulted from years of experimenting and the outlay of hundreds of thousands of dollars; the kind that a prominent physician of New Haven prescribes for all his patients, telling them to "be sure to get the ATWOOD, for other grape fruit to the ATWOOD is as cider apples to pippins;"

Second, those who would increase their energy, clear their complexion, brighten their eyes, renew their youth, and rid themselves of rheumatism or gout. These eat ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT morning and evening.

The Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, in speaking of citric acid as found in grape fruit, says:

"It combines with certain bases and the resulting combinations in turn are transformed into carbonates, thus rendering an unduly acid urine alkaline."

All genuine Atwood Grape Fruit has the Atwood trade-mark on the wrapper, and may be purchased from high-class dealers by the box or dozen. Price per standard box, containing 54 or 64 or 80, Five Dollars.



Buy it by the box—it
will keep for weeks.

THE ATWOOD
GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY
KIMBALL C. ATWOOD
President

290 Broadway, New York

Original from

Don't Throw it Away



USE **MENDE'S**
METAL MENDER

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Any one can use them: fit any surface; three million in use. Send for sample pkg. free. Complete pkg. assorted sizes, 75c postpaid. Agents wanted. Mende's Mfg. Co., Box 146, East Rutherford, N.J.

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.



**Madam, You Need Never Sweep nor Dust Again
A Free Demonstration**

of the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner in your own home will convince you that it will do the work ten times quicker, ten times easier and ten times better. Rugs and carpets are cleaned *on the floor*, and the furniture is not disturbed. Think what it will mean to you—day after day—year after year—to have your entire home spotlessly clean and sweet, purged of the disease germs that swarm in the dust—germs of consumption, pneumonia and diphtheria. Not just twice a year, but every day—all the time. And it is so easy to clean house with the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner. The drudgery and confusion are all gone. There is not enough labor left to tire a child. The Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner makes housecleaning the work of a few minutes, instead of many hours, and costs to operate less than 3c an hour.

And I am willing to prove all this to you at my own expense. I will send you a cleaner for a free demonstration in your home, no matter where you live. You may use it and test it severely. It will speak for itself. I am not afraid to send the Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner a thousand miles away and let it tell its own story. I am willing to do even more. I will rent you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner by the month—for as many months as you desire—and when you have decided to buy it outright, all rentals you may have paid will be deducted from the purchase price. I gladly make this offer, because I know the machine is reliable and durable, and that the people who use it on the Rental-Investment basis will wish to own it, for the longer they use it the more they will like it. Fill out the coupon below, and let me send you our booklet on scientific housecleaning.

**A Business of Your Own with
Duntley
Pneumatic Cleaners
On the Pay-from-Profit Plan**

To those who wish to earn \$5 a day and upwards, by cleaning for others and taking orders for Duntley Cleaners, we offer a fine and permanent arrangement. It enables you to engage in a most profitable business of your own. By this plan you have three separate ways of making money easily and quickly—by cleaning for profit—by renting—and by selling Duntley Cleaners to those who will want to buy after you have done work for them. To prove what you can do, we send you the machine, instruct you in its use, advertise you and put you in business. Before you invest a cent you get the free use of the machine and actually begin making money.

You therefore take no possible risk. Fill in the coupon below—right now, before you forget—and let me tell you all about it.

J. W. Duntley, Pres., 409 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

..... Cut on this line and mail coupon at once.

Duntley Mfg. Co., 409 Harvester Bldg., Chicago.

Send me catalog of Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners for
..... household pay-from-profit plan.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

Mark X before the use in which you are interested.

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**A Bank Book
FOR
Christmas 4%**

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

opened with One Dollar or more makes a most acceptable

CHRISTMAS GIFT

to children, relatives or friends.

We especially solicit small accounts on which we pay four per cent. interest, compounded twice a year.

If desired, we will place the pass books in special holiday envelopes and mail them with your cards, so that they will be received on Christmas morning.

Send for our free booklet "E" explaining our system of "Banking By Mail."

ASSETS OVER FORTY-FIVE MILLION DOLLARS

**THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.**

FOR CHRISTMAS

Send for Bishop's Free "Gift Booklet"

"Mine Own Little Christmas Ideas" contains a special selection of 175 articles which have proved extremely popular for Christmas gifts. We show three of them here.

\$1950 buys this Genuine Mahogany Sewing Table. It has drop leaves and two drawers with either wood, glass or brass knobs. Has removable trays and five compartments. Height, 28 inches. Size of top, 35x18 inches. A \$30 gift for only \$19.50.

This large luxurious high grade Genuine Turkish Leather **\$2975** Rocker only

Made of the finest material throughout and will give a life-time of comfort and satisfaction. Rockers of equal quality sell elsewhere for \$50

\$1350 buys this handsome Mozart Music Cabinet in Golden Oak, or \$15.00 in Genuine Mahogany or Walnut. It has French legs, hand carved feet, graceful roll edge, adjustable shelves, and drawer fitted with wood, glass or brass knobs. Height, 38 in. Width, 20 in. A \$20 gift for \$13.50.

Bishop's Book of Correct Furniture Styles illustrates and describes in detail over 1000 designs of dependable furniture—has color plates of artistically furnished rooms in "Period" and Modern styles. It tells how you save one-third in buying direct. While this Book costs \$1.50 to publish we mail it to those interested in fine furniture on receipt of 25c in stamps, which may be deducted from your first purchase.

We ship on approval and prepay freight to all points east of the Mississippi river and north of the Tennessee line, allowing freight that far to points beyond.

BISHOP FURNITURE COMPANY
22-34 Iona Street Original Grand Rapids, Mich.
Reference Any Grand Rapids bank.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Best Christmas Gift FOR FATHER OR SON



tools will be forwarded you at once, charges prepaid. Don't delay if you want one.

Other Christmas Gifts—In our large 700-page catalog, illustrated herewith, are listed over 75,000 reliable articles. The catalog contains everything you could possibly think of, and you will save money by buying from it. It will be sent free of charge, postage paid.

We guarantee every article we handle. Unless you are perfectly satisfied return it and your money will be refunded. We have been in business since 1816, and the publishers of this paper will testify to our absolute responsibility.

Note: The Tool Cabinet will be sold to anyone, but our large catalog will not be forwarded to towns of over 50,000 population.

White, Van Glahn & Co. 34 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK
Oldest Mail Order House in America.

A Complete Tool Cabinet

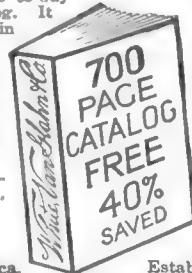
HERE is a sample of how we can save you money on Christmas gifts. A complete Tool Cabinet, similar to illustration, delivered to you, freight prepaid.

The \$10.00 Cabinet has 24 standard size carpenter's tools of best quality. The \$25.00 Cabinet has a much larger assortment as illustrated. An unequalled bargain.

These Cabinets make the finest possible gifts. The tools are not toys or trash. Every one is high grade, well finished, and guaranteed. Money back if not satisfactory.

Every tool is in plain sight. You cannot lose or mislay them. The case is quartered oak and strongly made. The tools will last for years.

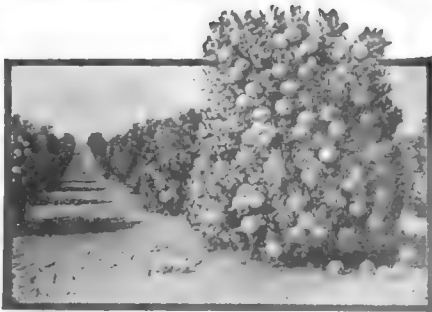
Cabinets like these would cost at least 40 per cent. more in your local stores. The reason is that we offer you New York wholesale prices. Write to-day for Special Tool Catalog. It describes these goods in full. Or send \$10.00 or \$25.00 check or money order, and the cabinet with



Our large 700-page Catalog, illustrated herewith, contains over 75,000 reliable articles.

All offered at New York wholesale prices. Send for it to-day.

Established 1816



Per Acre **\$3** Per Month

Will Buy as Rich Orange Land
as there is in

Southern California

An Exceptional Offer in

EL CAJON VALLEY LANDS

HAVE you been dreaming of a possible future home in the midst of the orange groves of sunny Southern California? If so, wake up! Stop wishing, and act! Southern California is not alone for the wealthy. It is for YOU too, if you can recognize a real opportunity and have the energy to grasp it. For the first time you are offered a chance to secure a small tract of as rich orange land as there is anywhere—land situated in the most delightful climate the United States affords—on very small monthly payments.

You've heard, of course, of fertile El Cajon Valley, wonderfully productive and strikingly beautiful. Its grapes and raisins are famous the country over. This company controls a limited area of the best frostless orange land in El Cajon, which it is selling in 5- and 10-acre tracts on the remarkably liberal terms of \$3.00 per month per acre. Within a stone's throw of flourishing groves of trees which are bending under their burden of delicious golden fruit. Bearing orange orchards easily bring \$1000 an acre, and will pay big dividends on this valuation. Young orange groves command at least \$500 an acre. We offer you a 5-acre tract of orange land with ample water for \$750. Only a short distance from a high school and church, and 15 miles from the city of San Diego and the Pacific Ocean. Excellent transportation facilities. Land values in the Valley have advanced enormously during the past few years, and there are potent reasons why they will enhance faster in the next year or so. In a short time prices will be high.

Make YOUR start now. Have a valuable home site in the orange groves awaiting you. You'll hardly miss the small monthly payments which win the title to 5 acres. You will deal with a reliable, substantial company, and will be treated right. References will be furnished from persons whose word cannot be doubted. Write at once for our

Beautifully Illustrated Booklet

It's free. Or, save time by enclosing \$15, with instructions to reserve a choice 5-acre tract for you. Our first and best offering will only accommodate a few more buyers, so there is need for quick action. No strings are attached to this offer. It is plain and straightforward—5 acres of rich El Cajon orange land for \$750, payable at the rate of only \$15 per month. No interest. Title is guaranteed.

J. FRANK CULLEN & CO.
San Diego, California

If the man behind the counter

of the corner cigar store were to say to you: "Buy this box of cigars—smoke ten of them, and if you don't like them bring back the remaining cigars and get all your money—and no charge for the ten smoked" you'd be pretty well convinced of his faith in the cigars he was selling and you'd probably buy.

But the man in the corner store doesn't do business that way.

Now, I want to make you that very offer—with this exception—that I don't want you to pay for the cigars until after you've smoked the ten. *Here is my offer in full as I've stated it for seven years.*

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers Panatelas on approval to a reader of Everybody's, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

On that Offer I have built a large business extending into every State and Territory of the Union. My business grows by reason of repeat orders—eighty-five per cent. of the cigars I sell are shipped on repeat orders.

Every cigar is made right here in my own factory (and it is not a small affair, but a full size business building in the business heart of Philadelphia), and I know that the filler is *all* clean straight long Havana, grown on the Island of Cuba, and the wrapper genuine Sumatra, the cigars are hand made by skilled workmen in a clean, sanitary factory. That's why I know that my cigars will stand this offer.

In ordering, please enclose business card or send personal references, and state which you prefer—light, medium or dark cigars.

MY BOOK FREE—it tells a lot of things about tobacco, cigars and smoking in general that every man should know. Write for it.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.

913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE
AND SHAPE



The Man Behind the Bannatyne Watch says: You'll find it hard to choose a more acceptable gift for the boy or young man than a watch.

And you'll find it impossible to find a better one for the money than the

BANNATYNE \$1.50 WATCH

Not a cheap "near-watch" like most low-priced timepieces, but a real watch that no one need be ashamed to carry. The most durable, most accurate and easiest winding watch ever produced for the price. Built strictly on watch principles with many special features found in no other low-priced watch, such as:

Patent lever double roller escapement.
Solid cut and polished steel pinions.
Patent recoil ratchet to prevent mainspring from setting.
Noiseless winding, etc., etc.

Ask your jeweler or watch maker about the BANNATYNE or send for our free booklet, "A Timekeeper Ahead of the Times." If your dealer doesn't carry the BANNATYNE, we will mail it postpaid on receipt of price.

Nickel, \$1.50; Gun Metal or Gift, \$1.60

Bannatyne Watch Co., 36 Canal St., Waterbury, Conn.



Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Burns 5 Hours for 1c Worth of Gas

A New, Gas-Saving, Brilliant Home Light that you attach to Fixture in one minute's time. Use your own globes—either gas or electric.

Welsbach Junior

PRICE 35 CENTS

The Welsbach Junior is five inches high, consists of burner, mantle and chimney, and gives a cheerful, soft and mellow 50-candle power light approaching sunlight in *quality*. It is restful on your eyes—a perfect home light.

The cheapness of the Welsbach Junior (boxed complete for 35 cents), its simplicity of attaching (screw it on as you would an electric light bulb) and its tremendous gas economy (burns 5 hours for 1 cent's worth of gas) recommend its use on every gas outlet in the home.

Sold Everywhere by Gas Companies and Dealers



Genuine Welsbach Goods have this Trade-Mark on the Label

Buy one Welsbach Junior Light and test every claim made for it. Then equip your entire home. You'll save 80 per cent. of your gas bills—and have a cheerful, soft, mellow and perfect light.

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Welsbach Company

—the Original and Largest Manufacturers of Incandescent Gas Lights and Mantles in the World

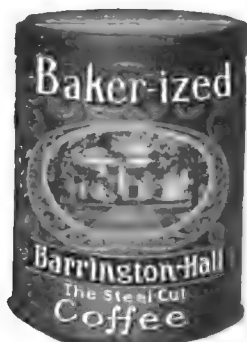
Beware of imitations. All genuine Welsbach goods have our trade-mark—the Shield of Quality—on the box. It is our guarantee, and your protection.

Our illustrated booklet—"The History of Light"—mailed free on request. Address Dept. F., Welsbach Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.



Barrington Hall The Baker-ized Coffee

IF you like good Coffee, Barrington Hall will prove a treat for you and you can drink it to your heart's content without fear of ill effect. "Baker-ized" means that it is different from other Coffee.

It is blended and roasted in a different way.

It is steel-cut to fine even particles, not ground to an irregular mass.

The worthless and in fact, injurious chaff that you pay for in other Coffees, is removed from Barrington Hall by a patented process and thrown away.

From a pound can of Barrington Hall you get a pound of *all* Coffee, but it costs no more per pound than any good Coffee and less per cup.

Try it on your own table at small expense.

Send Us 10 Cents

And your grocer's name and we will send you postpaid a large trial can, enough to make 16 cups of delicious Coffee.

Barrington Hall is now for sale in all cities and most towns.

Price 35 to 40c. per pound, according to locality. In sealed tins only.

Write for grocer handling it.

Cut off or copy this coupon

Send to nearest office

BAKER IMPORTING CO.

110 Hudson St.,
New York, N. Y.

or

228 North 2nd St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

For ten cents enclosed please send trial can Barrington Hall Coffee as advertised. In consideration I give my grocer's name (on the margin).

My name _____

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Brass-Craft OUTFIT FREE



Brass-Craft is the most popular and valuable Art of the time, and with our stamped articles and simple instructions, materials costing only a trifle can quickly be worked up into articles worth many dollars.

Let us send you this Complete outfit consisting of 1 Stippling and Veining Tool, 1 package Polishing Powder, 1 package Coloring Powder, 1 Fine Sandpaper, 1 piece Polishing Plush, and complete material for Handsome Brass-Craft Calendar (see illustration) as follows: 1 Brass Panel, 1 Wood Panel, 50 Round-Head Brass Tacks, 1 Brass Hanger, 1 Calendar Pad. Furnished with stamped designs and full directions for making Calendar worth \$1.00—all in neat box. FREE and prepaid, to anyone sending us 25 cents to pay cost of packing, shipping, etc.

Ask for FREE CATALOG E 64

Illustrates hundreds of articles in Brass-Craft for use, ornament or profit. The above outfit offer is made for a limited time only to quickly introduce our splendid line of Brass-Craft goods and distribute our New Catalog. Write today.

THAYER & CHANDLER

737-739 Jackson Blvd.

CHICAGO, ILL.

An Ideal Christmas Gift



**BOUCHER
ADJUSTABLE
SHAVING
GLASS**

Makes shaving safe and comfortable. May be applied to any window or elsewhere to obtain a strong light. Instantly adjusted to any angle.

FURNISHED EXPRESS PAID.

Beveled Edge, \$2.00; Chipped Edge, \$1.50;

Magnifying, \$5.00

Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Send for Circular.

Caldwell Mfg. Co., 29 Jones St., Rochester, N. Y.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Up from Slavery

"Ring out the Old, ring in the New"

A Christmas Gift That Frees Women From the Drudgery of House-Cleaning

Every woman who receives a New York Vacuum Cleaner as a Christmas gift will thank the giver every day of every month in the year.

New York Vacuum Cleaner

"The New Servant in the House"

is the most wonderful cleaning device the world has ever known. It acts by suction. Simply rock the lever to and fro and produce a tremendous suction at the nozzle end of the hose.

By passing this nozzle over carpets, rugs and upholstered furniture and clothing, every last atom of dust and dirt is quickly removed—sucked up into the machine; each article is cleaned through and through, absolutely freed from germs, vermin, moth eggs—everything unclean or injurious.

With a special nozzle you can clean moldings, pictures, draperies—every nook and corner in bookcases, radiators—every crack and crevice where dirt collects.

The New York Vacuum Cleaner does all this while the carpet or rug is on the floor, without removing the furnishings from the room, and without the slightest wear on the article cleaned, or upon the strength or temper of the operator.

Made for lifetime's wear. Simply constructed: a child can easily operate it. No other invention has ever done so much to make for *absolute cleanliness* in the home—to do away with dirt, disease and drudgery.

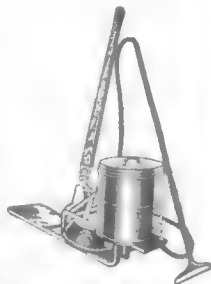
Send for Our Book, "The New Servant in the House." It's Free.

If you would know more about the wonders of Vacuum Cleaning, send for this book. It will convince you that the New York Vacuum Cleaner is destined to become a necessity in every home where real cleanliness is prized. Send for it to-day.

Two Weeks' Trial at Our Risk

The price of the New York Vacuum Cleaner for hand operation is \$25; equipped with electric motor \$60. Send us the amount by Check, Express or Post Office Money Order, and we will send you a machine ready for use. Try it two weeks. If not found exactly as represented, return the cleaner and we will refund the money at once. We could not afford to have a single dissatisfied buyer. Our financial standing guarantees this promise to you.

New York Vacuum Cleaner Co.,
565 Marbridge Bldg., Broadway and 34th St., New York





Rexall

"93" HAIR TONIC

Two Sizes, 50c. and \$1.00

Preserves and Promotes Hair Growth

Your Money Back if it Doesn't

Sold and guaranteed by Only One Druggist in a place. Look for The Rexall Store.
They are in over 2500 towns and cities in the United States.

UNITED DRUG COMPANY, 50 LEON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

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Besides being a very practical and acceptable gift for any member of the family—young or old—the Mirroscope will provide an endless variety of holiday entertainments.

Here are a few described in detail:

"Who's Who at the Family Reunion?"

Make up a list of relatives and obtain from them (without disclosing your purpose) their very early photographs. You will be surprised how difficult it is to select the names of the individuals from such photographs—and therein lies the point of this Mirroscope entertainment. You are to show the pictures through the Mirroscope and set the folks guessing "Who's Who." Give each person a slip, prepared beforehand, containing a list of numbers with blank spaces after each number. Throw your pictures on the Mirroscope screen in sequence and require each person to guess (silently) the names and the ages at which the photographs were taken, writing them down opposite each number. Give prizes.

"Autograph Ghosts"

Have each guest prepare an "autograph ghost" on slips of paper provided beforehand. Autograph ghosts are made by writing one's name along the center of a slip of paper and before the ink dries, folding along the center so that the signature blots for its entire length upon the two halves of the slip. "Autograph Ghosts" take on most weird and fantastic shapes, and the signatures themselves are distinguished with difficulty.

After collecting the entire assortment of "autograph ghosts," show them one at a time through the Mirroscope to your audience, having them guess (silently) the names, and write them down on numbered lists. Give prizes.

Other Mirroscope "Stunts"

Guessing contests on advertising trade marks and illustrations; illustrated proverbs, quotations, illustrated names of books; portraits of actors, authors and base ball players; human hands, etc.

Showing collections of post cards, snap shots, stamps, coins, etc.

Plays and charades in miniature.

Shadow-graphs and "Progressive Story Telling."

Home-made illustrated songs (very entertaining when used with a phonograph and illustrations from your own snap shots of persons known to all in the room).

For the children: Illustrated talks on history; geography, birds, flowers, animals, etc.; "Mother Goose" illustrated while some child recites; history of "Buster Brown" and other comic characters clipped from Sunday papers.

There are many other uses for the Mirroscope—practical and amusing. There is a long list of them with a detailed description of 20 Mirroscope entertainments in OUR BOOKLET "20 SUGGESTIONS"—sent free to all. Write for it today.

What the Mirroscope is

The Mirroscope is an easily operated machine that throws pictures on a screen or sheet by means of reflected light projected through a strong lens.

The pictures on the screen are six feet in diameter, and look like magic lantern views. But instead of glass slides you use any original photograph, kodak picture,

post card, illustration clipped from magazine or newspaper, original painting, drawing or sketch—anything not larger than seven by seven inches.

Everything is shown in its own colors.

The Mirroscope is easily operated. No trouble at all. In five minutes you can be ready to show pictures.

Miroscopes are made in—
THREE STYLES—Gas and Electric for town and city; Acetylene (including generator) for the country home, farm or camp.

Each style comes in—
SIX SIZES, at \$3, \$5, \$7.50, \$10, \$15, and \$20. 75% of our sales are in the \$10 size.

SOLD BY photo supply and hardware dealers, photo depts. of dry goods, department and toy stores.

If your dealer doesn't handle, write us direct giving his name. We'll send you a copy of "20 SUGGESTIONS," catalog and price list.



See full page Mirroscope advertisement in "Saturday Evening Post" for Dec. 4th.

THE BUCKEYE STEREOPTICON CO., 5508 Carnegie Ave., CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of Miroscopes and High Grade Stereopticons for Educational, Scientific and Amusement Purposes.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Schlitz

Priscilla Calendar

for 1910

Is in panel form seven and a quarter inches wide and thirty-six inches long. It is beautifully lithographed in twelve printings and gold, and has the roughened finish like burlap. The dates are clearly depicted at the bottom of the design.

The principal incidents in Longfellow's poem, "The Courtship of Miles Standish," are faithfully reproduced.

The central figure is a beautiful Puritan Maiden typifying the goodness and purity of

**This
beautiful
calendar
will be
mailed
upon
receipt of
10c in
stamps or
coin.**

JOS. SCHLITZ
BREWING CO.,
Dept. 22
Milwaukee, Wis.

Schlitz Malt Extract

a food, a digester and a tonic

It is richest in the food and tonic values of barley and hops.

It is brewed in careful cleanliness. It is aged and sterilized to avoid biliousness and impurity.

Be sure next time to get Schlitz Malt Extract.



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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.



The Tragedy of the Worn-Out Office Stool

**Old — Worn-out — Thrown-out.
Likewise the man whom it wore out.**

Here you see it — the tragedy of the office stool — the silent story of day in and day out routine, worry and grind — of the *job* that became a *rut*.

Be the master of your calling — don't let it master you. Training will put the mastery on your side by enabling you to *compel* success. It is *not* too late. No matter how old you are, where you live, what you do or how little you earn, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton have a way by which you can get out of the rut; earn more; win promotion and Independence.

This is not fancy; it is *fact*, supported by thousands of letters received from once poorly-paid men who have made their mark through *I. C. S. help*. On an average, 300 students every month report advancement. During September the number was 308. To learn how you can achieve similar success, *mark the attached coupon*.

No Books to Buy

An I. C. S. training means there are no books to buy — no leaving home or giving up work. The I. C. S. goes to you *in your spare time*, and fits its way to meet your particular case. *Trains you for a position in the line of work you really like.*

Mark the coupon so that the I. C. S. may make it all clear — that it may convince you *there is a way for you to succeed in life*. Mark the coupon. No charge or obligation is incurred in marking it.

Avoid the rut — the worn-out career — the "down-and-out" club by marking the coupon.

Mark the Coupon NOW.

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Please mention Everybody's Magazine when you write to advertisers.

"Better Position" Coupon

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1869, SCRANTON, PA.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

Bookkeeper Stenographer Advertisement Writer Show Card Writer Window Trimmer Commercial Law Illustrator Designer & Craftsman Civil Service Chemist Textile Mill Supt. Electrician Elec. Engineer	Mechanical Draftsman Telephone Engineer Elec. Lighting Supt. Mechan. Engineer Plumber & Steam Fitter Stationary Engineer Civil Engineer Building Contractor Architect Structural Engineer Sanitation Mining Engineer
--	---

Name _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ State _____

— Original from —

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A Highway of Communication

It goes by your door. Every Home, every office, every factory, and every farm in the land is on that great highway or within reach of it. It is a highway of communication, and every Bell Telephone is a gateway by which it can be reached.

Millions of messages travel over this highway every day. In the great cities they follow one another like the bullets from a machine gun, and over the wide reaches of the country they fly with the speed of shooting stars.

The Bell service carries the thoughts and wishes of the people from room to room, from house to house, from community to community, and from state to state.

This service adds to the efficiency of each citizen, and multiplies the power of the whole nation.

The Bell system brings eighty million men, women and children into one telephone commonwealth, so that they may know one another and live together in harmonious understanding.

A hundred thousand Bell employees are working all the time on this highway of communication. Every year it is made longer and broader, and its numerous branches are more widely extended. Every year it is furnished with a larger number of telephone gateways and becomes the means of greater usefulness.

The Bell Long Distance Telephone will meet your new needs and serve your new purposes. It means — one policy, one system, universal service. Every Bell Telephone is the center of the System.

**AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES**

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page



For His Christmas A Gillette Safety Razor

The most useful and practical gift for a man. Something he will use every day of the year, and every year of his life.

Something he will treasure. A man forms a peculiar attachment for his Gillette Razor—thinks more of it than any other article of personal use. It is so efficient and workman-like, so easy and safe—no stropping, no honing—no special care.

A beautiful gift, too! The Gillette is as compact and as handsomely finished as a piece of jewelry.

If he has never tried the Gillette he will be astonished and delighted when he uses it and will thank you for a great comfort and convenience.

If he already owns a Gillette, give him one of the new models. Hundreds of Gillette enthusiasts own half a dozen or more Gillette razors.

Standard Set, full leather case, \$5.

Standard Set, in neat metal case, \$5.

New Pocket Edition, \$5 to \$7.50.

Combination Sets, \$6.50 to \$50.

GILLETTE SALES CO.

502 Kimball Building, Boston

Factories: Boston, Montreal, London, Berlin, Paris

New York, Times Bldg.

Canadian Office

Chicago, Stock Exchange Bldg.

65 St. Alexander St.

London Office, 17 Pall Mall

Montreal



These Farmers of the Deep Sea Select and Sow with Greatest Care Baby Oysters to make Three-Year Olds for BOOTH'S GUARANTEED.

Full nutrition, as well as their original, delicious, salt-sea flavor is retained in

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters

(Full Measure—Solid Meats)

The danger in purchasing oysters not guaranteed is shown in the following extract:

"After being removed from the sea, oysters are sometimes 'floated' in brackish water, with the object of 'fattening' them. It has been found, however, that the apparent increase in plumpness of the oyster, under this treatment is really due to the inhibition of moisture by osmosis, and that they actually lose from one-eighth to one-fifth of their nutritive value in the process."

Robert Hutchison, M. D., F. R., C. P.

This same well known authority on dietetics pronounces the oyster "a most easily digested food—especially raw." Booth's Guaranteed Oysters possess nutritive value in the highest percentage possible—and delicacy of flavor unsurpassed—because they are gathered from pure, deep waters, are culled, shucked and sealed at the sea-shore, immediately after caught. The cans are air-tight, there is no re-handling.

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are actually pedigreed. The baby oysters are gathered, soon after spawning time, from the finest of "old ocean's" natural oyster beds, and are "planted" in locations most favorable for their best development. By means of stakes, our "oyster farms" are thus subdivided into beds convenient for "working" and are as carefully tended as any farmer's rarest strawberry patch. "Scarecrows" keep away fish of prey and the young oysters are often transplanted to facilitate their best development.

Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are never gathered from sluggish waters but always from the green, cool, clear "deeps". Hence the salty flavor and full nutritive qualities.

There are no preservatives in Booth's Guaranteed Oysters. Sealed in air-tight cans on the instant of gathering from the sea, they retain their original freshness and flavor. They conform to every National and State pure food law—because they are pure. Cans containing Booth's oysters are used once, only.

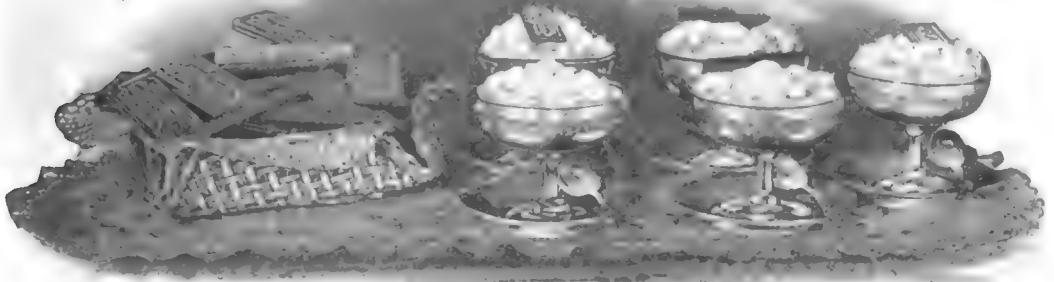
When you buy Booth's Guaranteed Oysters in sealed cans, you have the only ones marketed under an absolute guarantee for full measure of solid meats. These cans are of four sizes, according to your needs. 13 ozs. (less than a pint), 24 ozs. (less than a quart), Full Pints (guaranteed full measure) and Full Quarts (guaranteed full measure). Booth's Guaranteed Oysters are of three sizes: small, delicious Standards, for cocktails, stews and general use; fancy medium sized Selects, for stews, frying, etc.; and Jumbo Counts, king of all oysters. Recipes of famous chefs are printed on every can. Ask your dealer for Booth's Guaranteed Oysters in sealed cans—a fancy package of highest quality for most fastidious tastes.

Booth Fisheries Company

General Offices
CHICAGO



French Ice Cream
Served with
NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS



Originality is the secret of success in entertaining. The adaptability of NABISCO Sugar Wafers to the creation of successful desserts offers surprise after surprise. At the next "at home" serve French Ice Cream with

NABISCO
SUGAR WAFERS

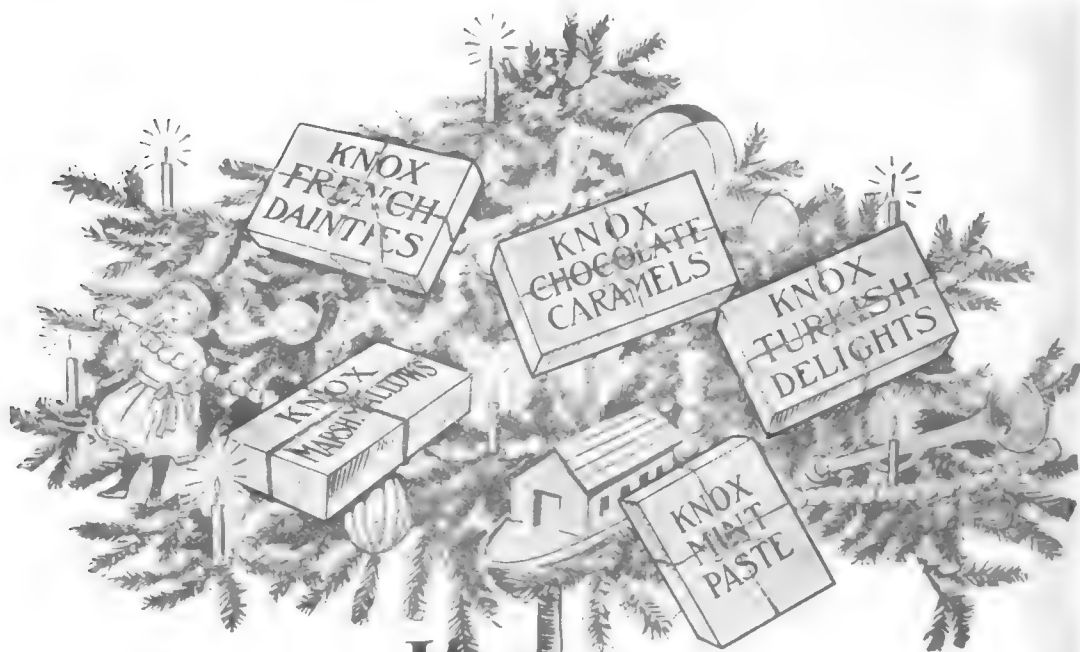
— Recipe for French Ice Cream —

Put yolks of four eggs into saucepan, add one cup of sugar and two of milk. Stir over fire until thick. It must *not* boil. Strain, cool, add one pint whipped cream, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon vanilla extract. Freeze—serve with NABISCO Sugar Wafers.

In ten cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Knox Gelatine Candies

If your Xmas candies have been coarse grained and mealy, you can make them velvety and creamy by using KNOX Sparkling Gelatine.

Send for our Recipe Book, and make Knox Turkish Delights, Mint Paste, French Dainties, Marshmallows and Chocolate Caramels in *your own home*.

"DAINTY DESSERTS FOR DAINTY PEOPLE"

Contains recipes for a hundred desserts and salads in addition to the candies.

It is free on request for your grocer's name. A pint sample for a 2c. stamp and grocer's name.



Address
Chas. B. Knox Co.

104 Knox Avenue
Johnstown, N. Y.

This is for Mothers to read

"We Are Advertised by Our Loving Friends"

There used to be an idea that a mother should nurse her baby in spite of every obstacle.

Mother should nurse her baby, if she can, but if it is apparent that the nursing does not agree in simple fairness to baby Mellin's Food, prepared with fresh milk, should be used.

Look at the picture of this rugged, rosy-cheeked boy. He was raised on



WELCH HUDSON HENRITZE, JR.

Mellin's Food

He is only one of thousands of babies, whose pictures we have received and can show you.

Mellin's Food is not only a scientifically correct food, but it is one of the simplest and most practical foods to use.

Mellin's Food is added to fresh milk to make the milk like mother's milk, and it does this so well, and makes the milk so digestible, that on it babies thrive steadily and happily.

No colic; no other digestion troubles, if Mellin's Food, properly prepared, is used.

If you have a baby in your home to love and care for, and cannot nurse him, do not wait, buy a bottle of Mellin's Food to-day. You can get it at any druggist's.

If you would like a copy of our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants", we shall be very glad to send it to you, prepaid, if you will send us the coupon.

**Mellin's Food Company,
Boston, Mass.**

MELLIN'S FOOD COMPANY,
Boston, Mass.

58

Please send me a copy of your book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants", and a Sample Bottle of Mellin's Food to try.



Christmas Candy—all the fun of making it at home and a sure success if you use Karo—the great candy syrup. Karo fudge, taffy, caramels, pop-corn balls are famous. You can eat them more freely than other sweets—they are wholesome and digestible.

Eat it on

Griddle Cakes
Hot Biscuit
Waffles

Karo
CORN SYRUP

Use it for

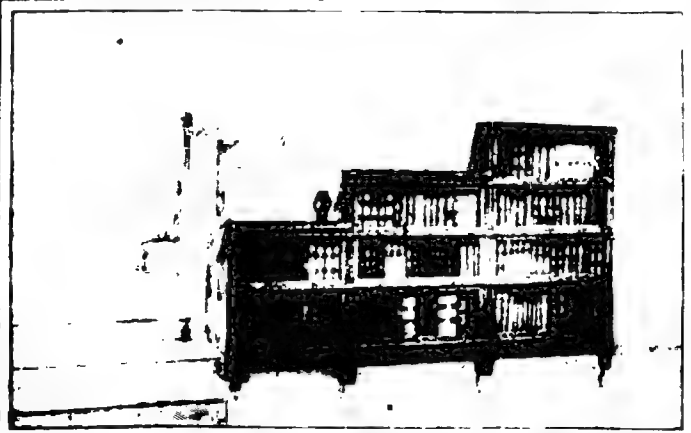
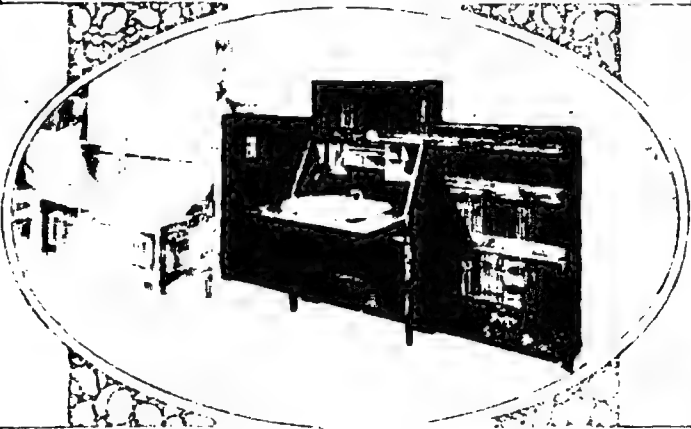
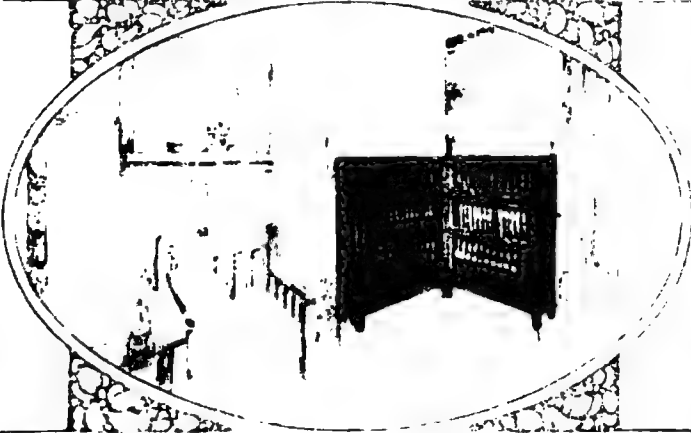
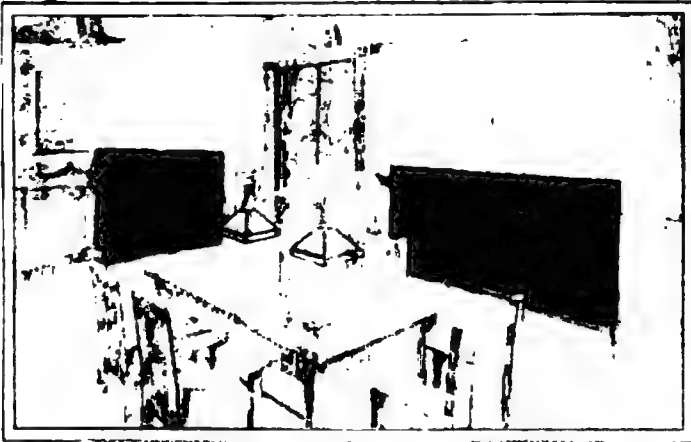
Ginger-Bread
Cookies
Candy

Karo is delicious on buckwheat cakes.—It is the best and purest syrup in the world for all table uses, for cooking and home candy-making. It agrees with everybody. As a spread for bread, you can give the children all they want.

***Send your name on a post card for Karo Cook Book—fifty pages including thirty perfect recipes for home candy-making.**

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO., Dept. G, New York





The World's Best Books and Globe-Wernicke Bookcases

The widespread use of books for Christmas gifts has prompted us to publish lists of the 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 "best books," for children and adults, as selected by such authorities as Hamilton W. Mabie, John Ruskin, Canon Farrar, Dr. Eliot, Sir John Lubbock, etc. Sent free on request.

For Christmas gifts **Globe-Wernicke Bookcases** are most acceptable. They are built in sections or units, that interlock and can be built up into stacks of any desired height or width. You can start with one or more units, and add to them as your books increase.

Globe-Wernicke Elastic Bookcases

have many special features of superiority, such as the *patent equalizer* to prevent doors from binding and the *interlocking strip* to insure true alignment. *Uniform prices* and *freight prepaid* everywhere.

Look for the **Globe-Wernicke** trade-mark. It is your guarantee of quality—your protection against inferiority—your assurance of being able to obtain duplicates at any future time.

Write for Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue

containing 25 original designs for home libraries—describing the distinct styles and finishes of **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases—and quoting prices on every size and style made. Mailed free, with lists of "World's Best Books" upon receipt of the coupon below.

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Cincinnati, U. S. A.

Branch Stores:

New York, 380-382 Broadway.
Chicago, 224-228 Wabash Ave. Boston, 91-93 Federal St.

-----Fill out and mail this coupon today-----

The Globe-Wernicke Co., Dept. F, Cincinnati, U. S. A.

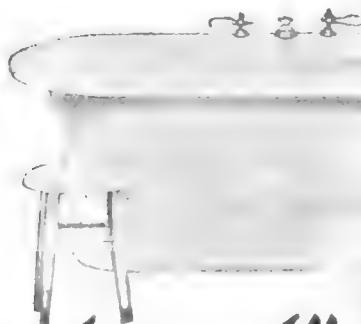
Mail to the address below lists of "The World's Best Books" and your illustrated catalogue of **Globe-Wernicke** Bookcases.

Name.....

No. and St.

Town..... State.....

It is Vitally Important that
You Should Know that
"Standard" Bathroom Fix-
tures Go into Your Home



"Standard" GUARANTEED BATHS

No room is so important as the bathroom in its intimate relation to the health and comfort of the family. Its equipment must, therefore, be of the highest order, to insure complete satisfaction, and there should be an assurance that once installed, there should be no necessity for the expense of throwing out fixtures which have become imperfect and unsanitary through unnoticed defects when first put in.

The cost of installing a cheap tub is equal to that of installing a good one. There is no saving in the cost of installation, and the difference in the purchase price between a good bath tub is relatively small—too small indeed to be considered in so important an investment as building a house.

Genuine "Standard" Guaranteed bath tubs give to the house owner or builder an assurance of quality and long life not obtainable in any other equipment. Their first cost is no more than the less durable, less dependable, non-guaranteed equipment, yet their life-time of service proves them the most economical, the most dependable, the most thoroughly satisfactory bathroom fixture it is possible to install.

There are two classes of "Standard" Guaranteed Baths—the "Standard" Green and Gold Label Bath, and the "Standard" Red and Black Label Bath. The "Standard" Green and Gold Label Bath is triple enameled. *It is guaranteed for five years.* The "Standard" Red and Black Label Bath is double enameled. *It is guaranteed for two years.* If you would avoid dissatisfaction and expense, install a guaranteed fixture—either the "Standard" Green and Gold Label Bath, or the "Standard" Red and Black Label Bath according to the price you wish to pay.

Guard against substitutes by insisting that the Genuine "Standard" Guarantee Label is on your bath both before and after it is installed in your home. Write us for full information.

Send for your copy of "Modern Bathrooms." It will prove of invaluable assistance in the planning of your bathroom. Many model rooms are illustrated. This valuable 100-page book is sent for 6c. postage.

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.

Dept. G, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Offices and Showrooms {
New York: 35-37 W. 31st St.
Chicago: 415 Ashland Block.
Philadelphia: 1128 Walnut St.
Toronto, Can.: 59 Richmond St. E.

Pittsburgh: 949 Penn Ave.
St. Louis: 100-102 N. Fourth St.
New Orleans: Cor. Baronne & St. Joseph Sts.
Montreal, Can.: 215 Corinne Bldg.

Boston: 712 Paddock Building.
Louisville: 319-323 W. Main St.
Cleveland: 648-652 Huron Road, S. E.
London E. C.: 59 Holborn Viaduct

For Christmas Get Lambert Jewelry

AWAY with Christmas gift worries! Get the Lambert Jewelry Catalogue edition of 1910, and learn what a host of beautiful and useful things in solid gold, precious stones and silver we sell at prices away under those you may have been asked to pay by other houses.

We make all kinds of jewelry. We import all our diamonds direct so that you pay no middleman's profit when you buy them of us. You never pay a cent over cost of production and one modest profit.

156	Twin Ring, 2 Diamonds	\$15.00
157	Fine Diamond Ring	20.00
158	Fine Diamond Ring	45.00
159	10-karat Brooch, 1 Pearl	2.75
160	14-karat Tie Clasp	4.00
161	Platinum Neck Chain, 16 inches	7.75
162	Platinum LaValliere, 19 Diamonds	100.00
163	10-k. Handy Pins, Garnets and Pearls, a pair ..	4.00
164	14-karat Brooch, 1 Pearl	4.00
165	14-karat Locket, 1 Diamond	18.00
166	10-karat Neck Chain, 16 inches	5.50
167	14-karat Handy Pins, a pair	2.75
168	10-karat Ring, Bloodstone	5.00
169	10-karat Signet Ring	6.00
170	14-karat Engraved Tie Clasp	4.75
171	10-karat Locket, 1 Diamond	15.00
172	14-karat Brooch, Pearl border	10.50
173	10-karat Veil Pin, 1 Pearl	3.75
174	10-karat Sleeve Links, Rose Diamonds	5.00
175	10-karat Brooch, 2 Baroque Pearls	2.00
176	14-karat LaValliere, 1 Amethyst, 3 Baroque Pearls ..	8.00
177	14-karat Brooch, 1 Diamond	22.00
178	10-karat Scarf Pin, 1 Jade	3.25
179	14-karat Scarf Pin, Diamond Eyes	14.00
180	10-karat Signet Scarf Pin	2.00

If any article bought of us is not exactly satisfactory, you get your money back.

We could not make a stronger guarantee than that. The LAMBERT JEWELRY CATALOGUE of 166 pages, illustrating and describing nearly 4000 articles of jewelry and silverware, suitable for Christmas gifts, is sent free. Address Department S.

LAMBERT BROTHERS, Third Avenue, Cor. 58th Street, New York



*The New
88 Note*

ANGELUS

Let this Christmas be the day that marks in your home the dawn of a new delight. For the children's sake, for the better entertainment of your guests, for the pleasure, the limitless recreation it holds for you and all who share its possession with you—replace your old-style piano (which as you know but few can play) with an **ANGELUS** Player-Piano, *which everyone can play*. Do this between now and Christmas and in so doing confer on your home the one ideal gift, the delights of which are never ending.



PLAYER-PIANO

One of the reasons why the true music-lover always prefers the ANGELUS PLAYER-PIANO to any other is that only the ANGELUS instruments have

THE ARTISTYLE MUSIC ROLLS

which are to the person playing them the A. B. C. of music. On each ARTISTYLE ROLL, from the first note of the music to the last, is printed a system of expression characters which show just what notes to emphasize, what to subdue, what phrases to accelerate and where to retard. The markings on the ARTISTYLE ROLLS are so simple and so easily followed that to even the novice in playing them, a most musicianly rendition of any selection is assured.

The *Artistyle Music Rolls* are an advantage exclusive with the ANGELUS—as are also the wonderful *Phrasing Lever*, the invaluable *Melodant* and the *Diaphragm Pneumatics*. The complete Angelus line consists of the Angelus Player-Piano, the Knabe-Angelus, the Emerson-Angelus in the U.S.; the Gourlay-Angelus and Angelus Player-Piano in Canada.

Go to our nearest representative and have him demonstrate the ANGELUS instrument to you. Write us for his address and for the beautiful new ANGELUS book, free on request.

THE WILCOX & WHITE COMPANY,
REGENT HOUSE,

*Business Established
in 1877.*

MERIDEN, CONN.

REGENT STREET,

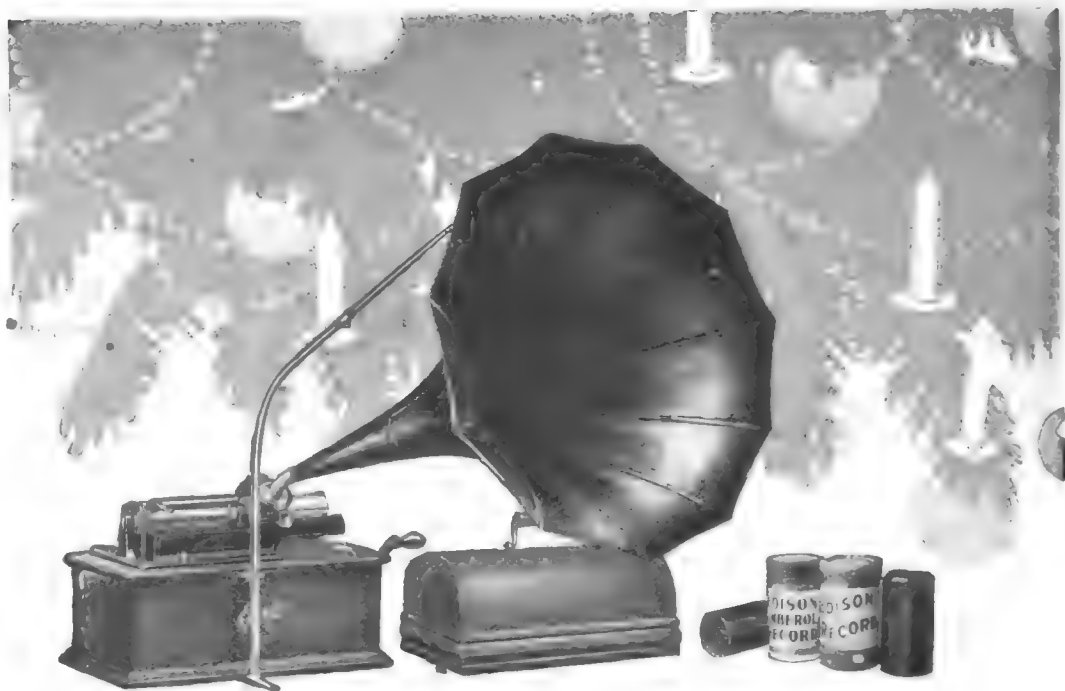
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In every home
somebody ought to
buy somebody
an **EDISON**
PHONOGRAPH
for Christmas this year

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The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed. Turn to page 2.

CREAM *of* WHEAT



THE one thing that brings joy to all the household, big and little, old and young, is an Edison Phonograph with a selection of Edison Amberol Records.

The best Christmas present is something all can enjoy. All can and do enjoy the Edison Phonograph.

If every member of the family would take the money he or she expects to use to buy presents for the other members of the family, and put it together, there will be enough not only to buy an Edison Phonograph, but also a large supply of Records.

Edison Phonographs sold everywhere in the United States at the same prices \$12.50 to \$125
 Edison Standard Records - 35c
 Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long) 50c
 Edison Grand Opera Records - 75c and \$1.00

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records and get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY, 18 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

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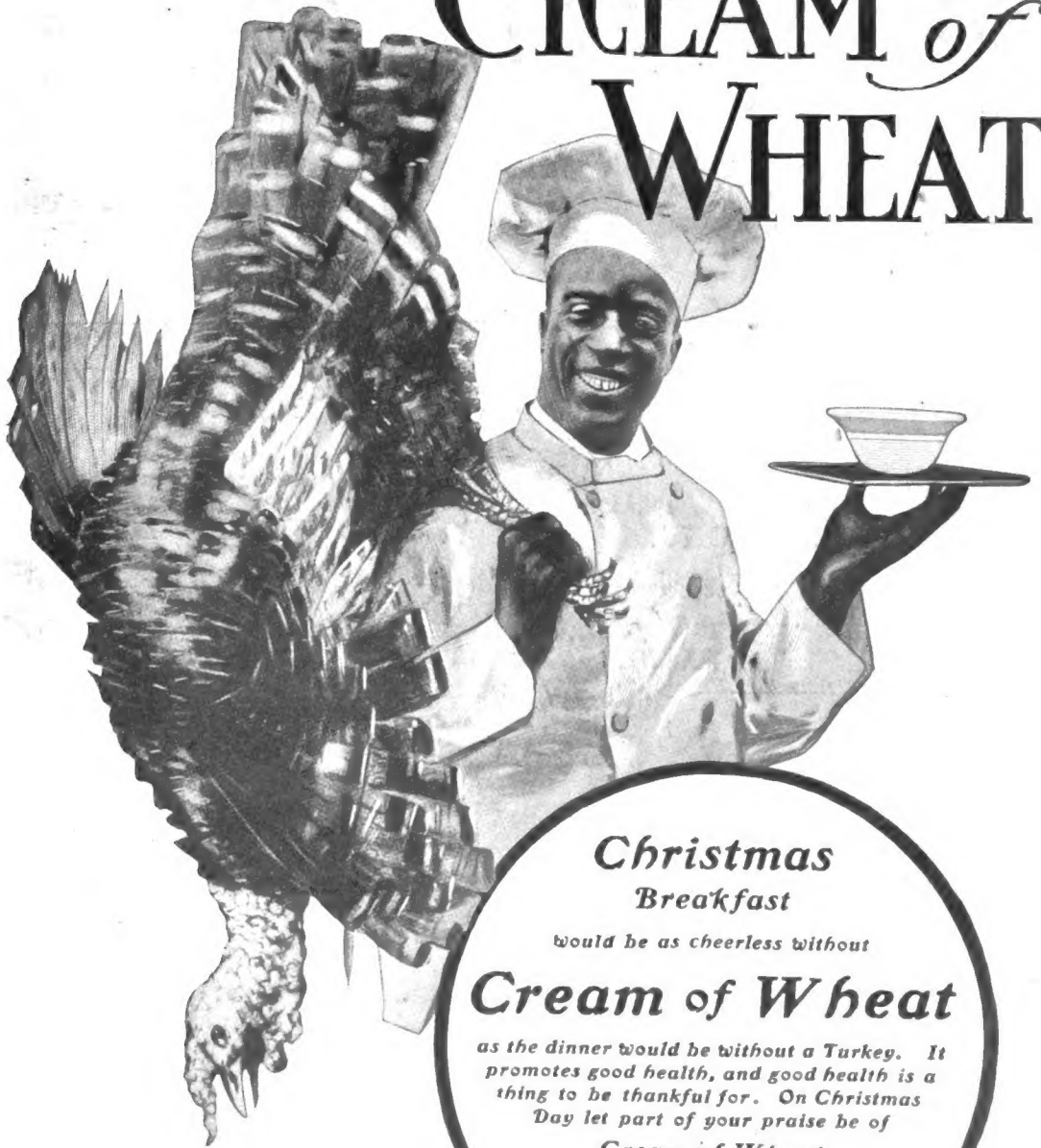
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CREAM *of* WHEAT



Christmas Breakfast

would be as cheerless without

Cream of Wheat

*as the dinner would be without a Turkey. It
promotes good health, and good health is a
thing to be thankful for. On Christmas
Day let part of your praise be of*

Cream of Wheat

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS

**CREAM OF WHEAT CO.
Minneapolis**

Three Christmas Suggestions

Williams' Shaving Stick

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face"



Not only the quality, but also the attractive, hinged-top box in which it comes, makes Williams' Shaving Stick, a useful, acceptable, but inexpensive Christmas gift for any man.

Williams' Jersey Cream Toilet Soap



This fine, creamy, easy-lathering, soothing, skin-softening soap, so highly prized in so many homes—with one of the handsome, nicked traveling soap boxes packed free with every four cakes—offers a sensible, pleasing way of remembering your friends.

Williams' Talcum Powder



is another dainty toilet accessory which makes a desirable holiday gift. It is wonderfully pure and has an impalpable fineness which makes it almost disappear upon the skin. The box is handsome, and its handy, hinged cover which prevents the powder from leaking, but makes it easy and convenient to use, adds to the value of Williams' Talcum Powder as a gift.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn.